



B'12-163

SHAKESPEARE

A REPRINT

of his

COLLECTED WORKS

As put forth in 1623

PART III CONTAINING

THE TRAGEDIES



LONDON

Printed for Lionel Booth 307 Regent Street 1864



SHAKESPEARE ;

A REPRINT OF THE "FAMOUS FOLIO OF 1623."

ADVERTISEMENT.



HE task undertaken by the Publisher more than four years ago, of reproducing in a portable form the First Folio Edition of the Plays of Shakespeare, without the slightest alteration or attempt at correction, is now accomplished, and the students of the works of our "gentle Shakespeare" are enabled, at a moderate cost, to obtain a volume identical with that issued by the poet's friends Heminge and Condell, in 1623—a work held now so highly in repute by collectors that a copy sold lately for the large sum of 716*l*.

The First Folio Edition, published seven years after the poet's death, contained nineteen plays never before printed. The small quarto editions of the seventeen various plays printed anterior to the Folio were not issued by authority, nor are they anywhere asserted to have had the inestimable benefit of the poet's revision or corrections; but, on the contrary, they are stated by Heminge and Condell to have been "diuerse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors." The First Folio is therefore, it has been well observed, "the most important edition extant." Its reproduction in the exact words and letters of the original will, it is confidently hoped, prove acceptable to all students of his writings, and should find a place in every Englishman's library.

The favour with which Parts I. (containing the Comedies) and II. (containing the Histories) have been received will, it is trusted, be still accorded to the completed work. No pains have been spared to render this third Part, containing the Tragedies, worthy of its predecessors.

It is no small matter for congratulation that, neither in Part I., which was published December 1861, nor in Part II., which followed in November 1863, have any errors

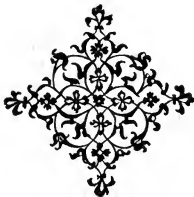
been pointed out that have not, on examination, proved to have been errors or misconceptions on the part of the critics. The book hitherto has passed the ordeal of adverse interests unscathed, and the learned editors of the Cambridge edition, now in progress of publication, have pronounced it "the most correct reprint ever issued."

Nevertheless, as stated in the introduction to Part I., it has always been borne in mind that the chances of error in passing an elaborate work through the press, are so varied and unaccountable, that any pretence to infallibility would be more than presumptuous; the communication, therefore, of any—the most trifling—departure from the original, which may be discovered, will be most thankfully acknowledged, and the required correction effected by a cancel.

The First Folio contained all the known plays excepting "Pericles, Prince of Tyre," which was first published in folio in the third impression, 1664 (previously in quarto, 1609, 1611, and 1619). It is proposed to print this play separately, to be bound up with this edition, bringing together in one volume the whole acknowledged plays of Shakespeare in the exact language of the originals.

The Verses opposite the Title to Part III. are reprinted from the second edition of Shakespeare (1632), and are said by Warton, and by Godwin, in his life of Edward and John Philips, nephews and pupils of Milton, to have been the first lines of poetry ever printed of our immortal Milton; they are issued as an appropriate completion of the various panegyrics published in the first and second folios.

REGENT STREET,
November 1864.





SHAKESPEARE.

COLLATION OF THE EDITION OF 1623.

(Continued.)

THE TRAGEDIES.

•• The Collation is given with each Part, to prevent the chance of the errors and peculiarities of the Original Edition, herein faithfully reproduced, being mistaken as errors of this Reprint.

The Prologue, and first page of *Troilus and Cressida* (unpaged)—then pages 79 and 80, then twenty-five pages without pagination, and the last page blank.

Coriolanus—pages 1 to 30.

Titus Andronicus—pages 31 to 52 (page 51 copies vary).

Romeo and Juliet—pages 53 to 79 (pages 77 and 78 wanting).

Tymon of Athens—pages 80, 81, 82, then again commencing pages 81 to 98.

The Actors' Names—one page, the next page blank.

Julius Cæsar—pages 109 to 130.

Macbeth—pages 131 to 151.

Hamlet—pages 152 to 156, then one hundred pages omitted, and continuing pages 257 to 282 (pages 279 and 282 are misprinted 259 and 280), page 278 copies vary.

King Lear—pages 283 to 309 (page 308 misprinted 38).

Othello—pages 310 to 339.

Anthony and Cleopatra—pages 340 to 368.

Cymbeline—pages 369 to 399 (pages 379 and 399 misprinted 389 and 993).

The

The SIGNATURES in the ORIGINAL VOLUME are as follows :—

A, containing title, verses, and introductory matter, 9 leaves.

The Tempest to the Winter's Tale—A to C e 2, in fixes (V is misprinted V v).

King John to Troylus and Cressida—a to g, in fixes (a 3 is misprinted A a 3); gg, 8 leaves; h to x, and ¶, and ¶ ¶, in fixes; ¶ ¶ ¶ one leaf (m 3 is misprinted l 3; x 3 is not marked).

Coriolanus to Cymbeline—a a to ff, in fixes (b b 2 is misprinted B b 2); gg has 8 leaves (five of which are marked gg, gg 2, G g, gg 2, gg 3); hh, kk to vv, x, yy to b b b, in fixes (n n and n n 2 are misprinted N n and N n 2; o o is misprinted O o; o o 2 has no signature; t t 2 is misprinted t t 3; x x, x x 2, x x 3, are misprinted x, x 2, and x 3; y y 2 and y y 3 are misprinted y 2 and y 3). The volume ends thus:—

Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley, 1623.

The signatures in the *reprint* are from A to 5 U (1 leaf), in fours, commencing with the Tempest; the preliminary leaves being the same as in the original.

A distinct and consecutive pagination throughout the volume, at the bottom of each page, has also been added, to facilitate reference, from the Tempest to Cymbeline, pages 1 to 889.





*Hat neede my Shakespeare for his honor'd bones,
The labour of an Age, in piled stones
Or that his ballow'd Reliques should be hid
Vnder a starre-pointing Pyramid?*

*Deare Sonne of Memory, great Heire of Fame,
What needst thou such dull witnesse of thy Name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy selfe a lasting Monument:
For whilst to thy shame of slow-endeavouring Art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each part,
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued Booke,
Those Delpicke Lines with deepe impression tooke
Then thou our fancy of her selfe bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving,
And so Sepulcher'd in such pompe dost lie
That Kings for such a Tombe would wish to die.*

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623; and Re-Printed
for Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street, 1864.

The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene : From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens sent their shippes
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruell Warre : Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures
The rauish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge
Their warlike frautage : now on Dardan Plaines
The fresh and yet vnbruised Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams fix-gated City,
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus with massie Staples
And corresponsiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce ; but suited
In like conditions, as our Argument ;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,
Beginning in the middle : starting thence away,
To what may be digested in a Play :
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.



THE TRAGEDIE OF Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

Why should I warre without the walls of Troy
That finde such cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is matter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant;
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skillelesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: For my
part, Ile not grinde nor make no farther. Hee that will
have a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the
grinding.

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Troy. Have I not tarried?

Pan. I the bolting; but you must tarry the leau'ing.

Troy. Still have I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leaueing; but heeres yet in the word
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the
heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,
Doth lesseer blench at sufferance, then I doe:

At Priams Royall Table doe I sit;

And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,

So (Trator) then she comes, when she is thence.

Pan. Well:

Shee look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,
Or any woman selfe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rine in twaine,

Least *Hector*, or my Father should perceiue me:

I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-licorne)

Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:

But forrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,

Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

Pan. And her haire were not somewhat darker then
Helens, well go too, there were no more comparison
betweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-
man, I would not (as they teame it) praise it, but I would

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but ———

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;

When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:

Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe

They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In *Cressids* love. Thou answer'st she is faire,

Power't in the open Vicer of my heart,

Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,

Handie't in thy discourse. O that her Hand

(In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)

Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,

The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense

Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me;

As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her:

But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,

Thou tal'st in euery gash that loue hath giuen me,

The Knife that made it.

Pan. I speake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'st not speake so much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is,
if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she
ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought
on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betwene and
betwene, but small thanks for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Because she's Kinne to me, therefore shee's not
so faire as *Helens*, and she were not kin to me, she would
be as faire on Friday, as *Helens* is on Sunday. But what
care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all
one to me.

Troy. Say I she is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a
Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks,
and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile
meddle nor make no more 't'h'matter.

Troy. *Pandarus*!

Pan. Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus*.

Pan. Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all
as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarm.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamorers, peace rude sounds,
Fooles on both sides, *Helens* must needs be faire,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

It

It is too staru'd a subiect for my Sword,
But Pandarus ! O Gods ! How do you plague me ?

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar,
And he's as ready to be woo'd to woe,
As he is stubborn, chaff, against all suite.
Tell me Apollo for thy Daphnes Love
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we ;
Her bed is India, there the lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where shee resides
Let it be cald the wild and wandering flood,
Our selfe the Merchant, and this fying Pandar,
Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our Batke.

Alarum. Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas. How now Prince Troylus ?
Wherefore not a field ?

Troy. Because not there ; this womans answer sorts.
For womanish it is to be from thence!
What newes eAeneas from the field to day ?

eAeneas. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom eAeneas ?

eAeneas. Troylus by Menelaus.

Troy. Let Paris biced, tis but a scar to scorne,
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus home. Alarum.

eAeneas. Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may !

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither ?

Aeneas. In all swift haft.

Troy. Come goe wee then together. Exit.

Enter Cressid and her man.

Cre. Who were those went by ?

Man. Queene Hecuba, and Helen.

Cre. And whether go they ?

Man. Vp to the Easterne Tower,

Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,
To see the battell : Hektor whose patience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd :
He chides Andromache and strooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,
And to the field goe's he ; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forswaw,
In Hektors wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger ?

Man. The noife goe's this ;

There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to Hektor,
They call him Aias.

Cre. Good ; and what of him ?

Man. They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or
hauc no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their
particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish
as the Beare, slow as the Elephant : a man into whom
nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crust
into folly, his folly fauced with discretion : there is no
man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a
ny man an attaint, but he carries some flaine of it. He is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,
hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so
out of ioynt, that hea is a gowtie Briarrose, many hands
and no vie ; or purbled Argue, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man that makes me smile,
make Hektor angry ?

Man. They say he yesterday cop'd Hektor in the bat-
tell and stroke him downe, the didand & shame where-

of, hath euer since kept Hektor fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here ?

Man. Madam your Vncle Pandarus.

Cre. Hektor a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Cre. What's that's that's that ?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle Pandarus.

Man. Good morrow Cousen Cressid : what do you talke
off good morrow Alexander : how do you Cousen ? when
were you at Ilium ?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Man. What were you talking of when I came ? Was
Hektor arm'd and gon ere yea came to Ilium ? Hellen was
not vp ? was she ?

Cre. Hektor was gone but Hellen was not vp ?

Man. E'ne so ; Hektor was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Man. Was he angry ?

Cre. So he lies here.

Man. True he was so ; I know the cause too, heele lay
about him to day I can tell them that, and there's Troylus
will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of
Troylus ; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too ?

Man. Who Troylus ?

Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh Iupiter ; there's no comparison.

Man. What not betweene Troylus and Hektor ? do you
know a man if you see him ?

Cre. I, if I euer saw him before and knew him.

Man. Well I say Troylus is Troylus.

Cre. Theo you say as I say,

For I am sure he is not Hektor.

Man. No not Hektor is not Troylus in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

Man. Himselfe ? alas poore Troylus I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Man. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not Hektor.

Man. Himselfe ? not hee's not himselfe, would a were
himselfe ; well, the Gods ara aboute, time must friend or
end : well Troylus well, I would my heart were in her bod-
dy ; no, Hektor is not a better man then Troylus.

Cre. Excuse me.

Man. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Man. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me ano-
ther tale when th'others come too't : Hektor shall not
haue his will this yea.

Cre. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Man. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Man. Nor his beutie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Man. You haue no iudgement Neece ; Hellen her selfe
swore th'other day that Troylus for a browne fauour (for
so 'tis I must confesse I) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Man. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Man. She prais'd his complexion about Paris.

Cre. Why Paris hath colour enough.

Man. So, he has.

Cre. Then Troylus should haue too much, if he prais'd
him aboute, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing
colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellen* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I sweate to you,

I thinke *Hellen* loves him better then *Parus*.

Cres. Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Jen. Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haire on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a *Taphers Arithmetique* may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cres. Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to proue to you that *Hellen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his clowen chin.

Cres. *Jeno* haue mercy, how came it clowen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,

I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all *Phrigia*.

Cres. Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does hee not?

Cres. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loves *Troilus*.

Cres. *Troilus* will stand to thee

Prooue, if youle proue it so.

Pan. *Troilus* why he esteemes her no more then I esteeme an addle egge.

Cres. If you love an addle egge as well as you love an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how he tickled his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs confesse.

Cres. Without the racke.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

Cres. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cres. With *Milstones*.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troilus* chin.

Cres. And 't had bene a greene haire, I should haue laught too.

Pand. They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haire on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haire quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Jupiter* quoth shee, which of these haire is *Parus* my husband? The forkeed one quoth hee, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blisht, and *Parus* so chafte, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

Cres. So let it now,

For is has bene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cosen,

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pand. He be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in *Aprill*. *Sound a retreat.*

Cres. And Ile spring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettie against *May*.

Pan. Harke they are coming from the field, that we stand vp here and see them, as they passe toward *Ilum*, good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida*.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may see most brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they passe by, but marke *Troilus* above the rest.

Enter Ceneas.

Cres. Speake not so low'd.

Pan. That's *Ceneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of *Troy* I can you, but merke *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a throw'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good enough, hee's one o'th' soundest iudgement in *Troy* whosoeuer, and a proper man of person: when comes *Troilus*? Ile shew you *Troilus* anon, if hee fee me, you shall fee him him nod at me.

Cres. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You shall fee.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall haue more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes th're's a countenance; is't not a braue man?

Cres. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It does a mans heart good, looke you what hacka are on his *Helmet*, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no ieffing, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they say, these be hacka.

Cres. Be those with Swords?

Enter Parus.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Parus*, yonder comes *Parus*; looke yee yonder Neece, is't not a gallant man to, is't not? Why this is braue now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellen* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troilus* now, you shall *Troilus* anon.

Cres. Whole that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troilus* is, that's *Hellenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

Cres. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yee heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troilus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troilus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

Cres. What ineking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Darpobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem! Braue *Troilus*, the Prince of *Chialitric*.

Cres. Peace, for shame pease.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troilus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloued, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how hee looks,

Troylus and Cressida.

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddess, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cres. Heere come more.

Pen. Affes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porridge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crows and Dawes, Crows and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pen. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pen. Well, well? Why haue you any discretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

Cres. I, a minc'd man and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pen. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cres. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vpon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

Pen. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Vpon Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Enter Boy.

Pen. You are such another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

Pen. Where?

Boy. At your owne house.

Pen. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Cres. Adieu Vnkle.

Pen. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Cres. To bring Vnkle.

Pen. I, a token from *Troylus*.

Cres. By the time taken, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.* Words, vovves, gifts, teares, & loues full sacrifice, He offers in anothers enterprise:

But more in *Troylus* thousand fold I see,

Then in the glasse of *Panders* praise may be;

Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, loyes soule lyes in the dooing:
That the belou'd, knows nought, that knows not this;

Men prize the thing vnkin'd, more then it is,
That the was neuer yet, that euer knew
Loue got so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;

"*Attievement, is command; vnkin'd, is befecht.*"

That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Senec. Enter *Agamemnon*, *Nestor*, *Vlysses*, *Diomedes*, *Menelaus*, with others.

Agam. Princes:

What greefe hath set the Iaundies on your cheekes?

The ample propoition that hope makes

In all delignes, begun on earth below

Fayles in the promist largenesse: cheekes and disfigures

Grow in the veins of actions highest reard.

As knots by the confusa of meeting lap,

Infect the sound Pine, and diuers his Graine

Torture and erant from his course of growth.

Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,

That we come short of our suppoise so farre,

That after seuen yeares siege, yet Troy wallies stand,

With euery action that hath gone before,

Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme;

And that vnbody figure of the thought

That gaue't furnished shape. Why then (you Princes)

Do you with cheekes asha'd, behold our workes,

And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought elsie

But the protractiue trials of great loue,

To finde perillous constancie in men?

The futenesse of which Mettall is not found

In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,

The Wife and Foole, the Artift and vn-read,

The hard and soft, seeme all asfin'd, and kinde.

But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,

Distinction with a lowd and powerfull fan,

Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;

And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,

Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

Nestor. With due Obeisance of thy godly feat,

Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply,

Thy latest words.

In the reproofe of Chance,

Lies the true prooue of men: The Sea being smother,

How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile

Vpon her patient brest, making their way

With those of Nobler bulke?

But let the Russian *Boreas* once enrage

The gentle *Tetric*, and anon behold

The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,

Bounding betwene the two myst Elements

Like *Tersaw* Horfe. Where's then the sawcy Boate,

Whose weake vntimber'd sides but euen now

Co-riual'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,

Or made a Tolle for Neptune. Euen so,

Doth valours shew, and valours worth diuide

In stormes of Fortune.

For, in her ray and brightnesse,

The Heard hath more annoyance by the Briaze

Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde

Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,

And Flies fled vnder shade, why then

The thing of Courage,

As row'd with rage, with rage doth sympathise,

And with an accent tun'd in selfe-same key,

Retretes to chiding Fortune.

Vlyss. *Agamemnon*:

Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,

Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,

In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all

Should be shut vp: Heare what *Vlysses* speaks,

Besides the applause and approbation

The which most mighty for thy place and sway,

And

Troilus and Cressida.

And thou most reuerend for thy stretch-out life,
I giue to both your speeches : which were such,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Brasse : and such againe
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue : yet let it please both
(Thou Great, and Wife) to heare *Pyrrhus* speake.

Ag. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect :
That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen
Diuide thy lips ; then we are confident
When ranke *Therites* open his Musicke iawes,
We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.

Ulys. Troy yet vpon his basis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master
But for these instances.

The specialty of Rule hath bene neglected ;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hise,
To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthiest shewes as fairly in the Maske.
The Heauens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,
Obscure degree, priority, and place,

Infiture, courtesie, proportion, season, forme,
Office, and custome, in all line of Order :
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd
Amidst the other, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets euill,
And possets like the Commandment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to disorder wander,

What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? flaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuer, and cracke, rinde and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is shak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high designs)

The enterprize is sicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable shores,
The primogeniue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogative of Age, Crowns, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that string,
And hearken what Discord followers : each thing meets
In meerer oppugnance. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,
And make a foppe of all this solid Globe :

Strength should be Lord of Imbecility,
And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead :
Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whose endlesse iarre, Iustice recides)
Should loose her names, and so should Iustice too.
Then every thing includes it selfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite an vnuerfall Wolfe,
So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)
Must make perforce an vnuerfall prey,
And last, eate vp himselfe.

Great *Agamemnon* :
This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking :
And this neglect of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpose
It hath to climbe. The Generall's diddin'd
By him one step below ; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath : so euery step
Exampl'd by the first pace that is sicke
Of his Superiour, grows to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keeps Troy on foote,
Not her owne finewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weaknesse liues, not in her strength.

Nest. Most witley hath *Pyrrhus* heere discouer'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is sicke.

Ag. The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Ulysses*)
What is the remedie?

Ulys. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The kinew, and the first-hand of our Hoste,
Hauing his care full of his azyry Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our designs. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lasie Bed, the lue-long day
Breakes scurrill lests,
And with ridiculous and awkward adion,
(Which Slanderer, he limitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy toplesse deputation he puts on ;
And like a strutting Player, whose conceit
Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the wooden Dialogue and found
Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scuffleage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-crested seeming
He acts thy Greatnesse in : and when he speaks,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* droppe,
Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fussy fluffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)
From his deepe Chell, laughs out a loud applausé,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iust.

Now play me *Nestor* ; hum, and stroke thy Beard
As he, being dress'd to some Orat[i]on :
That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends
Of paralels ; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,
'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age
Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,
And with a palese fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet ; and at this sport
Sir Valour dies ; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I shall split all
In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapés,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact.

Atchieuements, plots, orders, preconcitions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serues
As Ruffe for these two, to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twaine,
Who (as *Pyrrhus* sayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect :
Alex is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head
In such a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keeps his Tent like him ;
Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre

Bold

Troylus and Cressida.

Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Therflies*

A slave, whose Gall coines flanders like a Mint,
To match vs to comparisons with durt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How ranker fouler rounded in with danger.

Phys. They take our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wifedom as no member of the Warre,
Fore-shall preience, and effeme no acte
But that of hand: The fill and mentall parts,
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When stincke call them on, and know by measure
Of their obsequant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or those that with the stinck of their foules,
By Reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse
Makes many *Ther* founes. *Tuckey*

Aga. What Trumpet? Lookes *Menelaus*.

Men. From Troy. *Enter eEnes.*

Aga. What would you fore our Teot?

eEnes. Is this great *Agamemnon*s Tent, I pray you?

Aga. Euen this.

eEnes. May one that is a Herald, and a Prioce,

Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?

Aga. With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,
Fore all the Greekeish heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.

eEnes. Faire leaue, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

Aga. How?

eEnes. I: I aske, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheekes be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when the coldly eyes
The youthfull *Phobus*:

Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This Trojan comes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.

eEnes. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would seeme Souldiers, they haue galls,
Good armes, strong ioynts, true swords, & lowes accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace *eEnes*,

Peace Trojan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:

If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.

But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praise foile pure transfixes.

Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *eEnes*?

eEnes. I Greeke, that is my name.

Aga. What's your asseyre I pray you?

eEnes. Sir pardon, tis for *Agamemnon* eares.

Aga. He heares nought priuately

That comes from Troy.

eEnes. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To set his fence on the attentive bent,
And then to speake.

Aga. Speake frankly as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnon*s sleeping hure;
That thou shalt know Trojan he is awake,

He telles thee so himselfe.

eEnes. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, shall he spoke aloud.

The Trumpets found.

We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince call'd *Hector*, *Trism* is his Father:
Who is this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is rusty growne. He had me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among't the fay'r of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,
That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes out his feare,
That loues his Mistris more then in confession,
(With truant vowe to her owne lips he loues)
Aod dare svow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.

He hath a Lady, wifer, fairer, truer,
Theo euer Greeke did compass in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betwene your Tents, and wallies of Troy,
To rowae a Grecian that is true in loue.

If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:

If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a Lance: Euen so much.

Aga. This shall be told our Louers Lord *eEnes*,
If none of them haue soule in such a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant prove,
That meanes oot, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meet *Hector*; if none else, Ile be he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandfire suckt: he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mood,
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his Loue: tell him from me,
He hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vanbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady
Was fayer then his Grandame, and as chafe
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

eEnes. Now heavens forbid such fearfull of youth.

Phys. Amen.

Aga. Faire Lord *eEnes*,

Let me touch your hand:

To our Pavillion that I leade you first:

Achilles shall haue word of this intent,

So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:

Your selfe shall Feast with vs before you goe,

And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.

Exeunt.

Haue't Physes, and Nestor.

Phys. Nestor.

Nest. What sayes *Physes*?

Phys. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Physes. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rine hard knots: the seeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

Troilus and Cressida.

In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be crop't,
Or shedding breed a Nursery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.

Nest. Wel, and how?

Ulys. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,
How euer it is spred in general name,
Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous euen as substance,
Whole grosselesse little charactere summe vp,
And in the publication make no straine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, thinke you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*, though't be a sportfull Combate,
Yet in this trial, much opinion dwells.
For heere the *Trojans* take our deer't repute
With their fin't Pallate : and trust to me *Polyxenes*,
Our imputation shall be odde poise'd
In this wilde action. For the successe
(Although particular) shall giue a cantling
Of good or bad, vnto the General:
And in such Indexes, although small prickes
To their subsequent Volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the Gyant-masse
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choise,
And choise being mutuall acte of all our sooles,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all : a man diffill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence recoures the conqu'ring part
To steale a strong opinion to themselves,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,
In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.

Polyx. Gue pardon to my speech :

Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector* :
Let vs (like Merchants) shew our fowle't Wares,
And thinke perchance they'll sell : If not,
The luster of the better yet to shew,
Shall shew the better. Do not consent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete :
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eies : what are they?

Polyx. What glory our *Achilles* takes from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all should weare with him :
But he already is too insolent,
And we were better parch in Africke Sunne,
Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes
Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion cruth
In taint of our best man. No, make a Lot'try,
And by deuice let blockish *Alex* draw
The fort to fight with *Hector* : Among our selues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will physicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall
His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainlesse *Alex* come false off,
Wee'll dresse him vp in voyces : if he faile,

Yet go we vnder our opinion fill,
That we haue better men. But hit or misse,
Our proiects life this shape of fence assumes,
Alex imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Pioners.

Nest. Now *Polyxenes*, I begin to reliish thy aduice,
And I will giue a taste of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight :
Two Curres that tame each other, Pride alone
Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*
Enter Alex, and Therzites.

Alex. *Therzites*?

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all our
generally.

Alex. *Therzites*?

Ther. And those Biles did runne, say so ; did not the
General run, were not that a botchy core?

Alex. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him :
I see none now.

Alex. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare?
Feele then. *Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel
beefe-witted Lord.

Alex. Speake then thou whinid't leauen speake, I will
beate thee into handsonnesse.

Ther. I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse:
but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner can an Oration, then thou
learn a prayer without booke : Thou canst strike, canst
thou? A red Murren o'th thy lades trickes.

Alex. Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doe't thou thinke I haue no fence thou strik't
Alex. The Proclamation. (me thus?)

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Alex. Do not Purpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch (from head to foot, and
I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-
som'st scab in Greece.

Alex. I lay the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumblest & railst euerly hoore on *Achilles*,
and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus*
is at *Proserpina*'s beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.

Alex. Mistris't *Therzites*.

Ther. Thou should'st strike him.

Alex. Cobloze.

Ther. He would pun thee into shiuers with his fist, as
a Sailor brukes a basket.

Alex. You horsen Curre.

Ther. Do, do.

Alex. Thou stoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou foddren-witted Lord : thou hast
no more braine then I haue in mine elbows : An *Afinico*
may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Ass, thou art heere
but to thresh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold
among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou vse
to beat me, I will begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Alex. You dogge.

Ther. You scurvy Lord.

Alex. You Curre.

Ther. *Mary* his Ideot : do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.
Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Alex*? wherefore do you this?
How now *Therzites*? what's the matter man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke vpon him.

Achil. So I do : what's the matter?

Ther.

Troilus and Cressida.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him : for who
fome euer you take him to be, he is *Aias*.

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knows not himseife.

Aias. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *mediocr* of wit he vtters : his
easions haue eares thus long. I haue bob'd his Braine
more then he has beate my bones : I will buy nine Spar-
rows for a peny, and his *Pianaster* is not worth the ninth
part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Aias* who wears
his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, lie tell you
what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say this *Aias* ———

Achil. Nay good *Aias*.

Ther. Has not so much wit.

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen* Needle, for whom
he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole
will not : he there, that he, looke you there.

Aias. O thou damnd Curie, I shall ———

Achil. Will you set your wit to a Foole.

Ther. No I warrant you for a foole will shame it.

Pat. Good words *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Aias. I had thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenour
of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I serue thee not.

Aias. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I serue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your last seruice was sufferance, 'twas not vol-
untary, no m'n is beaten voluntary : *Aias* was heere the
voluntary, and you as vnder an Impresse.

Ther. E'ne so, a great deale of your wit too lies in your
finewer, or else there be Lians. *Hektor* shall haue a great
catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as
good cracke a fullie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Piggins*, and old *Nylos*, whose Wit was
mouldy ere their Grandfathers had nails on their toes, yoke
you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the waire.

Achil. What! what?

Ther. Yes good foote, to *Achilles*, to *Aias*, to ———

Aias. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou
afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Thersites*.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids
me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus*.

Ther. I w'll see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come
any more to your Tents : I will keepe where there is wit
firing, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host,
That *Hektor* by the fifth houre of the Sonne,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twist our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes,
That hath a stomache, and such a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what : 'tis trash. Farewell.

Aias. Farewell? who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottery: otherwise

Heknew his man.

Aias. O meaning you, I will go learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many houres, liues, speeches spent,

Thus once againe Gayes *Nylos* from the Greekes,
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elfe

(As honour, losse of time, trauaile, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is confum'd
In hot digestion of this comarot Warre)

Shall be stroke off. *Hektor*, what say you too?

Hec. Though no man lesse fears the Greeks then I,

As farr as touches my particular : yet dread *Priam*,

There is no Lady of more softer bowels,

More spungie, to sucke in the tenor of heare,

More ready to cry out, who knows what follows

Then *Hektor* is : the wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure : but modest Doubt is cal'd

The Beacon of the wife : the tent that searches

To th' bottome of the worst. Let *Helen* go,

Since the first sword was drawne about this question,

Every tythe foule 'mongst many thousand diuines,

Hath bin as deere as *Helen* : I meana of oura :

If we haue lost so many tenths of ours

To guard a thing not ours, our worth to vs

(Had it our name) the valew of one ten :

What merit'a in that reason which denies

The yielding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King

(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale

Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe

The part proportion of his infinite,

And buckle in a waste most fishmongle,

With spannes and inches so dimioutive,

As feares and reasons? Fie for godly theme?

Hec. No maruel though you bite so sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them, should not our Father

Beate the great sway of his affayres with reasons,

Because your speech hath none that tels him so.

Troy. You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest

You furre your gloues with reason : here are your reasons

You know an enemy intends you harme,

You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous,

And reason flies the object of all harme.

Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do fet

The very wings of reason to his beeles?

Or like a Starre disorb'd? Nay, if we talke of Reason,

And flye like chidden *Mercurius* from loue,

Let's shut our gates and sleepe : Manhood and Honor

Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoughts

With this cram'd reason : reason and respect,

Makes Liuers paie, and lustyhood delect.

Hec. Brother, he is not worth

What the doth cost the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valuer'd?

Hec. But value dwells not in particular will,

It holds his estimate and dignitie

As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe, I

As in the prizer : 'Tis made Idolatrie,

To make the seruice greater then the God,

And the will dotes that is inclinable

To what infectionly it selfe affects,

Without some image of th' affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

Troilus and Cressida.

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of Will, and Judgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will distalle what it elected)
The Wife I chose, there can be no eusion
To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue spoyl'd them; not the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnspesieue fame,
Because we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full content belied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him seruice; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse
Wrinkles *Apollo*, and makes stale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt;
Is she the worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,
Whose price hath launch'd about a thousand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go!)
If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride inestimable; why do you now
The issue of your proper Wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the estimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!
That we haue stolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing so stolne,
That in their Country did them that disgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Native place.

*Enter Cassandra with her haire about
her eares.*

Ces. Cry *Troyans*, cry.

Priam. What noyse? what shreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.

Ces. Cry *Troyans*.

Heli. It is *Cassandra*.

Ces. Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheeticke teares.

Heli. Peace filter, peace.

Ces. Virgine, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moiety of that masse of moane to come.
Cry *Troyans* cry, practise your eyes with teares,
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Illion* stand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry *Troyans* cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burnes, or else let *Helen* goe.

Heli. Now youthfull *Troilus*, do not these hie straines
Of diuination in our Sister, worke
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,
Can qualifie the fame?

Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iustnesse of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once desist the courage of our mindes;
Because *Cassandra*'s mad, her brainicke raptures
Cannot distaste the goodnesse of a quarrell,

Which hath our seuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonoes,
And loue forbid there should be done among't vs
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Elfe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your consents:
But I attest the gods, your full content
Gauo wings to my propension, and cut off
All feares attending on so dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can these my single armes?
What propagation is in one mans valour
To stand the pulch and enmity of thofe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,
Were I alone to passe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris should ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the perforce.

Pri. *Paris*, you speake
Like one be-fotted on your sweet delights;
You haue the Hony still, but these the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to my selfe,
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the foyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliuer her possession vp
On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,
That to degenerate a strain as this,
Should once feet footing in your generous bosomes?
There's not the meanest spirit oo our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When *Helen* is defend'd: not none so Noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death vniam'd,
Where *Helen* is the subiect. Then (I say)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large spaces cannot parallell.

Heli. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you haue both said well:
And on the cause and question now in hand,
Haue glori'd, but superficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philosophie.
The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot passion of dislemper'd blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and revenge,
Haue cares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their Owners: now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this Law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that beget minde of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed will resist the fame,
There is a Law in each well-ordered Nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refracturie.

If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, speake aloud
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

Troilus and Cressida.

Is this in way of truth: yet were the Iesse,
My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keepe *Helen* fill;
For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and seuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing spleenes,
I would not with a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Heitor*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonise vs.
For I presume braue *Heitor* would not loofe
So rich aduantage of a promiss'd glory,
As smiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds renewen.

Heft. I am yours,
You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roiling challenge sent among'st
The dull and fastidious nobles of the Greekes,
Will strike amazeement in their drowie spirits,
I was aduertis'd, their Great generall slept,
Whil'st emulation in the armie crept:
This I presume will wake him.

Exeunt.

Enter Thersites solus.

How now *Thersites*? what lo't in the Labyrinth of thy
furie? shall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thou? he beates
me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it
were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd
at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to conuise and raile Diuels, but
Ile see some issue of my spiritfull execrations. Then ther's
Achilles, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two
vndermine it, the walls will stand till they fill of them-
selves. O thou great thund'et-darter of Olympus, forget
that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loofe
all the Serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not
that little little Iesse then little wit from them that they
haue, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so
abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a
Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and
cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole
Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes it the
curse dependant on those that warre for a plectet. I haue
said my prayers and duell, enuie, say Amen! What ho?
my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Thersites*. Good *Thersites* come
in and raile.

Tro. If I could haue remembered a guilt counterfeit,
thou would'st not haue slip't out of my contemplation,
but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common
curse of mankind, folie and ignorance be thine in great
renewen; heauen blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline
come not neere thee. Let thy blood be thy direction till
thy death, then if shee that laies thee out sayes thou art
a faire coar'd, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't the neuer
throwed any but *Lasars*, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? wait thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heuens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Thersites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheefe,
my digestion, why hast thou not seru'd thy selfe into my
Table, so many meates? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patro-
clus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Thersites*; then tell me I pray thee,
what's thy selfe?

Ther. Thy knowest *Patroclus*; then tell me *Patroclus*,
what art thou?

Patr. Thou maist tell that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole question: *Agamemnon* com-
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-
est, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patr. You rascall,

Tro. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuileg'd man, proceede *Thersites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-
sites* is a foole, and as afore said, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *A-
chilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamem-
non*, *Thersites* is a foole to fence such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a
foole poliooe.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

*Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes,
Aiax, and Chalcas.*

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it suffices me
thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in
with me *Thersites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such iuglings, and such
knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a
good quarrel to draw emulation, factions, and bleed to
death vpon: Now the dry Suppago on the Subiect, and
Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:

He sent our Messengers, and we lay by

Our appertinments, visiting of him:

Let him be told off, so perchance he thinke

We dare not moue the question of our place,

O't know not what we ate.

Patr. I shall so say to him.

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sicke.

Aiax. Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may
call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my
head, it's pride; but why, why, let him show vs the cause?
A word my Lord.

Nes. What mooues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Ulys. *Achilles* hath inuigiled his Foole from him.

Nes. Who, *Thersites*?

Ulys. He.

Nes. Then will *Aiax* lacke matter, if he haue lost his
Argument.

Ulys. No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-
ment *Achilles*.

Nes. All the better, their fraction is more our with
then their faction: but it was a strong counsell that a
Foole could dilunite.

Ulys. The amitie that wisedome knits, not folly may
easily vntie.

Enter Patroclus.

Here

Troilus and Cressida.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nys. No *Achilles* with him?

Plis. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for eurtellie:
His legges are legs for needefulle, not for flight.

Pat. *Achilles* bids me say he is much sorry:
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,
Did moue your greatnesse, and this noble State,
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digestion sake;
An after Dinners breath.

Ag. Heere you *Patroclus*:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his euasion winged thus swift with scorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,
Why we ascribe it to him, yett all his vertues,
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to looke their glossie;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in a vnholdsome dish,
Are like to rot vntasted: goe and tell him,
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,
If you doe say, we thinke him ouer proud,
And vnder honest, in selfe-summption greater
Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himselfe
Here tends the sauge strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command:
And vnder wite in an obseruing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettish lines, his eies, his frowes, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he overhold his price so much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A stirring Dwarfes, we doe allowance giue,
Before a sleeping Gyaunt: tell him so.

Pat. I shill, and bring his answer presently.

Ag. In second voyce weele not be satisfied,
We come to speake with him, *Ulysses* enter you.

Exit Ulysses.

Ajax. What is he more then another?

Ag. No more then what he thinke he is.

Aja. Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinke
himselfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as frogg, as valiant, as
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether
more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride
grow? I know not what it is.

Ag. Your minde is the cleerer *Ajax*, and your vertues
the suter; he that is proud, eates vp himselfe; Pride is his
owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and
what euer praises it selfe but in the deepe, deuours the
deepe in the praise.

Enter Ulysses.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendering
of Toades.

Nys. Yet he loathes himselfe: isn't strange?

Plis. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuse?

Plis. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the streame of his dispose,
Without obseruance or respect of any,

In will peculiar, and in selfe admillion.

Ag. Why, will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his perion, and share the ayre with vs?

Plis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely
He makes important; posselt he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride
That quarrell at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,
That twist his mentall and his aduice parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And battens gainst it selfe; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recovery.

Ag. Let *Ajax* goe to him.

Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himselfe.

Plis. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.

Weele consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*, shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his owne faine,
And neuer suffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: saue such as doe reuolue
And ruminat himselfe. Shall he be worships,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Must not so staale his Palme, nobly acquit'd,
Nor by my will affubigate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Nys. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dis. And how his silence drinckes vp this applause.

Aja. If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pass him
ore the face.

Ag. O no, you shall not goe.

Aja. And a be proud with me, Ile shefe his pride: t let
me goe to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aja. A paultry insulent fellow.

Nys. How he describes himselfe.

Aja. Can he not be sociable?

Plis. The Raven chides blacknesse.

Aja. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Physitian that should be the pa-
tient.

Aja. And all men were a my minde.

Plis. Wit would be out of fashion.

Aja. A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords
first: shall pride carry it?

Nys. And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

Ulyss. A would haue ten shaxes.

Aja. I will kneede him, Ile make him supple, hee's not
yet through warme.

Nys. Force him with praises, poure in, poure in: his am-
bition is dry.

Plis. My L. you feede too much on this dislike.

Nys. Our noble Generall, doe not doe so.

Dis. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Plis. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be silent.

Nys. Wherefore should you so?

He

Troilus and Cressida.

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Pis. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horion dog, that shal palter thus with vs, would he were a *Troian*.

Nis. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now ———

Ulf. If he were proud.

Dis. Or couetous of praise.

Pis. I, or surley borne.

Dis. Or strange, or selfe affected.

Pl. Thank the heauens L, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, that the giue thee sucke:

Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fard beyond, beyond all erudition;

But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,

Let *Mars* decide Eternity in twaine,

And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,

Bell-bearing *Mile*: his addition yeelde

To kinnowe *Aiax*: I will not praise thy wisdome,

Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nisus*

Instructed by the Antiquary times:

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

But pardon Father *Nisus*, were your dayes

As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine so temper'd,

You should not haue the eminence of him,

But be as *Aiax*.

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Ulf. I my good Sonne.

Dis. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax*.

Pis. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*

Keepes thicket: please it our Generall,

To call together all his state of warre,

Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow

We must with all our maine of power stand fast:

And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,

And cull their flowre, *Aiax* shall cope the best.

Ag. Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;

Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw

deepe. *Exeunt.* *Musicke sounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith sir, superficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe desire it.

Ser. You are in the state of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not to friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musicke is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Musicians.

Ser. Wholly sir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers sir.

Pa. At whose pleasure friend?

Ser. At mine sir, and theirs that loue Musicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who shall I command sir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderstand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my L, who's there in person; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuincible foole.

Pa. Who? my Cousin *Cressida*.

Ser. No sir, *Helena*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complementall assault vpon him, for my businesse seethes.

Ser. Sudden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairly guide them, especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L, you are full of faire words.

Pan. You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall pece it out with a pece of your performance. *Nis.* he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly Lady no.

Hel. O sir.

Pan. Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

Paris. Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I haue businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this shall not hedge vs out, wee beare you king certainly.

Pan. Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troilus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey sweete Lord.

Pan. Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody:

If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene I faith ———

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a fouler offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not in truth be. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where fops he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What saies my sweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he fops.

Par. With my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuse.

Pan. I good my Lord: why should you say *Cressida*? no, your poore disposer's sicke.

Par. I spie.

Pan. You

Troylus and Cressida.

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie ; come, giue me an
Instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done ?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you
haue sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord
Parù.

Pand. Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are
twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing
you a song now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou
hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may you may.

Hel. Let thy long be loue : this loue will vndoe vs al.
Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

Pan. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

*Loue loue, nothing but loue, still more ;
For O loues Bow,
Shoots Backe and Doe ;
The shaft confounds not that it wounds,
'But tickles still the sore :
These Louers cry, as do they dye ;
Yet that which fumes the wound to kill,
Doth turne ab vs, to ba ba be :
So dying loue liues still,
O be a while, but ba ba be ;
O be grones out, for ba ba be -- -- cry be.*

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

Pan. He eates nothing but doves loue, and that breeds
hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot
thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot blood, hot
thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a
generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whole a field to day?

Par. *Hector, Diophtus, Helenus, Antenor,* and all the
gallantry of *Troy.* I would faine haue arm'd to day, but
my *Nell* would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all
Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I hony sweete Queene : I long to heare how
they sped to day :

Youle remember your brothers cause?

Par. To a haye.

Pan. Farwell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will sweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fildes ; let vs to *Prisms* Hall
To greet the Warriors. Sweet *Hellen,* I must wee you,
To helpe vsname our *Hector* : his *Robborne* Buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekeish finewes : you shall doe more
Then all the *Iland Kings,* disarme great *Hector.*

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant *Parù* :

Yes what he shall reeue of vs in duette,

Gives vs more palme in beautie then we haue :

Yea ouerthines our selfe.

Sweete adoe thought I loue thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Cousen
Cressida?

Man. No fir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you seene my Cousin?

Troy. No *Pandarus* : I flake about her doore
Like a strange foule vpon the Stigan banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon,*
And giue me swift transporance to those fildes,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandarus,*
From *Capids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Cressid.*

Pan. Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,

That it inhants my sence : what will it be
When that the watry pallats taste indeede
Loues thrice reputed *Nectar*? Death! I feare me
Sounding distruction, or some loy too fine,
Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,
For the capacie of my ruder powers ;
I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,
That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight ; you
must be witty now, she does so blufh, & fetches her winde
so short, as if she were fraid with a spirite : Ile fetch her ; it
is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a
newtane Sparrow.

Exit Pand.

Troy. Euen such a passion doth imbrace my bosomes
My heart beates thicker then a feaworous pulke,
And all my powers doe their bestowing loofe,
Like vassalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of *Maiestie.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blufh?

Shames a bable; here she is now, sweare the othes now
to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone a-
gaine, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must
you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw
backward wriele put you i'th fil: why doe you not speak
to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.
Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light! and
'twere darke you'd elose sooner : So, so, rub on, and kisse
the mistress; how now, a kisse in free-farme? build there
Carpenter, the kisse is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your
hearts out ere I part you. The *Falcon*, as the *Tercell*, for
all the *Ducks* ith' *Riuer* : go to, go to.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words *Lady.*

Pan. Words pay no debt; giue her deedes : but sheele
because you 'oth' deedes too, if here call your afthity in
queston : what billing againe? here's in witness where-
of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go
get a fire!

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Cressida*, how often haue I wisht me thus?

Cres. With my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pre-
ty abruption: what too curious dreg elpies my sweete *Lady*
in the fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More

Troylus and Cressida.

Cref. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see truly.

Cref. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare : to feare the worst, oft cures the worke.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cref. Not nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we woe to weepe seas, lue in fire, cate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed. This is the monstrousitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse, and the act a slave to limit.

Cref. They say all Louers sweare more performance then they are able, and yet refuse an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares : are they not Monsters?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we : Praise vs as we are tasted, allow vs as we proue : our head shall goe bare till merit crowne it : no perfection in reuerſion shall haue a pill in present : wee will not name desert before his birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble : few words to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can speake trueſt, not truer then *Troylus*.

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing ſill? haue you not done talking yet?

Cref. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that : if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me : be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages : your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, he giue my word for her too : our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne : they are Burres I can tell you, they'le sticke where they are throwne.

Cref. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart : Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cref. Hard to seeme won : but I was won my Lord With the first glance; that euer pardon me, If I confesse much you will play the tyrant : I loue you now, but not till now so much

But I might misſer it; in faith I lye :
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
Too head-strong for their mother : see we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd : who shall be true to vs
When we are so vnſecret to our selues?

But though I lou'd you well, I wooed you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelfe a man;
Or that we women had ment priuiledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeake

The thing I ſhall repent : ſee, ſee, your ſilence
Comming in dumbneſſe, from my weakenesse draws

My ſoule of counſell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And ſhall, albeit ſweete Muſicke iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty ſiſht.

Cref. My Lord, I doe beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſſe :
I am aſham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!

For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy. Your leaue ſweete *Cressid*?

Pan. Leauē to you and take leauē till to morrow morning.

Cref. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you Lady?

Cref. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot ſhun your ſelfe.

Cref. Let me goe and try :

I haue a kinde of ſelfe recides with you :

But an vnkinde ſelfe, that it ſelfe will leaue,

To be anothers ſoule. Where is my wit?

I would be gone : I ſpeake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they ſpeake, that ſpeakes ſo wiſely.

Cref. Perchance my Lord, I ſlew more craft then loue,

And ſell ſo roundly to a large coſſeſſion,

To Angle for your thoughts; but you are wiſe,

Or elſe you lue not : ſo for to be wiſe and loue,

Exceedes mans might, that dwells with gods about.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman :

As if it can, I will preſume in you,

To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.

To keepe her conſtancie in plight and youth,

Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde

That doth renew ſwifter then blood decayes :

Or that perſuaſion could but thus conuince me,

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of ſuch a winnowed puritie in loue :

How were I then vp-liſt ! but alas,

I am as true, as truths ſimplicitee,

And ſimpler then the infancy of truth.

Cref. In that he warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,

When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right :

True ſwaines in loue, ſhall in the world to come

Approve their truths by *Troylus*, when their rimes,

Full of proteſt, of oath and big compare;

Wants ſmiles, truth tir'd with iteration,

As true as ſteele, as plantage to the Moone :

As Sunne to day : as Turtle to her mate :

As Iron to Adamant : as Earth to th'Center :

Yet after all compariſons of truth,

(As truths authentick author to be cited)

As true as *Troylus*, ſhall crowne vp the Verſe,

And ſanctifie the numbers.

Cref. Prophet may you be :

If I be falſe, or ſuerue a haire from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot it ſelfe :

When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;

And blinde obſiſion ſwallow'd Cities vp ;

And mightie States charactereſſe are grated

To duſtie nothing ; yet let memory,

From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in loue,

Vpbraid my falſhood, when they'ſe ſaid as falſe,

As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as landie earth ;

As Foote to Lambe ; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe ;

Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne ;

Yea, let them ſay, to ſticke the heart of falſhood,

Troilus and Cressida.

As false as *Cressid*.

Pand. Go too, a bargain made: seale it, seale it, Ile be the witness here I hold your hand: here my Cousins, if euer you proue false one to another, since I haue taken such paines to bring you together, let all pittitull goers betwene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all conflat men be *Troylusses*, all false women *Cressids*, and all brokers betwene, Panders: say, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cressid. Amen.

Pand. Amen.

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, because it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, preste it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all long-tide Maidens heere, Bed, Chamber, and Panders, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalcas. Fluryb.

Cal. Now Princes for the seruice I haue done you, Th'advantage of the time prompts me aloud, To call for recompence: I appeare it to your minde, That through the fight I beare in things to loose, I haue abandon'd Troy, left my possession, Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe, From certaine and possibill conuolucions, To doubtfull fortunes, sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custome and condition, Made tame, and most familiar to my nature: And here to doe you seruice am become, As new into the world, strange, vnacquainted. I doe beseech you, as in way of suite, To giue me now a little benefit: Out of those many registred in promise, Which you say, lue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'st thou of Troy? can I make demand?

Cal. You haue a Trojan prisoner, cal'd *Antenor*, Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere. Oft haue you (often haue you, thanks therefore) Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange. Whom Troy hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*, I know is such a wrest in their affaires; That their negotiations all must flacke, Wanting his monage and they will almost, Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priamus*, In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence, Shall quite strike off all seruice I haue done, In most accepted paine.

Agam. Let *Diomedes* beare him, And bring vs *Cressid* hither: *Calcas* shall haue What he requets of vs: good *Diomed* Furnish you fairly for this enternchange; Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dis. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen Which I am proud to beare.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Ulyss. *Achilles* stands 't' the entrance of his Tent; Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him, As if he were forgot: and Princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him; I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,

Why such vnplausiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him? If so, I haue derision mesicaineble, To vie betwene your strangeness and his pride, Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke; It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees, Feeble arrogance, and are the proud mans feet.

Agam. Weele execute your purpose, and put on A forme of strangeness as we passe along, So doe each Lord, and either greete him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more, Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to speake with me? You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What saies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Nest. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing my Lord.

Agam. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Nest. How doe you? how doe you?

Achil. What, do's the Cuckold loorne me?

Ajax. How now *Patroclus*!

Achil. Good morrow *Ajax*?

Ajax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. I, and good eate day too.

Exeunt.

Achil. What meaneth these fellows? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They passe by strangely: they were vs'd to bend To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*: To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?

'Tis certaine, greatness once false out with fortune, Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is, He shall as loone reade in the eyes of others, As feeble in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies, Shew not their meale wings, but to the Summer: And not a man for being simply man, Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours That are without him; as place, riches, and fauour, Prizes of accident, as oft as merit: Which when they fall, as being slippery flanders; The loue that leand on them as slippery too, Doth one plucke downe another, and together Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me; Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy At ample point, all that I did possesse, Saue these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out Something not worth in me such rich beholding, As they haue often giuen. Here is *Ulysses*, Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Ulysses*?

Ulyss. Now great *Troies* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted, How much in hauiug, or without, or in, Cannot make doabt to haue that which he hath; Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection: As when his vertues shining vpon others, Heate them, and they reioyce that hate againe To the first giner.

Achil. This is not strange *Ulysses*:

The beutie that is borne here in the face, The bearer knows not, but commends it selfe, Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

Troilus and Cressida.

Salutes each other with each others forme.

For speculation turnes not to it selfe,

Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there

Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Ulysses. I doe not frame it at the position,

It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,

Who in his circumstance, expressly proues

That no may is the Lord of any thing,

(Though in and of him there is much consulting,)

Till he communicate his parts to others:

Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,

Till he behold them formed in th' applause,

Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate

The voyce againe; or like a gate of Steele,

Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe

His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,

And apprehended here immediately:

The vnkowne *Ax*;

Heauens what a man is there? a very Horse, (are-)

That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there

Most abiect in regard, and deare in vfe.

What things againe most deere in the esteeme,

And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,

An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?

Ax renown'd? O heauens, what some men doe,

While some men leaue to doe!

How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall,

Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:

How one man eates into anothers pride,

While pride is feeding in his wantonnesse

To see these Grecian Lords; why, euen already,

They clasp the lubber *Ax* on the shoulder,

As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* breast,

And great *Troy*-drinking.

Achilles. I doe beleue it:

For they past by me, as myfers doe by beggars,

Neither gaue to me good word, nor look:

What are my deedes forgot?

Ulysses. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,

Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:

A great fia'd monster of ingraticudes:

Those scraps are good deedes past,

Which are deuour'd as fast as they are made,

Forgot as soone as done: perforceance, deere my Lord,

Keepes honour bright, to haue done, is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,

In monumentall mockerie: take the infant way,

For honour trauels in a straight fo narrow,

Where one but goes a breath, keepe then the path:

For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,

That one by one pursue; if you giue way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;

Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,

And leaue you hindmost:

Or like a gallant Horse faine in first ranke,

Lye there for payement to the abiect, neere

Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,

Though lesse then yours in past, most ore-top yours:

For time is like a fushionable Hoste,

That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th' hand;

And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye,

Grasps in the commor: the welcome euer smiles,

And farewells goes out fighting: O let not vertue seeke

Remuneration for the thing it is: for beautie, wit,

High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To enuious and calumniating time:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:

That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,

Though they are made and moulded of things past,

And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,

More laud then guilt oredued.

The present eye praises the present object:

Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,

That all the Greekes begin to worship *Ax*;

Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,

Then what not this: the cry went out on thee,

And fill it might, and yet it may againe,

If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe aloue,

And case thy reputation in thy Tent;

Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,

And draue great *Mars* to faction.

Achilles. Of this my priuacie,

I haue strong reasons.

Ulysses. But 'gainst thy priuacie

The reasons are more potent and heroycall:

'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue

With one of *Priams* daughters.

Achilles. Ha! 'knowne?

Ulysses. Is that a wonder?

The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,

Knowes almost every graine of *Plutes* gold;

Findes bottom in th' vncomprehensiu deapes;

Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,

Do thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:

There is a myserie (with whom relation

Durk neuer meddle) in the soule of State;

Which hath an operation more diuine,

Then breath or pen can giue expresse to:

All the commerce that you haue had with *Troy*,

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.

And better would it fit *Achilles* much,

To throw downe *Hector* then *Polyxenes*.

But it must grieve you *Prius* now at home,

When fame shall in her lland sound her trumpe;

And all the Greekish Girtles shall tripping hang;

Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* winne;

But our great *Ax* brauely beate downe him.

Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake.

The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

Pater. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you;

A woman impudent and mannish growne,

Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,

In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;

They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,

And your great loue to me, restraines you thus:

Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weakie wanton *Cypid*

Shall from your necke vnloose his amorous fould,

And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,

Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

Achilles. Shall *Ax* fight with *Hector*?

Pater. I, and perhaps receiue much honour by him.

Achilles. I see my reputation is at stake,

My fame is shrouly gored.

Pater. O then beware:

Those wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themselves:

Omission to doe what is necessary,

Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,

And danger like a ague softly taints

Euen then when we sit idly in the sunne.

Achilles. Goe call *Troilus* hither sweet *Pater*, I

¶ ¶

Ile

Troylus and Cressida.

He send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him
T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat
To see vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am sicke withall,
To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; Enter *Therfi*.
To talke with him, and to behold his visage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour fan'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

Achil. How so?

Ther. Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*,
and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling,
that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he stalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a
stride and a stand; rummates like an hostesse, that hath no
Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckon-
ing; bites his lip with a politike regard, as who should
say, there were wit in his head and two'd out; and so
there is; but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint,
which will not then without knocking. The mans vn-
done for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' com-
bat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes
not mee: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replies,
thanks *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man,
that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very
land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of op-
inion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather
lerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Therfi*.

Ther. Who, I? why, heele answer no body: he pro-
fesses not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares
his tongue in his armes: I will put on his presence; let *Pa-
troclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Page-
ant of *Ajax*.

Achil. To him *Patriclus*; tell him, I humbly desire the
valiant *Ajax*, to inuite the most valorous *Hector*, to come
vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his
person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, fixe or
seauen times honour'd Capitaine, Generall of the Grecian
Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patrs. Ioue bleste great *Ajax*.

Ther. Hum.

Tatr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to inuite *Hector*
to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. *Agamemnon*?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What say you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke
it will goe one way or other; howsoeuer, he shall pay for
me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer sir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what musick will
be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know
not: but I am sure none, vnlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his

finewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him
straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the
more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fontaine stir'd,

And I my selfe see not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fontaine of your minde were cleere
againe, that I might water an Affe at it: I had rather be a
Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

*Enter at one doore eEnes with a Torch, at another
Paris, Diophobus, Antenor, Diomed the
Grecian, with Troches.*

Par. See how, who is that there?

Diop. It is the Lord *eEnes*.

eEn. Is the Prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long

As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heuently businesse,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord
eEnes.

Par. A valiant Greeke *eEnes*, take his hand,
Witnesse the processe of your speech within;
You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

eEn. Health to you valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health;
But when contention, and occasion meetes,
By *Paris*, He play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purpose and pollicy.

eEn. And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humane gentleness:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Achilles* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I swear,
No man aloue can lose in such a fort,

The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We sympathise. Ioue let *eEnes* lioe
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleate courtes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With every ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

eEn. We know each other well.

Di. We doe, and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most, despitifull'st gentle greeting;
The noblest hateful loue, that ere I heard of.
What businesse Lord so early?

eEn. I was sent for to the Kingsbot why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets youit was to bring this Greeke
To *Calchas*'s house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Antenor*, the faire *Cressida*:
Lers haue your company; or if you please,
Haile there before vs. I constantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouse him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We shall be much vnwelcome.

eEn. That I assure you.

Troylus had rather *Troy* were borne to Greece,
Then *Cressida* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Troylus and Cressida.

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter disposition of the time will haue it so.
On Lord, weele follow you.

e.Ene. Good morrow all. *Exit e.Eneus*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,

Eoen in the soule of found good fellow ship,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?
My selfe, or *Meneas*?

Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to haue her, that doth seeke her,
Not making any scruple of her scyulare,
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tainted peece:
You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors!
Both merits pay'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,
But he as he, which healer for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Di. Shee's bitter to her country: heart me *Paris*,

For every faile drop in her bawdy veines,
A Grecians life hath funke: for every scruple
Of her contaminated carion weight,
A Trojan hath bene flaine. Since she could speake,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians suffred death.

Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Cressida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.
Cres. Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He shall vnbolt the Gates.

Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,
And giue as soft attachment to thy senses,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Cres. Good morrow then.
Troy. I priethee now to bed.
Cres. Are you a weary of me?
Troy. O *Cressida*! but that the buse day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rou'd the ribauld Crowses,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath bene too briefe. *(flayes)*
Troy. Bewhore the witch! with venomous wights shee
As hideously as hell; but lies the grapes of loue,
With wings more momentary, swift then thought:
You will catch cold, and corse me.

Cres. Priethee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;
O foolish *Cressida*, I might haue still held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Hark, ther's one vp?

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?
Troy. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*
Cres. A pefilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I shall haue such a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cosin *Cressida*?
Cres. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Vnckle:

You bring me to doo---and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What haue I brought you to doe?

Cres. Come, come, besthrew your heart: youle nere be
good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chippie*, ha!
not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
sleepe: a bug-bee take him. *One knockt.*

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'
head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and see.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.
Cres. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no such thing.
How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knockt.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you scene here. *Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

e.Ene. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there my Lord *e.Eneus*? by my troth I
knew you not: what newes with you so early?

e.Ene. Is not Prince *Troylus* here?
Pan. Here? what should he doe here?

e.Ene. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to speake with me.

Pan. Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be
sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should he
doe here?

e.Ene. Who, say then: Come, come, youle doe him
wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be
false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?
e.Ene. My Lord, I scarce haue leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand,

Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor*
Deliu'r'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre,
We must giue vp to *Diamonds* hand
The Lady *Cressida*.

Troy. Is it concluded so?
e.Ene. By *Priam*, and the generall fate of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my achievements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *e.Eneus*,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.
e.En. Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the diuell
take *Antenor*: the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
vpon *Antenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ha!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord?
gone? tell me sweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am
aboue.

Cres. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had't nere bene
borne; I knew thou would't be his death. O poore Gen-
tleman: a plague vpon *Antenor*.

¶ 2

Cres. Good

Troilus and Cressida.

Cres. Good Vnckle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

Pen. Thoo must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thoo art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it..

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not goe.

Pen. Thoo must.

Cres. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father: I know no touch of consanguinitie:

No kin, no loue, no blood, no soule, so neere me,
As the sweet *Troilus*: O you gods diuine!
Make *Cressida* name the very crowne of falsehood!
If euer she leaue *Troilus*: time, orce and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the strong base and building of my loue,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pen. Doe, doe.

Cres. Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Aeneas, Deiphobus, Antenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prehat
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke
Comes fast vpon: good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haue her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house!
He bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A Priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to loue,
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.
Pleafe you walke in, my Lords.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cressid.

Pen. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taste,
And no lesse in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weaker and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troilus.*
No more my griefe, in such a precious losse.

Pen. Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

Cres. O *Troilus*, *Troilus*!

Pen. What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heauie heart, why fightest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, or by speaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs cast away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of such a Verbe: we see it, we see it: how now *Lambe*?

Troy. *Cressid*: I loue thee in so strange a puritie;
That the best gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in eale, then the deuotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Cres. Haue the gods enuie?

Pen. I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must goe from *Troy*?

Troy. A hatefull truth.

Cres. What, and from *Troilus* too?

Troy. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.

Cres. Is it possible?

Troy. And sodainely, where iniurie of chance
Putts backe leaue-taking, iustifies roughly by
All time of pause; rudely bequits our lips
Of all reioynde: forcibly prevents
Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighes
Did buy each other, must poorly sell our selues,
With the rude breuitie and discharge of our
Inlurios time; now with a robbers halfe
Crums his rich theorie vp, he knows not how.
As many farwel as be stars in heauen,
With distinct breath, and assign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles vp into a loose adieu;
And scants vs with a single famisht kisse,
Distasting with the salt of broken teares.

Enter Aeneas.

Aeneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius fo
Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.
Bid them haue patience: the shall come anon.

Pen. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,
or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Cres. A wofull *Cressid* 'mong't the merry Greekes.

Troy. When shall we see againe?

Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true? how now! what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we most vile expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from vs:

I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my Gloue to death himselfe,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But be thou true, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation: be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeue.

Cres. And you this Gloue.

When shall I see you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly visitation.
But yet be true.

Cres. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I speake it; Loue!
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with gift of nature,
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:
How nouelties may moue, and parts with person.
Alas, a kinde of godly ielousie;
Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne;
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heauens, you loue me too!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then?

In this I doe not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heele the high Laolt; nor sweeten talke;
Nor play at subtill games; faire vertues all; ||

To

Troylus and Cressida.

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant :
But I can tell that in each grace of thee,
There lorkes a still and dumb-discourse diuelli,
That tempts most cunningly : but be not tempted.

Cres. Doe you thinke I will :

Troy. No, but something may be done that we will not :
And sometimes we are diuells to our selues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Presuming on their changefull potentie.

e. Enter within. Nay, good my Lord ?

Troy. Come kisse, and let vs part.

Paris within. Brother Troylus ?

Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *e. Enter* the Grecian with you.

Cres. My Lord, will you be true ?

Troy. Who ? alas it is my vice, my fault :
Whiles others fill with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie ;
Will't some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare :

Enter the Greekes.

Faere not my truth ; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome fir *Dumede*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is.
Entreate her faire ; and by my soule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou stand at meerey of my Sword,
Name *Cressida*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Prism* is to *Illion* ?

Dum. Faire Lady *Cressida*,

So please you faueth thanks this Priore expects :
The losse in youere, heauen is your cheeke,
Pleades your faire visage, and to *Dumede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troy. Grecian, thou do'st not vfe me courteously,
To shame the seale of my petition towards,
I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece :
Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praifes,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her seruant :
I charge thee vfe her well, euen for my charge :
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'st not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throat.

Dum. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus* ;
Let me be prouided by my place and message,
To be a speaker free ? when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust : and know my Lord ;
Ile nothing doe on charge : to her owne worth
Shee shall be prais'd : but that you say, be't so ;
Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Dumede*,
This braue, shall oft make thee to hide thy head :
Lady, giue your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selues bend we our needefull talke.

Sound Trumpet.

Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.

e. Enter. How haue we spent this morning
The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault : come, come, to field with him.

Exeunt.

Dio. Let vs make ready straight.

e. Enter. Yea, with a Bridegroomes fresh alacrity

Let vs addresse to tend on *Hectors* heeles :
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and single *Chualrie*.

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon,
Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.*

Ag. Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy*
Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appoal'd aire
May pierce the head of the great *Combatoist*,
And hale him hither.

Aja. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse ;
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy braue pipe :
Blow villaine, till thy spher'd *Bias* cheeke
Out-swell the collicke of puff'd *Aquilon* :
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood ;
Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Ulys. No Trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.

Ag. Is not yong *Dumede* with *Calcas* daughter ?

Ulys. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the toe : that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Ag. Is this the Lady *Cressid* ?

Dio. Euen she.

Ag. Most deereely welcome to the Greekes, sweete
Lady.

Nest. Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Ulys. Yet is the kindeesse but particular ; 'twere bet-
ter she were kist in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsell : Ile begie. So much
for *Nestor*.

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady
Achilles bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kissing once.

Paris. But that's no argument for kissing now ;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.

Ulys. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,
For which we looke our heads, to gild his burnes.

Paris. The first was *Menelaus* kisse, this mine ;
Patroclus kisses you.

Mene. Oh this is trim.

Patr. *Paris* and I kisse cucmore for him.

Mene. Ile haue my kisse fir : I Lady by your leaue.

Cres. No kissing doe you render, or receiue.

Patr. Both take and giue.

Cres. Ile make my match to lue,

The kisse you take is better then you giue : therefore no
kisse.

Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.

Cres. You are an odde mao, giue euen, or giue none.

Mene. An odde man Lady, currey man is odde.

Cres. No, *Paris* is not ; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.

Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.

Cres. No, Ile be sworne.

Ulys. It were no match, your naile against his horne :
May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you ?

Cres. You may.

Ulys. I doe desire it.

Cres. Why begge then ?

Ulys. Why then for *Perus* sake, giue me a kisse :

When *Hector* is a maide againe, and his ———

Cres. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

¶ 3

Ulys. Neuer's

Troilus and Cressida.

Ulys. Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.
Diom. Lady a word, he bring you to your Father.
Nest. A woman of quick fence.

Vijf. Fie, fie, upon her:

Ther's a language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits looke out
At every ioynt, and motive of her body:
Oh these encounterers for glib of tongue,
That give a cooing welcome ere it comes;
And wide vnclasp the tables of their thoughts,
To every tickling reader; set them downe,
For fluttish spoiles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game.

Exeunt.

*Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Enneas, Helenus
and Attendants. Florib.*

All. The Troians Trompet.

Aga. Yunder comes the troope.

Aga. Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done

To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,
A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremite
Pursue each other, or shall be diuided

By any voyce, or order of the field? *Hector* bid aske?

Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?

Enn. He cares not, heele obey conditions.

Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deale disprising
The Knight oppos'd.

Enn. If not *Achilles* fir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Enn. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all;

The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well;

And that which looks like pride, is curtesie;

This *Aias* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud;

In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* sits at home;

Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke

This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.

Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.

Aga. Here is fir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,

Stand by our *Aias*: as you and Lord *Enneas*

Consent vpon the order of their fight,

So be it: either to the vttermost,

Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,

Halfe flints their strife, before their strokes begin.

Vijf. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What Troian is that same that looks so heaoy?

Vijf. The yongest Sonne of *Priam*;

A true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;

Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,

Speaking in decies, and deedelesse in his tongue;

Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;

His heart and hand both open, and both free:

For what he has, he giues; what thinks, he shewes;

Yet giues he not ill iudgement guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;

For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes

To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,

Is more vindicative then zealous loue.

They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect,

A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.

Thus saies *Enneas*, one that knowes the youth,

Euen to his inches: and with priuate soole,

Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me. *Alarm.*

Aga. They are in action.

Nest. Now *Aias* hold thine owne.

Troy. *Hector*, thou stepp'st, awake thee.

Aga. His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Aias*. *trapers*

Diom. You must no more.

Enn. Princes enough, so please you.

Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.

Diom. As *Hector* pleases.

Hell. Why then will I no more:

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sister Sonne;

A cousin german to great *Priam*: see'de:

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:

Were thy commiaion, Greeke and Troian so,

That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,

And this is Troian: the finewes of this Legge,

All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood

Runs on the deater cheek, and this finisier

Bounds in my fathers: by *Iue* multipotent,

Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our ranke fend: but the iust gods gainful,

That any drop thou borrow'd from thy mother,

My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword

Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aias*:

By him that thunders, thou hast iustice Armes;

Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.

Cozen, all honor to thee.

Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:

I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence

A great addition, earned in thy death.

Hell. Not *Napulyus* so mirable,

On whose bright creck fame with her low'd'st (O yes)

Cries, 'Tis he; could'st promise to himselfe,

A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.

Enn. There is expectance here from both the sides,

What further you will doe;

Hell. Weele answere it:

The issue is embracement: *Aias*, farewell.

Aia. If I might in entreaties finde successe,

As feld I haue the chance; I would desire

My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnon* with, and great *Achilles*

Doth long to see warm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hell. *Enneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:

And signifie this louing enterview

To the capeterns of our Troian part:

Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:

I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the rest.

Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.

Hell. The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:

Bot for *Achilles*, mine owne fetching eyes

Shall finde him by his large and portly face.

Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one;

That would be rid of such an enemy.

Bot that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere

What's past, and what's to come, in strew'd with huskes;

And formelesse roine of obliuion:

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:

Bids thee with most diuine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.

Hell. I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My

Troilus and Cressida.

Ag. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

Hel. Who must we answer?

Enter. The Noble Menelaus.

Hel. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mockenot, that I assist th'entrusted Oath,
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Peneu* Gloue
Shr'e well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now fir, she's a deadly Theme.

Hel. O pardon, I offend.

Nest. I have (thou gallant Trojan) seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy Phrygian Steed,
And seen thee scorning fornic and subdments,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, nor the declined:

That I have said unto my standers by,
Loe *Iupiter* is yonder, dealing life.
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seen,
But this thy countenance (still lockt in steels)
I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great *Mars*, the Captaine of vs all,
Never like thee. Let an midman embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

Enter. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hel. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with times
Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to claipe thee.

N. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hel. I would they could.

Nest. Ha? by this white beard I'd fight with thee to
morrow. Well, welcome, welcome: I have seen thee.

Ulys. I wonder now, how yonder City stands,
When we have heere her Bafe and pillar by vs.

Hel. I know your favour Lord *Ulysses* well.
Ah fir, there's many a Greeke and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw your false, and *Diomed*
In *Illion*, on your Greekish Embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,
My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder wals that pttly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do buffe the clouds,
Must kisse their nwns feet.

Hel. I must not beleue you:
There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,
The fall of eury Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leaue it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Helitor*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

Achil. I shall forehall thee Lord *Ulysses*, thou
Now *Helitor* I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Helitor*,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.

Hel. Is this *Achilles*?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hel. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hel. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.

Hel. O like a Booke of sport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderstand'st:
Why dost thou so oppresse me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me you *Heusens*, in which part of his body
Shall I defroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Helitors great spirit sh'w. Answer me heauen.

Hel. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand againe;
Think't thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee yes.

Hel. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,
I'd not beleue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that stytied *Mars* his helme,
Ile kill thee eury where, yea, ore and ore.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His insolence drawes folly from my lips,
But ile endeavour deade to match these words,
Or may I neuer—

Axus. Do not chafe thee *Cofin*:
And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone
Till accident, or purpose bring you too:
You may eury day enough of *Helitor*
If you haue stomacke. The generall state I feare,
Can scarce intrest you to be odde with him.

Hel. I pray you let vs see you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres since you refus'd
The Grecians cause.

Achil. Dost thou intrest me *Helitor*?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.

Hel. Thy hand vpon that match.

Age. Fir, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conuise you: Afterwards,
As *Helitors* leysure, and your bounties shall
Concurre together, feuerally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*

Troy. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calebas* keepe?

Ulys. At *Meneleus* Tent, most Princely *Troilus*,
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,
Who neither looks on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Cressida*.

Troy. Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,
After we part from *Agamemnon* Tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. You shall command me fir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*, had she no Louer there
That wailes her absence?

Troy. O fir, to such as boasting these their scarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was below'd, she lou'd; she is, and dooth;
But fill sweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,
Which

Troylus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow :
Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Therites*.

Enter Therites.

Achil. Haw now, thou core of Envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll
of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dith of Fooles, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Pat. Well said aduersity, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke,
thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Pat. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarrhes,
Loudes a grauell i'th'backe, Lerhargies, cold Palxies, and
the like, take and take againe, such prepostrous discou-
ries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of envy thou, what
mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Pat. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorion indi-
tinguifiable Curse.

Ther. No? why art thou the exasperate, thou idle,
immaterial skiene of Sleyd filke; thou greene Sarcenet
flap for a fore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigals purse thou :
Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies,
diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finck Egge.

Ach. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell :
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Heubea*,
A takeo from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue i sworn. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,
My maiur vow lyes here; this Ile obey :
Come, come *Therites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting must all be spent.
Away *Patroclus*.

Exit.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, these
two may run mad; but if with too much braine, and too
little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's
Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues
Qualities, but he has not so much Braine as care-wax; and
the goodly transformation of Iupiter their Brother,
the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of
Cockolds, a thrifty shoeing-horne in a chaine, hanging
at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold
wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne
him too to an Affe were nothing; hee is both Affe and
Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Affe :
to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-
zard, so Owle, a Puttock, or a Herring without a Roe,
I would not care : but to be *Meneleus*, I would conspire
against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were
not *Therites* : for I care not to be the lowlie of a Lazar,
for I were not *Meneleus*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

*Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Pyllies, Ne-
stor, Diomed, with Lights.*

Age. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hell. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, oot a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Pylf. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hell. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Mes. Goodnight my Lord.

Hell. Goodnight sweet Lord *Meneleus*.

Ther. Sweet draught : sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke,
sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those
that go, or tarry.

Age. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Nestor* taries, and you too *Diomed*,
keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dis. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hell. Giue me your hand.

Ulyf. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,

Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet fir, you honour me.

Hell. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent.

Exant.

Ther. That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a
moft voult Knave; I will no more trust him when hee
ieeres, then I will a Serpent when hee hisses : he will spend
his mouth & promise, like Brabier the Hound; but when
he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious,
there will come some change that the Sunne borrowes
of the Moone when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will ra-
ther leaue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him; they say,
he keeps a Trojan Drab, and vies the Traitor *Chalcas*
his Tent. Ile after—Nothing but Letcherie? All
incontinent Variets.

Exant

Enter Diomed.

Dis. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

Dis. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's your Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Pyllies.

Pylf. Stood where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter Cressid.

Troy. *Cressid* comes forth to him.

Dis. How now my charge?

Cryf. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yes, so familiar?

Pylf. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her
life : she's noted,

Dis. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dis. Nay, but doe then; and let your miode be cou-
pled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Pylf. List?

Cryf. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dis. Nay then.

Cryf. Ile tell you what.

Dis. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.

Cryf. In faith I cannot : what would you haue me do?

Ther. A iugling tricke, to be secretly opeo.

Dis. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cryf. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dis. Good

Troylus and Cressida.

Dis. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Ulys. How now Troian ?

Cres. Dimed.

Dis. No, no, good night : Ile be your foole no more.

Troy. Thy better muft.

Cres. Harke one word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madnesse !

Ulys. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe
To wrathfull tearmes : this place is dangerous ;
The time right deadly : I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Ulys. Nay, good my Lord goe off :

You flow to great distraction : come my Lord ?

Troy. I pray thee stay ?

Ulys. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay ? by hell and hell torments,
I will not speake a word.

Dis. And so good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieve thee ? O withered truth !

Ulys. Why, how now Lord ?

Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.

Cres. Gardian ? why Greeke ?

Dis. Fo, fo, adew, yoo palter.

Cres. In faith I doe not : come hither once againe.

Ulys. You shake my Lord at something ; will you goe ?
you will breake out.

Troy. She strokes his cheek.

Ulys. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by *Ioue* I will not speake a word.

There is betwene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience ; stay a little while.

Ther. How the diuell *Luauy* with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles thee together : frye lechery, frye.

Dis. But will you then ?

Cres. In faith I will : neuer trust me else.

Dis. Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one.

Exit.

Ulys. You haue sworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognation
Of what I feele : I am all patience.

Enter Cressid.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cres. Here *Diomed*, keepe this *Sleeue*.

Troy. O beautie ! where is thy Faith ?

Ulys. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cres. You looke vpon that *Sleeue* ? behold it well :

He lou'd me : O false wench : giue't me againe.

Dis. Whose was't ?

Cres. It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night :

I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.

Ther. Now the sharpen : well said Whetstone.

Dis. I shall haue it.

Cres. What, this ?

Dis. I that.

Cres. O all you gods ! O prettie, prettie pledge ;

Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my *Gleoe*,
And giues memoriall daintie kisses to it ;
As I kisse thee.

Dis. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

Cres. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Dis. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troy. I did sweare patience.

Cres. You shall not haue it *Diomed* ; faith you shall not !
Ile giue you something else.

Dis. I will haue this : whose was it ?

Cres. It is an matter.

Dis. Come tell me whose it was ?

Cres. 'Twas one that loo'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.

Dis. Whose was it ?

Cres. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond :
And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

Dis. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,

And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor't it on thy horne,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past ; and yet it is not :
I will not keepe my word.

Dis. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Cres. You shall not goe : one cannot speake a word,
But it strait starts you.

Dis. I doe not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I by *Pluto* : but that that likes not me, please
me best.

Dis. What shall I come ? the houre.

Cres. I, come : O *Ioue* ! doe, come : I shall be plagu'd.

Dis. Farewell till then.

Exit.

Cres. Good night : I prythee come !

Troylus farewell : one eye yet lookes on thee ;

But with my heart, the other eye, doth fee.

Ah poore our sexe ; this fault in vs I finde :

The error of our eye, directs our minde.

What error leads, must erre : O then conclude,

Mindes swa'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

Exit.

Ther. A proofe of strength the could not publish more ;
Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

Ulys. Al's done my Lord.

Troy. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then ?

Troy. To make a recordation to my soule
Of euery syllable that here was spoke :

But if I tell how these two did coust ;

Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth ?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart :

An esperance so obnoxious strong,

That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares ;

As if those organs had deceptiuous functions,

Created onely to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here ?

Ulys. I cannot conuise Troian.

Troy. She was not sure.

Ulys. Most sure she was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse ?

Ulys. Nor mine my Lord : *Cressid* was here but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleue'd for womanhood :

Thinke we had mothers ; doe not giue advantage

To stubborn Criticks, apt without a theme

For depraution, to square the generall sex

By *Cressid* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our
mothers ?

Troy. Nothing at all, vnlesse that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes ?

Troy. This she ? no, this is *Diomedis Cressida* :

If beautie haue a foole, this is not she :

1f

Troylus and Cressida.

If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;

If sanctimonie be the gods delight:

If there be rule in vniue it selfe,

This is not she: O madnesse of discoufure!

That cause sets vp, with, and against thy selfe

By foule authoritie: where reason can reuolt

Without perdition, and losse assume all reason,

Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*:

Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing insepable,

Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:

And yet the spacious bredth of this diuision,

Admits no Orisef for a point as subtle,

As *Ariachne* broken woofe to enter:

Infance, O infance! strong as *Plutus* gates:

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;

Infance, O infance, strong as heauen it selfe:

The bonds of heauen are split, dissol'd, and loose'd,

And with another knot fine finger tied,

The fractions of her faith, ors of her loue:

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasie reliques,

Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*.

Plis. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached

With that which here his passion doth expresse?

Troy. I Greeke: and that shall be diuulged well

In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart

Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy

With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.

Harke Greeke: as much I doe *Cressida* loue;

So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,

That sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:

Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcan* skill,

My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,

Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,

Confin'd in muffle by the almighty Fenae,

Shall diazie with more clamour Neptunes care

In his difcent; then shall my prompted sword,

Falling on *Diomed*.

Ther. Heele tickle it for his conceipt.

Troy. O *Cressid*! O false *Cressid*! false, false, false:

Let all vntruths stand by thy stained name,

And theyle seeme glorious.

Plis. O containe your selfe:

Your passion drawes eares hither.

Enter eEnceas

eEnce. I haue bene seeking you this houre my Lord:

Hector by this is arming him in Troy.

Asar your Guard, raises to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my courteous Lord adew:

Farewell resolute faire: and *Diomed*,

Stand fast, and weare a Caffe on thy head.

Plis. He bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt Troylus, eEnceas, and Ulysses

Ther. Would I could meeete that rogue *Diomed*, I

would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode:

Petrarchus will giue me any thing for the intelligence of

his whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,

'then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still

warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning

diuell take them.

Enter Hector and Andromache

And. When was my Lord so much vngently temper'd,

To stop his eares against admonishment?

Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not admoit him.

Hect. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.

By the euertlasting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will sure prove ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I say.

Enter Cassandra

Cassa. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:

Confort with me in loud and deepe petition:

purfue we him on knees: for I haue dreamt

Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night

hath nothing bene but shaples, and formes of slaughter.

Cassa. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.

Cassa. No notes of fallie, for the heauens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begon I say: the gods haue heard me sweare.

Cassa. The gods are deafe to hot and pecuniu vowes;

They are polluted offerings, more abhorrd

Then spotted Liuers in the sacrifice.

And. O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,

To hurt by being iust; it is as lawfull:

For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,

And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Cassa. It is the purpose that makes stroog the vowe;

But vowes to every purpose must not hold:

Vnarme sweete *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still I say;

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:

Life every man holds deere, but the deere man

Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus

How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?

And. *Cassandra*, call my father to perfwade.

Exit Cassandra

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*; doffe thy harnesse youth:

I am to day th'vaine of Chivalrie:

Let grow thy Sinewes till their knots be strong;

And tempt not yet the bristles of the warre.

Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,

Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;

Which better fits a Lyono, then a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian falls,

Euen in the fenne and winde of your faire Sword:

You bid them rise, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'loue of all the gods

Let's issue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;

And when we haue our Armors buckled on,

The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our swordes,

Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie sausage, fie.

Troy. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troylus*, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,

Beckning with fierie truncheon my retire;

Not *Prismus*, and *Heube* on knees;

Their eyes ore-galled with recoure of teares;

Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne

Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:

But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Cassandra

Cassa. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,

Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall

Troilus and Cressida.

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Heitor*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foretell; and my selfe,
Am like a Prophet suddenly enapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hell. *Aeneas* is a field,
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou shalt not goe,
Hell. I must not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare fir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leaue
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, *Royall Priam.*

Cass. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.
And. Doe not deere father.
Hell. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.
Troy. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,
Makes all these bodements.

Cass. O farewell, deere *Heitor*:
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Hark how *Troy* roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth;
Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witlesse Antickes anoother meete,
And all cry *Heitor*, *Hectors* dead: O *Heitor*!

Troy. Away, away.
Cass. Farewell: yes, foist: *Heitor* I take my leaue;
Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our *Troy* deueie. *Exit.*
Hell. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclamation:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weeke forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with fafetie stand about
thee.

Troy. They are at it, hark: proud *Diomed*, beleene
I come to loofe my arme, or winne my sleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorson tifficke, a whorson rascally tifficke,
so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and
what one thing, what another, that I shall leaue you one
oth's dayes: and I haue a rhume in mine eyes too; and
soch an ache in my bones; that vnlesk a man were curst,
I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee
there?

Troy. Words, words, meer words, no matter from
the heart;

Th'effect doth operate anoother way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors fill the feedes;
But edifies anoother with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomic and shame
Parfue thy life, and lue aye with thy name.

A Larum.

Exeunt.

Enter Therites in excurfion.

Ther. Now they are elapper-clawing one anoother, Ile
goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Diomed*,
has got that same scurvie, doting, foolish yong
knaues *Sleeue* of *Troy*, there in his Helme: I would faine
see them meet; that, that same yong Trojan asse, that lous
the whore there, might fend that Greekish whore-mai-
sterly villaine, with the *Sleeue*, backe to the dissembling
luxurious drabbe, of a sleeuelesse errant. O'th' tother side,
the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole
old *Moufe*-eaten dry cheefe, *Negher*: and that same dog-
foxe *Pluffie* is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They let
me vp in pollicy, that mungrell curie *Aax*, against that
dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curie
Aax prouder then the curie *Achilles*, and will not arme
to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime
barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troilus.

Soft, here comes *Sleeue*, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for should'st thou take the Riuier Stix,
I would swim after.

Diom. Thou do'st miscall retire:
I doe not flye; but advantageous care
Withdraw me from the odds of multitude:
Hauc at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore
Troian: Now the *Sleeue*, now the *Sleeue*.

Enter Heitor.

Hell. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascall: a scurvie railing knaue:
a very filthy rogue.

Hell. I doe beleue thee, lise.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleue me: but a
plague breake thy necke—for fighting me: what's be-
come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue
swallowed one anoother. I would laugh at that mira-
cle—yet in a fort, lecherie eates it selfe: Ile seeke thee.

Exit.

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Diom. Goe, goe, my seruant, take thou *Troilus* Horse;
Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressid*:
Fellow, commend my seruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chaffin'd the amorous Trojan.
And am her Knight by prooffe.

Ser. I goe my Lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Ag. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beste downe *Meson*: bastard *Margarell*
Hath *Dorus* prisoner.

And stands *Calofus*-wife wauing his beame,
Vpon the pashed courtes of the Kings:

Epistropus and *Cedus*, *Polixenes* is slaine;

Amphimachus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;

Patroclus tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*

Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull *Sagitary*

Appaols our numbers, haue we *Diomed*

To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Negher.

Negh. Coc beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the (naile-pac'd) *Aax* arme for shame;

There is a thousand *Heitors* in the field:

Now here he fights on *Galatbe* his Horse,

And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,

And there they flye or dye, like scaled fowls,

Before

Troylus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie fo obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Vlysses.

Vlyss. Oh, courage, courage Princes! great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rownd his drowaie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noiselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hektor*. *Aias* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantastike execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spite of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aias.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*.

Exit.

Dia. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Exit.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hektor*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, thew thy face:

Know what it is to meeete *Achilles* angry.

Hektor, wher's *Hektor*? I will none but *Hektor*.

Exit.

Enter Aias.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*, thew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Dia. *Troylus*, I say, wher's *Troylus*?

Aia. What would'st thou?

Dia. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,

Thou should'st haue my office,

Ere that correction: *Troylus* I say, what *Troylus*?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!

Turne thy false face thou traytor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dia. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. He fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.

Dia. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you

both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hektor.

Hekt. Yea *Troylus*! O well fought my yongest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; I haue at thee *Hektor*.

Hekt. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Troian;

Be happy that my armes are out of vie;

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:

Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

Exit.

Hekt. Fare thee well!

I would haue bene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Aias* hath tane *Aeneas*; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,

He shall not carry him: I be tane too,

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.

Exit.

Enter one in Armour.

Hekt. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,

Thou art a goodly marke!

Not wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

He frust it, and vnlocke the riuets all,

Bot Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beatt abide?

Why then aye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide.

Exit.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele;

Strike not a stroke, but keepe your felues in breath;

And when I haue the bloudy *Hektor* found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In selfest manner execute your arme.

Follow me first, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, *Hektor* the great must dye.

Exit.

Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:
now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my double
hen'd sparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the
game; ware hornes ho!

Exit Park and Menelaus.

Enter Balthard.

Balt. Torne shoue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Balt. A Balthard Sonne of Priams.

Ther. I am a Balthard too, I loue Balthards, I am a Balthard begot, Balthard instructed, Balthard in minde, Balthard in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: I one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Balthard? take heede, the quarrell's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell Balthard.

Balt. The diuell take thee coward.

Exeunt.

Enter Hektor.

Hekt. Most putrified core so faire without:

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:

Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hektor* how the Sunne begins to set;

How vgly night comes breathing at his beeles,

Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.

To close the day vp, *Hektors* life is done.

Hekt. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.

So Ilion fall thou: now *Troy* sinke downe;

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.

On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hektor* slaine.

Retreat.

Gree. The Trojan Trumpets founds the like my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth

And flicker-like the Armies seperates

My halfe spt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,

Piea'd with this dainty bod; thus goes to bed.

Come, eye his body to my horses taylor;

Along the field, I will the Trojan traile.

Exeunt.

Sound Retreat. Sbow.

Enter Agamemnon, Aias, Menelaus, Nestor,

Diomed, and the rest marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil.

Troilus and Cressida.

*Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, Achilles.
Die. The brute is, Hector's slaine, and by Achilles.
As. If it be so, yet bragge let it be :*

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam. March patiently along ; let one be sent
To pray Achilles see vs at our Tent.*

*If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.*

Exeunt.

Enter Enesias, Paris, Antenor and Deiphabus.

*Enes. Stand hee, yet are we maistens of the field,
Neuer goe home ; here starue we out the night.*

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Hector is slaine.

All. Hector ? the gods forbid.

*Troy. Hee's dead : and at the murderers Horses taile,
In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.]*

*Frowne on yuu heauens, effect your rage with speed ;
Sit gods vpon your thrones, and smile at Troy.*

*I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.*

Enes. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

Troy. You vnderstand me not, that tell me so :

*I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addresse their dangers in. Hector is gone :*

Who shall tell Priam so ? or Hecuba ?

*Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and say there, Hector's dead :*

There is a word will Priam turne to stone ;

Make weis, and Nikes of the maidens and wifes ;

Coolle statues of the youth : and in a word,

Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,

Hector is dead : there is no more to say.

*Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines :
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
He through, and through you ; & thou great fix'd coward:
No space of Earth shall funder our two hates,
He haunt thee, like a wicked conscience fill,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenesie thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe !
Hope of reuenge, shall hide our inward woe.*

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you ? heare you ?

*Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame
Pursue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.*

Exeunt.

*Pas. A goodly medcine for mine akingbones:uh world,
world, world ! thus is the poore agent dispiſde : Oh trai-
tours and bawdes ; how earnestly are you set aworke,
and how ill requited ? why should our indeuour be so desir'd,
and the performance so louth'd ? What Verse for it ? what
inſance for it ? let me ſee.*

*Full merrily the humble Bee duth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony, and his ſting.*

*And being once ſubdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and ſweete notes together ſaile.*

*Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes ;
As many as be here of Pandars hall,*

Your eyes haſte out, weepe out at Pandar's fall :

Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue ſome groones ;

Though not for me, yet for your akingbones :

Brethren and ſiſters of the bald-dare trade,

Some two months hence, my will ſhall here be made :

It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this :

Some galled Goofe of Wincheſter would hiſſe :

Till then, lie ſweate, and ſeeke about for eaſes ;

And at that time bequeſt you my diſcaſes.

Exeunt.

¶ ¶ ¶

FINIS.





The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Company of Malitious Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizens.*

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me speake.
All. Speake, speake.

1. *Cit.* You are all resolu'd rather to dy then to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. *Cit.* First you know, Caius Martius is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own picee. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away
2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri-cians good: what Authority surfeits one, would releue vs. If they would yeele vs but the superfluitie while it were wholsome, wee might guesse they releued vs hu-manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leannesse that afflichs vs, the obiect of our misery, is as an inuento-ry to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a gayne to them. Let vs revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in hanger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you procede especially against Caius Martius.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com-monalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with bee-ing proud.

All. Nay, but speake not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say vnto you, what he hath done Famoullie, he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, we ac-count a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is ac-cusatory.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accu-sations he hath faults (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Shouts within.

What shouts are these? The other side th' City is risen: why stay we hearing heere? To th' Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1. *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2. *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa, one that hath al-ways lou'd the people.

1. *Cit.* He's one honest enough, wold all the rest wer so.

Men. What work's my Countreinen in hand?

Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter Speake I pray you.

2. *Cit.* Our busines is not vnkowne to th' Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, w now wee'l shew em in deeds: they say poore Suters haue strong breaths, they shal know we haue strong arms too.

Men. Why Masters, my good Friends, mine honest Neighbours, will you vndo your selues?

2. *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are vodone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, most charitable care Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.

Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the Heaen with your flaues, as lift them Against the Roman State, whose course will on The way it takes i cracking ten thousand Curbes Of more strong linke asunder, then can euer Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and Your knees to them (not armes) must helpe. Alacke, You are transported by Calamity Thether, where more attends you, and you slander The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers, When you curse them, as Enemies.

2. *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famish, and their Store-houses cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vsurie, to support Vsu-rers; repeale daily any wholsome Act established against the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and restrain the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vpp, they will; and there's allthe loue they beare vs.

Men. Either you must

Confesse your selues wondrous Malicious, Or be accus'd of Folly. I shal tell you A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it, But since it serues my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more.

2. *Citizens.* Well,

Ile heare it Sir: yet you must not thinke To fobbe off our disgrace with a tale: But and't please you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members Rebell'd against the Belly; thus accus'd it: That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

a a

I'th

I'th midd' a th' body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the rest, where th' other Instruments
Did see, and heare, deuise, Instru'd, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did minister
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly answer'd.

a. Cit. Well fir, what answer made the Belly.

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but even thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as speake, it taintly replied
To th' discontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receipt: euen so most fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not such as you.

a. Cit. Your Bellies answer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counsaillor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helmes
In this our Fabricke, if that they—

a. Men. What then? Forceme, this Fellow speaks.
What then? What then?

a. Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be refrain'd,
Who is the sinke a th' body.

Men. Well, what then?

a. Cit. The former Angers, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
If you'll bestow a small (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'll heare the Bellies answer.

a. Cit. Y' are long about it.

a. Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your most graue Belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his Accusers, and thus answered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (sooth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at first
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Because I am the Store-houise, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I send it through the Riuer of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th' feat' o'th' Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The strongest Nerves, and small inferior Veins
From me receiue that naturall competence
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this fables Belly) marke me.

a. Cit. I fir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Auidit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowe of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What say you too?

a. Cit. It was an answer, how spely you this?

Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counsailes, and their Cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the Weale a th' Common, you shall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Assembly?

a. Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wile Rebellion, thou goest foremost:

Thou Rascall, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one side must haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *a. Martius.*

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you dissentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your selues Scabs.

a. Cit. We haue euer your good word.

Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curses,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geefe you are: No surer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailstone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that Iustice did it. Who deserves Greatness,
Deserves your Hate: and your Affections are
A sickmans Appetite; who desires most that
Which would encrease his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, swimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with rushes. Hang ye trust ye?
With euer Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him wilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in these fewall places of the Citie,
You cry against the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which else
Would feede on one another? What's their seeking?

Men. For Come at their owne rates, wherof they say
The Citie is well stor'd.
a. Mar. Hang 'em: They say?
They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
What's done i'th' Capitoll: Who's like to rise,
Who thrives, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Coniecturall Marriages, making parties strong,
And feeling such as stand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shoes. They say ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me vse my Sword, I'd make a Quarrie
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could picke my Lance.
Men. Nay these are almost thoroughly perswaded:
For though abundantly they lacke discretion
Yet are they passing Cowardly. But I beseech you,
What sayes the other Troope?

Mar. They are disfol'd: Hang 'em;
They said they were an hongry, sigh'd forth Proverbs
That Hunger-broke stone wals: that dogges must este
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods sent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With these shreds
They vented their Complaints, which being answer'd
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
To breake the heart of generosity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a th' Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.

Men. What is grauted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The

The rabble should have first vnrroft the City
Ere so preuail'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Informations aising.

Menes. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home you Fragments,
Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mess. Where's Caius Martius?

Mar. Heere: what's the matter?

Mess. The newes is fit, the Volcies are in Armes.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall ha meanes to vent
Our muffle superfluity. See our best Elders.

*Enter Scinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus
Lartius, with other Senators.*

1. *Sen.* *Martius* 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.

Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullius Aufidius that will put you too't
I sinne in enuying his Nobility;
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me onely he.

Com. You haue fought together?

Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'caries, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1. *Sen.* Then worthy *Martius*,
Attend vpon *Cominius* to these Warres.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir it is,
And I am constant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullius* face.
What art thou fift? Stand'st out?

Tit. No Caius *Martius*,
He leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere say behinde this Boffinesse.

Mes. Oh true-bred.

Sen. Your Company to th'Capitoll, where I know
Our greatest Friends attend vs.

Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius*, we most followe
you, right worthy you Priority.

Com. Noble *Martius*.

Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.

Mar. Nay let them follow,

The Volces haue much Corne: take these Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worthipfull Mutiniers,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*

Citizens steale away. *Manet Scinius & Brutus.*
Scin. Was euer man so proud as is this *Martius*?

Brus. He has no equall.

Scin. When we were chosen Tribunes for the people.

Brus. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

Scin. Nay, but his taunts.

Brus. Being mou'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods.

Scin. Bemocke the modest Moone.

Brus. The present Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be so valiant.

Scin. Such a Nature, tickled with good successe, dis-
daines the shadow which he treads on at noone, but I do
wonder, his insolence can brooke to be commanded vnder
Cominius?

Brus. Fame, at the which he ayemes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vmoft of a man, and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius*: Oh, if he
Had borne the businesse.

Scin. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion that so sticks on *Martius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Brus. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Scin. Let's hence, and heare
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion
More then his singularity, he goes
Vpon this present Action.

Brus. Let's along.

Exeunt

Enter Tullius Aufidius with Senators of Coriulus.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is *Aufidius*,
That they of Rome are coted in our Counsailes,
And know how we proceede,

Auf. Is it not yours?

What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, these are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue prest a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for East or West: the Dearth is great,
The people Muttinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, *Martius* your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worse hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
These three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it.

1. *Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer vs.

Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vail'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shalbe shortned in our ayne, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almost) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2. *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commission, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard *Coriulus*
If they set downe before: for the remove
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'll finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.

Auf. O doubt not that,
I speake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis sworne betwene vs, we shall euer strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keepe your Honors safe.

1. *Sen.* Farewell.

2. *Sen.* Farewell.

All. Farewell.

*Exeunt omnes.
Enter*

*Enter Valvnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius :
They set them downe on two lowe stools and weve.*

Valw. I pray you daughter sing, or expresse your selfe
in a more comfortable sort : If my Sonne were my Husband,
I should feelier reioyce in that absence wherein
he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed,
where he would shew most love. When yet her was but
tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when
youth with comelineffe pluck'd all gaze his way; when
for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother should not fel him
an houre from her beholding; I considering how Honour
would become such a person, that it was no better then
Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not
stirre, was pleas'd to let him seeke danger, where he was
like to finde fame : To a cruell Warre I sent him, from
whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell
thee Daughter, I sprang not more in loy at first hearing
he was a Man-child, then now in first seeing he had pro-
ued himselfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Busineffe Madame, how
then ?

Valw. Then his good report should haue bene my
Sonne, I therein would haue found issue. Heare me pro-
fesse sincerely, had I a dozen sons each in my loue alike,
and none lesse deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I
had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Country, then
one voluptuously surfeit out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gen. Madame, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visite you.

Virg. Befeech you giue me leaue to retire my selfe.

Valw. Indeed you shall not :

Me thinks, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme :
See him plucke *Aufidius* downe by th'haire :
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* thunning him :
Me thinks I see him flampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Haruest man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or loose his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow ? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Valw. Away you Foole ; it more becomes a man

Then gilt his Trophe. The breasts of *Hecla*

When the ducke *Heller*, look'd not louelier

Then *Hellers* furberd, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian sword. Contending, tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome.

Exit Gen.

Vir. Heuens blesse my Lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Val. Hee'l beat *Aufidius* head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vber, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.]

Val. Sweet Madame.

Vir. I am glad to see your Ladyship.

Val. How do you both ? You are manifest house-kee-
pers. What are you sowing heere ? A fine spott in good
faith. How does your little Sonne ?

Vir. I thanke your Ladyship : Well good Madame.

Val. He had rather see the sword, and heare a Drum,
then looke vpon his Schoollmaster.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne : He sweare 'tis a
very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wen-
day halfe an houre together : he's such a confirm'd coun-

tenance. I saw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when
he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and o-
uer and ouer he comes, and vp againe : catcht it again : or
whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did so fet
his teeth, and teare it. Oh, Iwarre now hee mammoekt
it.

Val. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed he, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madame.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchey, I must haue you
play the idle Huswife with me this afternoon.

Virg. No (good Madame)

I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores ?

Valw. She shall, the shall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience ; He not ouer the
threshold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your selfe most vnreasonably :
Come, you must go visit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will with her speedy strength, and visite her
with my prayers : but I cannot go thither.

Valw. Why I pray you.

Virg. 'Tis not to saue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Tendiepe* ; yet they say, all
the yeanes he spun in *Visses* absence, did but fill *Atica*
full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were sen-
sible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for
pitie. Come you shall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madame, pardon me, indeed I will not
forth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and He tell you excellent
newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madame, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not leif with you: there came newes
from him last night.

Vir. Indeed Madame.

Val. In earnest it's true ; I heard a Senatour speake it.
Thus it is: the Volces haue an Army forth, against wh^o
Caminus the Generall is gone, with one part of our Ro-
mane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are set down
before their Citie *Corioli*, they nothing doubt preui-
ling, and to make it breake Warres. This is true on mine
Honor, and so I pray go with vs.

Virg. Give me excuse good Madame, I will obey you
in euery thing hereafter.

Val. Let her alone Ladies, as she is now s

She will but diftate our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke the world :

Fare you well then. Come good sweete Ladies.

Praythee *Virgilia* turne thy solemneffe out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil. No

At a word Madame ! Indeed I must not,
I with you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell.

Exeunt Ladies

*Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Co-
lours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as
before the City Coriolanus : to them
a Messenger.*

Martius. Yonder comes Newes :
A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar.

eMar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Meff. They lye in view, but haue not spoke as yet.

Lar. So, the good Horfe is mine.

Mart. Ile buy him of you.

Lar. No, Ile nor sell, nor giue him! Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeeres: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie these Armies?

Meff. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then shall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with smooking swordes may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

*They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on
the Wallies of Coriulus.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Wallies?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little: *Drum a farre off.*

Hecke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: We'll breake our Wallies
Rather then they ſhall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet ſeeme ſhut, we haue bot pin'd with Ruſhes,
They're open of themſelues. *Hecke you, farre off.*

Alarm farre off.
There is *Aufidius*. Lift what worke he makes
Among't your cloſen Army.

Mart. Oh they are at it.

Lar. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders ho.

Enter the Army of the Volſes.

eMar. They feare vs not, but liſſe forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more prooue then Shields.

Aduance braue Titus,
They do diſſaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Foole*,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.

Alarm, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches

Enter Martius Cursing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaſter you o're, that you may be abhor'd
Farther then ſerne, and one infect another
Againſt the Winde a mile: you foules of Geefe,
That beara the ſhapes of men, how haue you ruo
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Plato* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and aged feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the *Foe*,
And make my Warres on you! Looks too't: Come on,
If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beate them to their Wives,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.

*Another Alarm, and Martius follows them to
gate, and is ſhot in.*

So, now the gates are open now proue good *Soldiers*,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widoes them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gati.

1. Sol. Foole-hardineſſe, not I.

2. Sol. Nor I.

1. Sol. See they haue ſhut him in. *Alarm continues*

All. To th' pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius*

Tit. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.

1. Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,

With them he enters: who vpon the fodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himſelfe alone,
To anſwer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!

Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes, ſtand't vp: Thou art left *eMartius*,
A Carbuocle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not ſo rich a Jewell. Thou wa's a Souldier
Euen to *Calais* with, not fierce and terrible
Onely in ſtrokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou ma's't thine enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were Feazourous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, affaulted by the Enemy.

1. Sol. Looke Sir,

Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romans with ſpides.

1. Rom. This will I carry to Rome.

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for *Sithor*. *exunt.*

Alarm continues till a-farre off.

Enter Martius and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere theſe mouers, that do priee their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: *Cuſhions*, *Leaden Spoones*,
Irons of a Doit, *Dublets* that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them. Theſe baſe ſlaues,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And harke, what noiſe the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my ſoules hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Coouenant Numbers to make good the City,
Whil't I with thoſe that haue the ſpirit, wil haſte
To helpe *Cominius*.

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,

Thy exerciſe hath bin too violent,

For a ſecond courſe of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praife me not:

My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well!

The blood I drop, is rather *Phyſicall*

Then daogerous to me: To *Aufidius* thus, I will appear

Lar. Now the faire Goddeſſa Fortune, (and fight.)

Fall deepe in looe with thee, and her great charmes

Miſguide thy Oppoſers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:

Proſperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no leſſe,

Then thoſe that placeh high'eſt: So farewell.

Lar. Thou wortheſt *Martius*,

Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,

Call thither all the Officers a'th Towne,

Where they ſhall know our minde. *Away. Exunt*

Enter Cominius as if were in retire, with ſoldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come
Like Romanes, neither fooliſh in our ſtands, (off)

Nor Cowardly in retire: Beleue me Sirs,

We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue ſtrooke

By Interims and conuoying gaſts, we haue heard

The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,

Leade their ſuccelles, as we wiſt our owne,

That both our powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountering,

May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meff. The Cittizens of *Coriulus* haue yſſed,

And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battailie

I saw our party to their Trenches drizen,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speakest truth,
Me thinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since?
Mef. About an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drummes.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy News so late?

Mef. Spies of the *Voles*
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to whoole
Three or four miles about, else had I fir
Halfe an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whose yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the stamp of *Martius*, and I haue
Before time sent him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The Shepherd knows not Thunder frō a Taber,
More then I know the sound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery mesner man.

Martius. Come I too late?

Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your owne.

Mart. Oh! let me ellp ye
In Armes as found, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about Decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening th'others;
Holding *Coriulus* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouse ne're shunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Rascals worse then they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we haue at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on w^h side
They haue plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th *Vaward* are the Antients
Of their best trust: O're them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of Hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the Battailies wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue shed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly set me
Against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiors*,
And that you not delay the present (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.

Com. Though I could wish,

You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of those
That best can ayde your action.

Mar. Those are they

That most are willing; if any such be heere,
(As it were kinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you see me line'd, if any feare
Lessen his perion, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himselfe,
Let him sloue: Or so many so minded,
Waue thus to expresse his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

*They all flout and waue their swords, take him vp in their
Armes, and cast up their Caps.*

Oh me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shewes be not outward, which of you
But is soure *Volce*? None of you, but is
Able to beare against the great *Aufidius*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thanks to all) must I select from all:
The rest shall beare the businesse in some other fight
(As cause will be obey'd) please you to March,
And foure shall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on my Fellowes!
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Diuide in all, with vs.

Exeunt

*Titus Lartius, having set a guard vpon Coriulus, going with
Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius,
Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a
Scout.*

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue set them downe. If I do send, dispatch
Those Centuries to our ayd, the rest will serue
For a short holding, if we loose the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.

Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.

Lart. Hence; and shut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th'*Roman Campe* couldst vs. *Exit*
Alarm, as in Battail.

Enter Martius and Aufidius at several doores.

Mar. He fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse then a Promise-breaker.

Aufid. We hate alike:
Not Afflicke owens a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first Badger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.

Auf. If I flye *Martius*, howlow me like a Hare.

Mar. Within these foure houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Coriulus* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou seekst me markt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vs thy power to th'highest.

Auf. Wert'st thou the *Heller*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not scape me heere.

*Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde
of Aufidius. Martius fights till they be driven in breathles.
Officious and not valiant, you haue sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.*

Flourish.

Flourish. Alarum. A Retreat is sounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romans: At another Doore Marcius, with his Armie in a Scarfe.

Com. If I should tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke, Thou't not beleue thy deeds: but he report it, Where Senators shall mingle teares with smiles, Where great Patricians shall attend, and frug, I'th'end admire: where Ladies shall be frighted, And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes, That with the fustie Plebeians, hate thine Honors, Shall say against their hearts, We thanke the Gods Our Rome hath such a Souldier. Yet can't thou to a Morrell of this Feast, Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Pursuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall: Here is the Steed, wee the Caparison: Hadst thou beheld—

Martius. Pray now, no more: My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Blood, When she do's praye me, grieues me: I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can, Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey: He that ha's but effected his good will, Hath ouerta'ne mine A&T.

Com. You shall not be the Graue of your deferring, Rome must know the value of her owne: 'Twere a Concealment worse then a Theft, No lesse then a Traducement, To hide your doings, and to silence that, Which to the spire, and top of prayes vouch'd, Would seeme but modest: therefore I beseech you, In signe of what you are, not to reward What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.

Martius. I haue some Wounds vpon me, and they smart To heare themselves remembered.

Com. Should they not? Well might they fester 'gainst Ingratitude, And tent themselves with death: of all the Horfes, Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good store of all, The Treasure in this field achieved, and Citie, We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth, Before the common distribution, At your onely choyse.

Martius. I thank you Generall: But cannot make my heart consent to take A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuse it, And stand vpon my common part with those, That haue beheld the doing.

A long flourish. They all cry, Martius, Martius, cast up their Caps and Laurels: Cominius and Lartius fl and haue.

Mar. May these same Instruments, which you prophane, Neuer found more: when Drums and Trumpets shall I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be Made all of false-flie'd soothing: When Steele grows soft, as the Parasites Wilke, Let him be made an Ouerturner for th'Warres: No more I say, for that I haue not wash'd

My Nose that bled, or foyl'd some debile Wretch, Which without note, here's many else haue done, You shoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall, As if I lou'd my little should be dieted In prayes, saw'd with Lyes.

Com. Too modest are you: More cruell to your good report, then gratefull To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience, If 'gainst your selfe you be incens'd, we'll put you (Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles, Then reason safely with you: Therefore be it knowne, As to vs, to all the World, That Caius Martius Wears this Warres Garland: in token of the which, My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him, With all his trim belonging: and from this time, For what he did before Coriules, call him, With all th'applause and Clamor of the Host, Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly sweet!

Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

Omnes. Marcus Caius Coriolanus.

Martius. I will goe wath:

And when my Face is faire, you shall perceiue Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you, I meane to strike your Steed, and at all times To vnder-creef your good Addition, To th'fairerence of my power.

Com. So, to our Tent: Where ere we doe repose vs, we will write To Rome of our successe: you Titus Lartius Must to Coriules backe, send vs to Rome The best, with whom we may articulate, For their owne good, and ours.

Lartius. I shall, my Lord.

Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me: I that now refus'd most Princely gifts, Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.

Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?

Martius. I sometime lay here in Coriules, At a poore mans house: he vs'd me kindly, He cry'd to me: I saw him Prisoner: But then Aufidius was within my view, And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I request you To giue my poore Host freedom.

Com. Oh well begg'd! Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he should Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, Titus.

Lartius. Martius, his Name.

Martius. By Iupiter forgot: I am wearie, yes, my memorie is ty'd: I haue no Wine here?

Com. Goe we to our Tent: The blood vpon your Visage dyes, 'tis time It should be lookt too: come.

Exeunt.

A flourish. Cornett. Enter Titus Aufidius bloudie, with two or three Souldiers.

Aufid. The Towne is ta'ne.

Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe in good Condition.

Aufid. Condition?

I would I were a Roman, for I cannot, Being a Volsce, be that I am. Condition? What good Condition can a Treatie finde I'th'part that is at mercy? five times, Martius, I haue fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me: And would'st doe so, I thinke, should we encounter

As

As often as we eate, By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him heard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had: For where
I thought to crush him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword: He potche at him some way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sci. He's the duell.

Ant. Bolder, though not so sublermy valors poison'd,
With onely suſt'ning ſtaine by him: for him
Shall flye out of it ſelfe, nor ſleepe, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Priests, nor times of Sacrifices
Embergements all of Fury, ſhall liſt vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Cuſtome gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Againſt the hoſpitable Canon, would I
Wagiſh my fierce hand in't heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Leaſne how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be Hoſtages for Rome.

Sci. Will not you go?

Ant. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
(Tis South the City Miſe) bring me word thither
How the world goes: that to the pace of it
I may ſpurre on my iourney.

Sci. I ſhall fir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tells me, wee ſhall haue Newes to night.

Brut. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beasts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Brut. He's a Lambe indeed, that beets like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeed, that lues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall aſke you.

Brut. Well fir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Brut. He's poore in no one fault, but ſtor'd withall.

Sicin. Eſpecially in Pride.

Men. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is ſtrange now: Do you two know, how you are cenſured here in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Brut. Why? how were we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Brut. Well, well fir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter: for a very little theefe of Occaſion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience:

Giue your diſpoſitions the reins, and bee angry at your pleaſures (at the leaſt) if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being fo: you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, fir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or elſe your actions would growe wondrous ſingle: your abilities are to Infant-like, for doing much alone. You talke of Pride! Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour ſurvey of your good ſelues. Oh that you could.

Brut. What then fir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcouer a brace of vndermeriting, proud, violent, teſtic Magiſtrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Fortitius*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of laying Tiber in't: Said, to be ſomething imperfect in fauouring the firſt complaint, haſty and Tindler-like vpon, to triall motion: One, that conuerſes more with the Buttocke of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter, and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurgians*), if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduerſly, I make a crooked face at it, I can ſay, your Worſhippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Aſſe in compound, with the Malor part of your ſyllables. And though I muſt be content to beare with thoſe, that ſay you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deady, that tell you haue good faces, if you ſee this in the Map of my Microcoſme, follows it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beſeome Conſpectiues glean out of this Character, if I be knowne well enough too.

Brut. Come fir come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither mee, your ſelues, nor any thing: you are ambitious, for poore knowes cappes and legges: you wear out a good wholeſome Forenoone, in hearing a cauſe betwene an Orendge wife, and a Forſetſeller, and then reſourne the Controuerſie of three-pence to a ſecond day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betwene party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummings, ſet vp the bloodie Flagge againſt all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diſmiſſe the Controuerſie pleading, the more intangled by your hearing: All the peace you make in their Cauſe, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of ſtrange ones.

Brut. Come, come, you are well vnderhood to be a perfecter gyber for the Table, than a neceſſary Bench in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Priests muſt become Mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous Subjects as you are, when you ſpeake beſt vnto the purpoſe. It is not worth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deſerue not ſo honourable a graue, as to ſtuffe a Botchers Cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an Aſſes Packeſaddle: yet you muſt bee ſaying, *Martius* is proud: who in a cheape eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince *Democholus*, though peradventure ſome of the beſt of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worſhippes, more of your conſeration would infect my Braine, being the Heardeſmen of the Beaſtly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Brut. And *Sicin.*

Aſide.

Enter

Enter Volunio, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladies, and the Moore
were thee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow
your Eyes to fast?

Volun. Honorable Menenius, my Boy Martius appro-
ches: for the loue of Iuno let's goe.

Meneu. Ha? Martius coming home?

Volun. Is worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous
approbation.

Meneu. Take my Cappe Jupiter, and I thanke thee:
hoo, Martius coming home?

2. Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volun. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath
another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at
home for you.

Meneu. I will make my very house reele to night:
A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I saw't.

Meneu. A Letter for me? It gives me an Estate of se-
uen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at
the Physician: The most souveraine Prescription in Galen,
is but Emperick quicke; and to this Preferuation, of no
better report then a Horse-drench. Is he not wounded?
he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volun. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Meneu. So doe I too, if it be not too much: brings a
Victorie in his Pocket: the wounds become him.

Volun. On's Browes: Menenius, hee comes the third
time home with the Oaken Garland.

Meneu. Ha! hee disciplin'd Aufidius soundly?

Volun. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but
Aufidius got off.

Meneu. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him
that: and hee had stay'd by him, I would not have been so
fiddious'd, for all the Chefts in Carioles, and the Gold
that's in them. Is the Senate possit of this?

Volun. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes! The
Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee gives
my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre: he hath in this
action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Meneu. Wondrous! I, I warrant you, and not with-
out his true purchasing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volun. True? poor waw.

Meneu. True? Hee be sworne they are true: where is
hee wounded, God save your good Works? Martius
is coming home: hee ha's more cause to be proud
where hee is wounded?

Volun. Ith'Shoulder, and ith'left Arme: there will be
large Cicatrices to shew the People, when hee shall stand
for his place: hee received in the repulse of Targius seuen
hurs ith' Body.

Meneu. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine
that I know.

Volun. Hee had, before this last Expedition, twentie
five Wounds vpon him.

Meneu. Now it's twentie seuen; every gale was an
Enemies Grane. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A Boon, and flourish.

Volun. There are the Vicers of Martius:

Before him, hee carries Noys;

And behinde him, hee leaves Teares:

Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,
Which being adoanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets found.

Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Lartius: be-
tweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken
Garland, with Captaines and Sol-
diers, and a Herald.

Herald. Know Rome, that all alone Martius did fight
Within Corioles Gates; where hee hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to Martius Caine:
These in honor followes Martius Caine Coriolanus.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Sound. Flourish.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray
now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods
for my prosperitie.

Kneels.

Volun. Nay, my good Souldier, vp:

My gentle Martius, worthy Caine,
And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (Coriolanus) must I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Coriol. My gracious fulcence, haile!

Would't thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'd to see me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Meneu. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And lue you yet? Oh my sweet Lady, pardon.

Volun. I know not where to turne.

Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y're welcome all.

Meneu. A hundred thousand Welcomes:

I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome:
A Curse begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to see thee.

You are three, that Rome should dote on:
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Rallish.
Yet welcome Warriors!

Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but foollish.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. Menenius, euer, euer.

Herald. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours!

Ere in our owne house I doe shade my Head,
The good Patricians must be visited,
From whom I haue receiv'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volun. I haue liued,

To see inherited my very Wishes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie:
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will cast vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their seruant in my way,
Then sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. Flourish. Cornets.

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter

Enter Brutus and Scinius.

Brut. All tongues speake of him, and the bicares fights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling Nurse
Into a rapture lets her Baby crye,
While she chats him: the Kitchin Maids plinnes
Her richest Lockram about her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls, Bulkes, Windowes, are smother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges horn'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earnestnesse to see him: feld-blowne Flamins
Doe preise among the popular Throng, and puffe
To winne a vulgar stition: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damask
In their nicely gawded Cheekes, toth' wanton spoyle
Of *Phoebus* burning Kisses: such a poother,
As if that whatsoever God, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull posture.

Scinius. On the suddaine, I warrant him Confull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe
leepe.

Scinius. He cannot temperately transport his Honors,
From where he should begin, and end, but will
Lose those he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scinius. Doubt not,

The Commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice, will forget
With the least cause, these his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them, make I as little question,
As he is proud to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him sweare,
Were he to stand for Confull, neuer would he
Appeare i'th' Market place, nor on him put
The Naples Vesture of Humilitie,
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his Wounds
Toth' People, begge their sinking Breaths.

Scinius. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would misse it, rather then carry it,
But by the suite of the Gentry to him,
And the desire of the Nobles.

Scinius. I wold no better, then haue him hold that purpose,
and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis most like he will.

Scinius. It shall be to him then, as our good wills; as
fure destruction.

Brutus. So it must fall out

To him, or our Authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the People, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules, silenc'd their Pleadars,
And dispropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Actiō, and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule, nor fitnessse for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre, who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthen, and sore blowes
For sinking vnder them.

Scinius. This (as you say) suggested,
At some time, when his frowning Infolence
Shall teach the People, which time shall not want,
If he be put vpon't, and that's as easie,
As to set Dogges on Sheepe, will be his fire

To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer,

Enter a Messenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought, that *Martius* shall be Confull:
I haue seene the dumbe men throng to see him,
And the blind to heare him speak: Matrons flung Gloves,
Ladies and Maids their Scarfies, and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he pass'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Iuets* Statue, and the Commons made
A Shower, and Thunder, with their Caps, and Showts:
I neuer saw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th' time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scinius. Haue with you.

Exeunt.

*Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions, as it were,
in the Capitoll.*

1. *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: how many
stand for Consulships?

2. *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every one,
Coriolanus will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance
proud, and loses not the common people.

2. *Off.* Faith, there hath beene many great men that
haue flatter'd the people, who ne're loued them; and there
be many that they haue loued, they know not wherefore:
so that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon
no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to
care whether they loue, or hate him, manifests the true
knowledge he ha's in their disposition, and out of his Noble
carlelesse lets them plainly see't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their loue, or
no, hee wou'd indifferently, twist doing them neither
good, nor harme: but hee seeks their hate with greater
deuotion, then they can render it him; and leaves nothing
vndone, that may fully discouer him their opposite. Now
to seeme to affect the mallice and displeasure of the People,
is as bad, as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for
their loue.

2. *Off.* Hee hath deferred worthily of his Country,
and his affent is not by such easie degrees as thole, who
haueing beene supple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted,
without any further deed, to haue them at all into
their estimation, and report: but hee hath so planted his
Honors in their Eyes, and his actions in their Hearts, that
for their Tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much,
were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwise,
were a Mallice, that giuing it selfe the Lye, would plucke
reprooff and rebuke from every Eare that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him, hee's a worthy ma: make
way, they are coming.

*A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of
the People, Litters before them: Coriolanus, Men-
enius, Cominius the Consul, Scinius and Brutus
take their places by themselves: Corio-
lanus stands.*

Menes. Haueing determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for *Tirra Larina* it remains,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

To gratifie his Noble seruice, that hath
Thus flood for his Country. Therefore please you,
Most reuerend and graue Elders, to desire
The present Confull, and last Generall,
In our well-found Successe, to report
A little of that worthy Worke, perform'd
By *Marcius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here, both to thanke, and to remember,
With Honors like himselfe.

1. Sen. Speake, good *Cominius*;
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our states defectiue for requittall,
Then we to stretch it out. Masters a'th' People,
We doe request your kindest cares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what passes here.

Scioin. We are conuented vpon a pleasing Treatise, and
haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame
of our Assembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee shall be blest to doe, if
he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath
hereto priz'd them at.

Menes. That's off, that's off: I would you rather had
been silent: Please you to heare *Cominius* speake?

Brutus. Most willingly: but yet my Caution was
more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menes. He loues your People, but yet him not to be
their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* speake.

Coriolanus rises, and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer shame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare say how I got them.

Brutus. Sir, I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me stay, I fled from words.
You foorth'd not, therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh—

Menes. Pray now sit downe.

Coriol. I had rather haue one scratch my Head t'h' Sun,
When the Alarm was strucke, then idly sit
To heare my Nothings monster'd. *Exit Coriolanus*

Menes. Masters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne, how can he flatter?
That's thousand to one good one, when you now see
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I shall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeft Vertue,
And most dignifies the haue: if it be,
The man I speake of, cannot in the World
Be singly counter-poss'd. At sixteen yeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praye I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinnie he droue
The brizled Lipbes before him: he bestid
An o're-prest Roman, and i'th' Confull view
Slew three Opposers: *Tarquins* selfe he met,
And strucke him on his Kneec: in that dayes festes,
When he might set the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age

Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of fouenteene Battailles since,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this last,
Before, and in Corioles, let me say
I cannot speake him home: he flopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into sport: as Weeds before
A Vessell vnder Tayle, so men obey'd,
And fell below his Stern: his Sword, Deaths stampe,
Where it did marke, it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th' Citie, which he painted
With shunlesse destinie: aydelesse came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement strucke
Corioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre can pierce
His readie fence: then straight his doubled spirit
Requickned what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the Battaille came he, where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men, as if 'twere
A perpetuall spoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours, he neuer flood
To ease his Brest with panting.

Menes. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with measure fit the Honors
which we deuise him.

Com. Our spoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious, as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets lesse
Then Misericie it selfe would giue, rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Menes. Hee's right Noble, let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menes. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd to make
thee Confull.

Coriol. I doe owe them fill my Life, and Services.

Menes. It then remains, that you doe speake to the
People.

Coriol. I doe beseech you,
Let me o're-leape that custome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne, stand naked, and entreat them
For my Wounds sake, to giue their suffrage:
Please you that I may passe this doing.

Scioin. Sir, the People must haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one lot of Ceremonie.

Menes. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe sit you to the Custome,
And take to you, as your Predecessors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Coriol. It is a part that I shall blush in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Coriol. To brag vnto them, thus I did, and thus
Shew them th'vnaing Skarres, which I should hide,
As if I had recei'd them for the hyre
Of their breath only.

Menes. Doe not stand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpose to them, and to our Noble Confull
With we all Ioy, and Honor.

Senat. To

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all Ioy and Honor.

Flourish Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Marcellus, Sicinius and Brutus.

Brus. You see how he intends to vse the people.

Sicinius. May they percieve's intent: he will require them As if he did cootemme what he requested, Should be in them to give.

Brus. Come, we'll informe them Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place, I know they do attend vs.

Enter four or eight Citizens.

1. *Cit.* Once if he do require our voyces, wee ought not to deny him.

2. *Cit.* We may Sir if we will.

3. *Cit.* We haue power in our selues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For, if hee shew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we must also tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring our selues to be monstrous members.

1. *Cit.* And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will serue: for once we stood vp about the Corne, he himselfe flucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3. *Cit.* We haue beene call'd fo of many, not that our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald; but that our wits are so diuersly Colord; and truly I thinke, if all our wittes were to issue out of one Scull, they would flye East, West, North, South, and their consent of one direct way, should be at once to all the points a'th Compass.

2. *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye.

3. *Cit.* Nay your wit will not so soone out as another mans will, 'tis strongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould fure Southward.

2. *Cit.* Why that way?

3. *Cit.* To loose it selfe in a Foggie, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conscience sake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2. *Cit.* You are neuer without your trickes, you may, you may.

3. *Cit.* Are you all resolu'd to give your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of homility, marke his behaviour: we are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, & by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars, wherein euery one of vs ha's a single Honor, in giuing him our own voyces with our owne tongues, therefore follow me, and lile direct you how you shal go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right: haue you not knowne The worthiest men haue done't?

Corio. What must I say, I pray Sir?

Plague vpon't, I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds, I got them in my Countries Service, when Some certaine of your Brethren roard, and ranne

From th'noise of our owne Drummes.

Menius. Oh me the Gods, you must not speak of that, You must desire them to thinke vpon you.

Corio. Thinke vpon me! Hang 'em, I would they would forget me, like the Vertues Which our Diuines lose by em.

Men. You'll marre all, Ile leave you: Pray you speake to em, I pray you In wholesome manner.

Exit

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them wash their Faces, And keepe their teeth cleane: So, heere comes a brace, You know the cause (Sir) of my standing heere.

1. *Cit.* We do Sir, tell vs what hath brought you too't.

Corio. Mine owne desert.

2. *Cit.* Your owne desert.

Corio. I, but mine owne desire.

3. *Cit.* How not your owne desire?

Corio. No Sir, 'twas neuer my desire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3. *Cit.* You must thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray, your price a'th' Consulship.

1. *Cit.* The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly fir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to shew you, which shall bee yours in priuate: your good voice Sir, what say you?

2. *Cit.* You shall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I haue your Almee, Adieu.

3. *Cit.* But this is something odde.

2. *Cit.* And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Corio. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voyces, that I may bee Consul, I haue heere the Customarie Gowne.

1. You haue deferred Nobly of your Countrey, and you haue not deferred Nobly.

Corio. Your Enigma.

1. You haue bin a scourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

Corio. You should account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will fir flatter my Isworne Brother the people to earne a deerer estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: & since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly, that is fir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of some popular man, and giue it boutifull to the desirers: Therefore beseech you, I may be Consul.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voyces heartily.

1. You haue recyued many wounds for your Countrey.

Corio. I will not Seale your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and so trouble you no farther.

Beth. The Gods giue you Ioy Sir heartily.

Corio. Most sweet Voyces:

Better it is to dye, better to sterue, Then craue the higher, which first we do deserue. Why in this Wooluith tongue should I stand heere, To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeare

Their

Their needlesse Vouches; Custome calls me too't.
What Custome wills in all things, should we doo't?
The Dust on antique Time would lye vsweep't,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then soote it so,
Let the High Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part suffered, the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come more Voyces.

Your Voyces? for your Voyces I have fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces, beate
Of Wounds, two dosen odd: Battailers thrice fix
I have seene, and heard of: for your Voyces,
Have done many things, some lesse, some more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Confull.

1. *Cit.* Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without
any honest mans Voyce.

2. *Cit.* Therefore let him be Confull: the Gods giue
him ioy, and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen, Amen, God saue thee, Noble Confull.

Cori. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Mene. You haue stood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines, that in th' Officiall Markes inuested,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Cori. Is this done?

Sicini. The Custome of Request you haue discharg'd:

The People doe admit you, and are summon'd

To meet anon, vpon your approbation.

Cori. Where? at the Senate-house?

Sicini. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cori. May I change these Garments?

Sicini. You may, Sir.

Cori. That Ile straight doe: and knowing my selfe again,
Repayre toth' Senate-house.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We stay here for the People.

Sicini. Fare you well.

Exeunt Coriolanus, and Mene.

He ha's it now: and by his Lookes, me thinkes,

'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a proud heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you dismisse the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Sici. How now, my Masters, haue you chose this man?

1. *Cit.* He ha's our Voyces, Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods, he may deferue your loues.

2. *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs, when he begg'd our Voyces.

3. *Cit.* Certainly, he shew'd vs downe-right.

1. *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock vs.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst vs, saue your selfe, but sayes
He vs'd vs scornfully: he should haue shew'd vs
His Marks of Merit, Wounds receiv'd for's Countrey.

Sicini. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no: no man saw 'em.

3. *Cit.* Hee said hee had Wounds,

Which he could shew in private:

And with his Hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Confull, sayes he: aged Custome,
But by your Voyces, will not so permit me.

Your Voyces therefore: when we granted that,
Here was, I thank you for your Voyces, thank you

Your most sweet Voyces: now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Sicini. Why eyther were you ignorant to see't?

Or seeing it, of such Childish friendlinesse,

To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were lesion'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie seruant to the State,
He was your Enemy, euer spake against
Your Liberties, and the Charters that you beare
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriving
A place of Potencie, and sway o'th' State,
If he should still malignantly remaine
Fast Foe toth' Plebej, your Voyces might
Be Curtes to your felues. You should haue said,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no lesse
Then what he stood for: so his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And translate his Malice towards you, into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Sicini. Thus to haue said,

As you were fore-aduis'd, had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you vp, haue held him to;
Or else it would haue gall'd his furlie nature,
Which easily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, so putting him to Rage,
You should haue ta'en th' advantage of his Choller,
And pass'd him vnnected.

Brut. Did you perceiue,

He did sollicite you in free-Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt shall not be bruino to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your Bodies
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Against the Rectordship of Iudgement?

Sicini. Haue you, ere now, deny'd the asker:
And now againe, of him that did not aske, but mock,
Bestow your su'd-for Tongues?

3. *Cit.* Hee's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2. *Cit.* And will deny him:

Ile haue five hundred Voyces of that sound.

1. *Cit.* I twice five hundred, & their friends, to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They haue chose a Confull, that will from them take
Their Liberties, make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe so.

Sici. Let them assemble: and on a safer Iudgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: besides, forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he scorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Seruices, tooke from you
Th' apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, vngrauely, he did fashion
After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on vs, your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betwene)
But that you must cast your Election on him.

Sici. Say you chose him, more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections, and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Then what you should, made you against the graine
To Voyce him Confull. Lay the fault on vs.

b b

Brut. I,

Brut. I, spare vs not : Say, we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serue his Country,
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The Noble House, o'th' *Martians* : from whence came
That *Anus Marius*, *Numas* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hofilius* here was King,
Of the same House *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our best Water, brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor,
Was his great Ancestor.

Scio. One thus defended,
That hath befide well in his person wrought,
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you haue found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That hee's your fixed enemy ; and reuoke
Your suddaine approbation.

Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that fill) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.

All. We will to i almost all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.

Brut. Let them goe on :
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Theo stay past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both obfcur and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Scio. Toth' Capitoll, come i
We will be there before the ſtreame o'th' People i
And this ſhall ſeeme, as partly 'tis, their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter *Coriolanus*, *Menenius*, all the *Gentry*,
Cornelius, *Titus Latiſ*, and other *Senators*.

Corio. *Tullius Aufidius* then had made new head.

Latiſ. He had, my Lord, and that it was which cau'd
Our ſwifter Composition.

Corio. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt,
Readie when time ſhall prompt them, to make roade
Vpon's againe.

Com. They are worne (Lord Confull) ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners waue againe.

Corio. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Latiſ. On ſafegard he came to me, and did euſe
Againſt the Volces, for they had ſo vildly
Yielded the Towne : he is rettyred to Antium.

Corio. Spoke he of me?

Latiſ. He did, my Lord.

Corio. How? what?

Latiſ. How often he had met you Sword to Sword :
That of all things vpon the Earth, he hated
Your perſon moſt : That he would pauſe his fortunes
To hopeleſſe reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.

Corio. At Antium liues he?

Latiſ. At Antium.

Corio. I wiſh I had a caufe to ſeeke him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully, Welcome home.

Enter Scio and Brutus.

Behold, theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do deſpiſe them :

For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.

Scio. Paſſe no further.

Cor. Hah? what is that?

Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on--No further.

Corio. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſſ'd the Noble, and the Common?

Brut. *Cominius*, no.

Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?

Senat. Tribunes giue way, he ſhall toth' Market place.

Brut. The People are incen'd againſt him.

Scio. Stop, or all will fall in broyle.

Corio. Are theſe your Heard?

Muſt theſe haue Voyces, that can yeld them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their tounge? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes, why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you oot ſet them on?

Men. Be calme, be calme.

Corio. It is a purpoſ'd thing, and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie :

Suffer't, and liue with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.

Brut. Call't not a Plot :

The People cry you mockt them i and of late,
When Corne was giuen them gratis, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants : for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to Nobleneſſe.

Corio. Why this was knowne before.

Brut. Not to them all.

Corio. Haue you inform'd them ſithence?

Brut. How? I informe them?

Com. You are like to doe ſuch buſineſſe.

Brut. Not vnlike each way to better you.

Corio. Why then ſhould I be Confull? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerue ſo ill as you make me
Your fellow Tribune.

Scio. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſirre : if you will paſſe
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit,
Or neuer be ſo Noble as a Confull,
Nor yoaue with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calme.

Com. The People are abuſ'd : ſet on, this paltring
Becomes not Rome i nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Defer'd this ſo diſhonor'd Rub, layd falſely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.

Corio. Tell me of Corne : this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak it againe.

Men. Not now, not now.

Senat. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Corio. Now as I liue, I will.

My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons :

For the mutable raake-fented *Menenius*,
Let them regard me, as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themſelues : I ſay againe,
In ſoothing them, we nourish gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion, Infulece, Sedition,
Which we our ſelues haue plowed for, ſow'd, & ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with vs, the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no, nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.

Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I haue shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So shall my Lungs
Coinde words till their decay, against those Meares
Which we disdain should Tetter vs, yet fought
The very way to catch them.

Br. You speake a'th'people, as if you were a God,
To punish! Not a man, of their Infirmitie.

Scin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Mene. What, what? His Choller?

Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Ioue, 'twould be my minde.

Scin. It is a minde that shall remain a poison
Where it is: not payson any further.

Corin. Shall remaine!

Hearc you this Triton of the *Minnours*? Marke you
His absolute Shall?

Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.

Cor. Shall? O God! but most vnwise Patricians: why
You graue, but wreakelesse Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hidra heere to choose an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The borne, and noise o'th'Monsters, wants not spirit
To say, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none, awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cautions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no lesse,
When both your voices blended, the great't taste
Most palates theirs. They chooſe their Magistrate,
And such a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, against a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himselfe,
It makes the Consuls baſe; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supreme; How soone Confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th'other.

Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.

Corin. Who euer gaue that Counsell, to giue forth
The Corne a'th'Store-house gratis, as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.

Mene. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute powre
I say they norist disobeidience: fed, the ruin of the State.

Br. Why shall the people giue
One that speaks thus, their voyce?

Corin. Ile giue my Reasons,

More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence, reſtling well assur'd
They ne're did seruire for't; being prest to'th'Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Service
Did not deserue Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,
There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they shew'd
Most Valour, spoke not for them. Th'Accusation
Which they haue often made against the Senate,
All cause vnborne, could neuer be the Nature
Of our so franke Donation. Well, what then?
How shall this Bosome-multiplied, digest
The Senates Courtresie? Let deeds expresse
What's like to be their words. We did request it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we deſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble

Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crows to pecke the Eagles.

Mene. Come enough.

Br. Enough, with ouer measure.

Corin. No, take more.

What may be sworne by, both Dine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worship,
Whereon part do's disdain with cause, the other
Infolt without all reason: where Gentry, Title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yes and no
Of generall Ignorance, it must omit
Reall Necessities, and giue way the while
To vnitable Slightnesse. Purpoſe to barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore beſeech you,
You that will be lesse fearefull, then discreet,
That loue the Fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preſerre
A Noble life, before a Long, and With,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyticke,
That's sure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The sweet which is their payson. Your dishonor
Mangles true iudgement, and becauses the State
Of that Integrity which should becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For'th'll which doth controul't.

Br. Has said enough.

Scin. Ha's spoken like a Traitor, and shall answer
As Traitors do.

Corin. Thou wretch, despiteſt ore-whelme thee:
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
Th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion!
When what's not meet, but what must be, was Law,
Then were they chosen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be ſaide it must be meet,
And thtow their power i'th'duſt.

Br. Manifest Treason.

Scin. This a Conſull? No.

Enter an eDile.

Br. The Ediles hee: Let him be apprehended:
Scin. Go call the people, in whose name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Corin. Hence old Goat.

All. Wee'l Surety him.

Com. Ag'd fir, hands off.

Corin. Hence rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.

Scin. Helpe ye Citizens.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the eDiles.

Mene. On both sides more respect.

Scin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your
power.

Br. Seize him eDile!

All. Downe with him, downe with him.

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

They all bustle about Coriolanus.

Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens: what ho!

Scinimus, Brutus, Coriolanus, Citizens.

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace.

Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confusions nere, I cannot speake. You, Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus*, patience: Speak good *Scinimus*.

B b 2

Scin.

Scii. Heare me, People peace.

All. Let's here our Tribune : peace, speake, speake, speake.

Scii. You are at point to lose your Liberties :

Martius would haue all from you; *Martius*,

Whom late you haue nam'd for Confull.

Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sene. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.

Scii. What is the Citie, but the People?

All. True, the People are the Citie.

Brut. By the consent of all, we were establish'd the Peoples Magistrates.

All. You so remaine.

Mene. And so are like to doe.

Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,

To bring the Rooke to the Foundation,

And burie all, which yet distinctly raunges

In heapes, and piles of Ruine.

Scii. This deserues Death.

Brut. Or let vs stand to our Authoritie,

Or let vs lose it : we doe here pronounce,

Vpon the part o'th' People, in whose power

We were elected them, *Martius* is worthy

Of present Death.

Scii. Therefore lay hold of him :

Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence

Into destruction call him.

Brut. *Ediles* seize him.

All Ple. Yield *Martius*, yield.

Mene. Heare me one word, 'befeech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.

Ediles. Peace, peace.

Mene. Be that you serue, truly your Countries friend, And temperately protest to what you would Thua violently redresse.

Brut. Sir, those cold ways,

That seeme like prudent helpe, are very poysonous,

Where the Disease is violent. Lay hands vpon him,

And beare him to the Rock. *Corio, drawes his Sword.*

Corio. No, Ile die here :

There's some among you haue beheld me fighting,

Come trie vpon your selues, what you haue seene me.

Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.

Brut. Lay hands vpon him.

Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe : you that be noble, helpe him young and old.

All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*

In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ediles, and the People are beat in.

Mene. Go, get you to our House : be gone, away,

All will be naught else.

a. Sene. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we haue as many friends as enemies.

Mene. Shall it be put to that?

Sene. The Gods forbid :

I prythee noble friend, home to thy House,

Leaue vs to cure this Cause.

Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,

You cannot Tent your selfe : be gone, 'befeech you.

Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.

Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd : not Romans, as they are not,

Though calu'd 'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll :

Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,

One time will owe another.

Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.

Mene. I could my selfe take vp a Brace o'th' best of them, yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,

And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it stands

Against a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,

Before the Tagge returne? whose Rage doth rend

Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare

What they are vs'd to beare.

Mene. Pray you be gone :

Ile trie whether my old Wit be in request

With those that haue but little : this must be patcht

With Cloth of any Colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.

Petri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.

Mene. His nature is too noble for the World :

He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,

Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder : his Heart's his Mouth :

What his Breath forges, that his Tongue must vent,

And being angry, does forget that euer

He heard the Name of Death. *A Noise within.*

Here's goodly worke.

Petri. I would they were a bed.

Mene. I would they were in Tyber.

What the vengeance, could he not speake 'em faire?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.

Sicin. Where is this Viper,

That would depopulate the city, & be euerie man himself

Mene. You worthy Tribunes.

Sicin. He shall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock

With rigorous hands : he hath resisted Law,

And therefore Law shall scorne him further Trial

Then the severity of the publike Power,

Which he so sets at naught.

a Cit. He shall well know the Noble Tribunes are

The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall sure ont.

Mene. Sir, sir.

Sicin. Peace.

Mene. Do not cry hauocke, where you shold but hunt With modest warrant.

Sicin. Sir, how com'it that you haue holpe

To make this rescue?

Mene. Heere me speake? As I do know

The Consuls worthinesse, fo can I name his Faults.

Sicin. Confull? what Confull?

Mene. The Confull *Coriolanus*.

Brut. He Confull.

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,

And yours good people,

I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,

The which shall turne you to no further harme,

Then so much losse of time.

Sir. Speake briefly then,

For we are preperatory to dispatch

This Viporous Traitor : to ciect him hence

Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere

Our certaine death : therefore it is decreed,

He dy's to night.

Mene. Now the good Gods forbid,

That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude

Towards her deserued Children, is enroll'd

In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam

Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin.

Sicin. He's a Disease that must be cut away.

Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Disease Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, easie.

What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death? Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath lost (Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country: And what is left, to loose it by his Country, Were to vs all that doot, and suffer it A brand to th'end a'th World.

Sicin. This is cleane kammie.

Brut. Meerely awry:

When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.

Mene. The seruice of the foute Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was.

Brut. Wee'l heare no more:

Pursue him to his house, and plucke him thence, Least his infection being of catching nature, Spred further.

Mene. One word more, one word:

This Tiger-footed-rage, when it shall find The harme of vnkin'd's swiftnesse, will (too late) Tye Leadens pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceesse, Least parties (as he is below'd) breake out, And sacke great Rome with Romanes.

Brut. If it were so?

Sicin. What do ye talke?

Have we not had a taste of his Obedienc?

Our Ediles smot: our selours resisted: come.

Mene. Consider this: He ha's bin bred l'th'Warres Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-school'd In bould Language: Meale and Bran together He throwes without distinction. Giue me leaue, Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace, Where he shall answer by a lawfull Forme (In peace) to his vtmost perill.

Sicin. Noble Tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course Will proue to bloody: and the end of it, Vnknowne to the Beginning.

Sicin. Noble *Meneuius*, be you then as the peoples officers Masters, lay downe your Weapons.

Brut. Go not home.

Sicin. Meet on the Market place: wee'll attend you there: Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'll proceede In our first way.

Mene. Ile bring him to you.

Let me desire your company: he must come, Or what is worth will follow.

Sicin. Pray you let's to him.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Corie. Let them pull all about mine eares, present me Death on the Wheele, or at wide Horfes heeles, Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocks, That the precipitation might downe stretch Below the beame of light; yet will I still Be thus to them.

Enter Valumia.

Noble. You do the Nobler.

Corie. I muse my Mother

Do's not approue me further, who was wont To call them Wollen Vassiles, things created To buy and sell with Groats, to shew bare heads In Congregations, to yawne, be still, and wonder, When one but of my ordinance food vp

To speake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you, Why did you with me milder? Would you haue me False to my Nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.

Valum. Oh fir, fir, fir,

I would haue had you put your power well on Before you had worne it out.

Corie. Let go.

Val. You might haue beene enough the man you are, With struuing lesse to be so: Lesser had bin The things of your dispositions, if You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd Ere they lack'd power to crosse you.

Corie. Let them hang.

Valum. I, and burne too.

Enter Meneuius with the Senators.

Mene. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, something too rough: you must returne, and mend it.

Sicin. There's no remedy, Vnlesse by not so doing, our good Citie Cleaue in the midd'n, and perish.

Valum. Pray be counsaill'd; I haue a heart as little apt as yours, But yet a braine, that leads my ye of Anger To better vantage.

Mene. Well said, Noble woman: Before he should thus sloop to th'heart, but that The violent fit a'th'time cranes it as Physicke For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on, Which I can scarcely beare.

Corie. What must I do?

Mene. Returne to th'Tribunes.

Corie. Well, what then? what then?

Mene. Repent, what you haue spoke.

Corie. For them, I cannot do to the Gods, Must I then doo't to them?

Valum. You are too absolute,

Though therein you can neuer be too Noble, But when extremities speake. I haue heard you say, Honor and Policy, like vnseuer'd Friends, l'th'Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me In Peace, what each of them by th'other loose, That they combine not there?

Corie. Tush, tush.

Mene. A good demand.

Valum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to seeme

The same you are not, which for your best ends You adopt your policy: I how it is lesse or worse That it shall hold Companionship in Peace With Honour, as in Warre; since that to both It stands in like request.

Corie. Why force you this?

Valum. Because, that

Now it lyes you on to speake to th'people: Not by your owne instruction, nor by th'matter Which your heart prompts you, but with such words That are but roared in your Tongue; Though but Bastards, and Syllables Of no allowance, to your bosomes troth. Now, this no more dishonors you at all, Then to take in a Towne with gentle words, Which elsie would put you to your fortune, and The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my Nature, where My Fortunes and my Friends at stake, requir'd I should do so in Honor. I am in this

b h 3

Your

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard
Of what that want might ruine.

Menes. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may saue so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past.

Volumn. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou do't confesse
Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.

Menes. This but done,
Euen as the speakers, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemie in a ferie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I haue bene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by abscence: all's in sager.

Menes. Onely faire speech.

Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his
spirit.

Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbr'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there bot this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue got me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, wee'l prompt you.
Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To haue my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boys Teares take up
The Glasses of my light: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Sūrop, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an Aym. I will not doo't,
Least I forcecasse to honor mine owne truth,

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse.

Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more dishonor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou fuck't it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Confull,
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your self
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Menes. I, but mildly.

Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.
Brus. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyranncall power: If he eade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Anerians*
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.
Edile. Hee's comming.
Brus. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Menesius*, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.
Sicinius. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, set downe hy'th
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready. *(Pole F)*
Sicinius. Haue you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I haue.
Sicinius. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th'right and strength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogative
And power i'th' Truth a'th' Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.
Brus. And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Edi. Very well.
Sicinius. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giu'them.
Brus. Go about it.
Put him to Choller straite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speaks

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Scin. Well, here he comes.

Mene. Calmely, I do befech you.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with y^e shewes of peace
And not our streets with Warre.

Sen. Amen, Amen.

Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Scin. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience!

Peace I say.

Corio. First heare me speake.

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd oo further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Scin. I do demand,

If you submit yoo to the peoples voyces,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd vpon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.

The warlike Service he ha's done, confider: Think
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely.

Mene. Consider further:

That when he speaks out like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: I do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious faults:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.

Cam. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter.

That being past for Consoll with full voyce:
I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.

Scin. Answer to vs.

Scin. Say then: 'tis true, I ought fo

Scin. We charge you, that you haue contri'd to take
From Rome all fesson'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traytor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th'lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thoo iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thou lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Scin. Marke you this people?

All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.

Scin. Peace!

We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your felues,
Opposing Lawes with strokes, and heere defying
Those whose great power must try him.
Euen this to criminall, and in such capital kinde
Deserues th'extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.

Corio. What do you prate of Service.

Bru. I talke of that, that know it.

Corio. You?

Mene. Is this the promise that you made your mother.

Cam. Know, I pray you.

Corio. He know no further!

Let them pronounce the sleepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabood exile, Fleeing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can glue,
To haue't with saying, Good morrow.

Scin. For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enu'd against the people; seeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as oow at last,
Giuen Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers
That doth distribute it. In the name a'th' people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this instant) banish him our Cite
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I say it shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away!
Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Cam. Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.
Scin. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Cam. Let me speake:

I haue bene Consill, and can shew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My COUNTRY good, with a respect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wines estimate, her wombes encrease,
And treasure of my Loyne: then if I would
Speake that.

Scin. We know your drift. Speake what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As Enemy to the people, and his COUNTRY.
It shall bee so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Corio. You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,
As the dead Carcasses of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor shake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power kill
To banish your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feels,
Making but refection of your felues,
Still your owne Foes) deliner yoo
As most abated Captiues, to some Nation
That wonne you without blowes, despising
For you the City. Thus I trowe my bucke;
There is a world elsewhere.

Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with Cornilius.

They all shout, and throw up their Caps.

Edile.

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone, is gone.

All. Our enemy is banish'd, he is gone: Hoo, oo.

Sicin. Go fee him out at Gates, and follow him

As he hath follow'd yoo, with all despatch

Giue him defer'd vocation. Let a guard

Attend vs through the City.

All. Come, come, lets fee him out at gates, come!
The Gods preferue our Noble Tribunes, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

*Enter Coriolanus, Volunius, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius,
with the young Nobility of Rome.*

Corio. Come leave your teares: a brief farewell: the beast
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To say, Extraneousities was the trier of spirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Mastership in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When most shooke home, being gentle wounded, craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inincible
The heart that could not them.

Virg. Oh heuens! O heuens!

Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.

Vol. Now the Red Pestilence striketh at Trades in Rome,
And Occupations perishe.

Corio. What, what, what:

I shall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Refume that Spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had bene the Wife of Hercules,
Six of his Labours yoo'd haue done, and sau'd
Your Husband so much sweet. *Cominius,*
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife, my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius,*
Thy teares are falter then a younger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) Generall,
I haue seene the Sterne, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women,
Tis faine to waile inecutable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother, you wot well
My hazards still haue bene your solace, and
Beleue't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more then feene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Volun. My first fonne,

Whether wilt thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on some course
More then a wilde exposture, to each chance
That flart's i'th way before thee.

Corio. O the Gods!

Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuide with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy Repeale, we shall not send
O're the vast world, to seek a single man,
And loofe aduantage, which doth euer coole
Ith' absence of the need.

Corio. Fare ye well.

Thou hast years vpon thee, and thou art too full

Of the warres furefts, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbru'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my sweet wife, my deere Mother, and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you come
While I remaine about the ground, you shall
Heare from me still, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Menen. That's worthy

As any care can heere. Come, let's not weepe,
If I could shake off but one seven yeeres
From these old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'd with thee, every foot.

Corio. Giue me thy hand, come.

Exeunt

*Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus,
with the Eddle.*

Sicin. Bid them all home, he's gone! and wee'l no further,
The Nobility are wead, whom we fee haue sided
In his behaile.

Brut. Now we haue shewne our power,
Let vs seeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.

Sicin. Bid them home: say their great enemy is gone,
And they, stand in their ancient strength.

Brut. Differmisse them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volunius, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.

Brut. Why?

Sicin. They say she's mad.

Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way.

Volun. Oh y'are well met

Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.

Menen. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Volun. If that I could for weeping, you should heare,
Nay, and you shall heare some. Will you be gone?

Virg. You shall stay too: I would I had the power
To say so to my Husband.

Sicin. Are you mankinde?

Volun. I foole, is that a shame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had't thou Foxship
To banish him that strooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou hast spoken words.

Sicin. Oh blessed Heuens!

Volun. Moe Noble blowes, then euer y wife words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou shalt stay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia, and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.

Sicin. What then?

Virg. What then? Hee'd make an end of thy posterity
Volun. Bassards, and all.

Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!

Menen. Come, come, peace.

Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not vnkinde himselfe
The Noble knot he made.

Brut. I would he be bad.

Volun. I would he had? 'Twas you incenst the rabble.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those Mysteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.

Brut. Pray let's go.

Volun. Now pray fir get you gone.
You haue done a braue derde: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meanest house in Rome; so farre my Sonne

Thia

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bra. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sicin. Why stay we to be baited

With one that wants her Wit.

Exit Tribunes.

Volam. Take my Prayers with you.

I would the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my Curses. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclodge my heart
Of what lyes heavy too't.

Mene. You have told them home,

And by my troth you haue cause: I you'l Sup with me.

Volam. Angers my Meate: I suppe vpon my selfe,

And so shall sterue with Feeding: Come, let's go,

Leave this faint-puling, and lament as I do,

In Anger, Iam-like: Come, come, come.

Exeunt

Mene. Fie, fie, fie.

Exit.

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well fir, and you know mee: your
name I thinke is *Adrian*.

Volce. It is so fir, truly I haue forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are,
against 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. *Nicanor*: no.

Rom. The same fir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I last saw you, but
your Faour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's
the News in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcan
state to finde you out there. You haue well saued mee a
dayes Iourney.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome straunge Insurrections:
The people, against the Senatours, Patricians, and
Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin: is it ended then? Our State thinks not
so, they are in a most warlike preparation, & hope to com
upon them, in the heate of their diuision.

Rom. The maine blace of it is past, but a small thing
would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue so
to heart, the Banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*,
that they are in a ripe aptnesse, to take al power from the people,
and to plucke from them their Tribunes for ever.
This lyes glowing I can tell you, and is almost mature for
the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* Banisht?

Rom. Banish'd fir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this Intelligence *Ni-*
cator.

Rom. The day serues well for them now. I haue heard
it said, the fittest time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when
she's faue out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus*
Aufidius will appeare well in these Warres, his great
Oppoler *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his coun-
try.

Volce. He cannot choose: I am most fortunate, thus
accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Bu-
sinesse, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and Supper, tell you most
strange things from Rome: all tending to the good of
their Aduerturaries. Haue you an Army ready say you?

Vol. A most Royall one: The Centurions, and their
charges distinctly billeted already in th'entertainment,
and to be on foot at an hours warning.

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readinesse, and am
the man I thinke, that shall set them in present Action. So
fir, heartly well met, and most glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me fir, I haue the most

cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go together.

Exeunt.

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparell, Dis-
guis'd, and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. City,
'Tis I that made thee Widowes: Many an heyre
Of these faire Edifices fore my Warres
Hase I heard groane, and drop: Thee know me not,
Least that thy Wives with Spits, and Boyes with stones
In pany Battell slay me. Souse you fir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Auf-*
idius lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feasts the Nobles of the State, at his
house this night.

Corio. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This heere before you.

Corio. Thank you fir, farewell.

Exit Citizen

Oh World, thy slippery turnes! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosomes seemes to weare one heart,
Whose Houres, whose Bed, whose Meale and Exercise
Are still together: who Twin (as 'twere) in Loue,
Vnseparable, shall within this house,
On a disfection of a Doit, breake out
To bitterest Enmity: So fellest Foes,
Whose Passions, and whose Plots haue broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trickes not worth an Egge, shall grow deere friends
And inter-loyne their yflues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon me
This Enemy Towne: Ile enter, if he slay me
He does faire Iustice: If he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice.

Exit.

Musicke plays. Enter a Servingman.

1 Ser. Wine, Wine, Wine: What seruice is heere? I
thinke our Fellowes are asleepe.

Enter another Servingman.

2 Ser. Where's *Cyru*: my M. calls for him: *Cetus*. *Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly House:

The Feast smells well: but I appeare not like a Guest.

Enter the first Servingman.

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you?
Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*

Corio. I haue deseru'd no better entertainment, in be-
ing *Coriolanus*. *Enter second Seruant.*

2 Ser. Whence are you fir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in
his head, that he giues entrance to such Companions?
Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.

2 Ser. Away? Get you away.

Corio. Now th'art troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Servingmen, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this!

1 A strange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him
out o'th'house: Prythee call my Master to him.

3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid
the house.

Corio. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your Harth.

3 What are you?

Corio. A Gentleman.

3 A marr'ulous poore one.

Corio. True, so I am.

3 Pray you poore Gentleman, take vp some other sta-
tion,

tion : Heere's no place for you, pray you aoid : Come.

Corio. Follow your Function, go, and batten on coide bits.

Pushes him away from him.

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maister what a strange Guest he ha's heere.

2 And I shall.

Exit second Servingman.

3 Where dwel'st thou?

Corio. Under the Canopy.

3 Under the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crows.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crows? What an Ass he is, then thou dwel'st with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I serve not thy Maister.

3 How fir! Do you meddle with my Maister?

Corio. I, tis an honeste service, then to meddle with thy Mistis : Thou prat'st, and prat'st, serve with thy trencher : Hence.

Beats him away
Enter Aufidius with the Servingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here fir, I'de have beaten him like a dogge, but for disturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? What wold'st thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speake man : What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not thinke me for the man I am, necessitie commands me name my selfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnusuall to the Volcians eares,| And harsh in found to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a Grim apparance, and thy Face Beares a Command in't : Though thy Tackles torne, Thou shew'st a Noble Vessell : What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne : know'st thou yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volces Great hurt and Mischiefe : thereto witness may My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Service, The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood Shed for my thanklesse Country, are requited : But with that Surname, a good memorie And witness of the Malice and Displeasure Which thou should'st beare me, only that name remains. The Cruelty and Envy of the people, Permitted by our dauid Nobles, who Have all forlooke me, hath deuour'd the rest : And fuller'd me by th'voyce of Slaves to be Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity, Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope (Mistake me not) to faine my life : for if I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th World I would haue voided thee. But in meere spight To be full quit of those my Banishers, Stand I before thee heere : Then if thou hast A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge Thine owne particular wrongs, and stop those maiimes Of shame scene through thy Country, speed thee straight And make my misery serve thy turne : So vse it, That my reuengfull Services may proue As Benefits to thee. For I will fight Against my Cankred Country, with the Spleene Of all the vnder Fiends. But if thou be, Thou dar'st not this, and that to proue more Fortunes

Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I also am Longer to liue most wearie : and present My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice : Which not to cut, would shew thee but a Foole, Since I haue euer followed thee with hate, Drawne Tunnies of Blood out of thy Countries breast, And cannot liue but to thy shame, vnlesse It be to do thee seruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius* ; Each word thou hast spoke, hath weeded from my heart A roote of Ancient Envy. If Iupiter Should from yond cloud speake diuine things, And say 'tis true; I'de not beleuee them more Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine Mine armes about that body, where against My grained Afs an hundred times hath broke, And fear'd the Moone with splinters ; heere I sleep The Anguish of my Sword, and do content As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue, As euer in Ambitious strength, I did Contend against thy Valour. Know thou first, I lou'd the Maid I married : neuer man Sigh'd truer breath. But that I see thee heere Thou Noble thing, more dances my rap heart, Then when I first my wedded Mistis saw Befride my Threshold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee, We haue a Power on foot : and I had purpose Once more to hew thy Target from thy Browne, Or loose mine Arme for't : Thou hast beate mee out Twelve seuerall times, and I haue nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy selfe and me : We haue beene downe together in my sleepe, Vnbuckling Helmes, fitting each others Throat, And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*, Had we no other quarrell else to Rome, but that Thou art thence Banish'd, we would muster all From twelue, to seuentie : and powring Warre Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome, Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in, And take our Friendly Senators by'th' hands Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee, Who am prepar'd against thy Territories, Though not for Rome it selfe.

Corio. You bleste me Gods,

Auf. Therefore most absolute Sir, if thou wilt haue The leading of thine owne Reuengs, take Th'one halfe of my Commission, and set downe As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st Thy Countries strength and weaknesse, thine owne waies Whether to knocke against the Gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fight them, ere destroy. But come in, Let me commend thee first, to those that shall Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes, And more a Friend, then ere an Enemy, Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hands most welcome.

Exeunt

Enter two of the Servingmen.

1 Heere's a strange alteration?
2 By my hand, I had thought to haue broken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would set up a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-thing in him. He had fir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot tell

tell how to teame it.

1 He had so, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, Ile be sworne: He, is simply the rarest man I th' world.

1 I think he is: but a greater soldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Master?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth six on him.

1 Nay not so neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, me cannot tell how to say that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an assaile too.

Enter the third Servingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newses, News you Rascals *Barb.* What, what, what? Let's partake.

1 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as lieue be a condemn'd man.

2 *Barb.* Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius*.

1 Why do you say, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not say thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellows and friends: I was cuer too hard for him, I haue heard him say so himselfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to say the Troth on't before *Corioli*, he scotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newses.

3 Why he is so made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, set at vpper end o'th' Table: No question askt him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our Generall himselfe makes a Mistris of him, Sanctifies himselfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th' eye to his Discoorse. But the bottome of the Newses is, our Generall is cut i'th' middle, & but one halfe of what he was yesterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he sayes, and sole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will moue all downe before him, and leaue his passage pou'd.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for looke you fir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends fir as it were, dorit not (looke you fir) shew themselves (as we terme it) his Friends, whilset he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

2 But when they shall fee fir, his Crest vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and recull all with him.

1 But when goes this forward?

2 To morrow, to day, presently, you shall haue the Drum strooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

1 Why then wee shall haue a stirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to rust Iron, increase Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

2 Let me haue Warre say I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: it's sprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, sleepe, insensible, a getter of more ballad Chil-

dren, then warres a destroyer of men.

2 'Tis so, and as warres in some sort may be saide to be a Raulther, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reason, because they then lesse neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to see Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

2 *Barb.* In, in, in, in.

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicinius. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame, the present peace, And quietnesse of the people, which before Were in wilde hurly. Heere do we make his Friends Bluth, that the world goes well: who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, behnd Disfention numbers peftring streets, then see Our Tradefmen sing in their shops, and going About their Functions freely.

Enter Menenius.

Brutus. We stood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*? Sicinius. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of later: Haile Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.

Sicinius. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mist, but with his Friends: the Commonwealch doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicinius. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing: His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preferue you both.

Sicinius. Gooden our Neighboures.

Brutus. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our selues, our wiues, and children, on our knees, Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicinius. Liue, and thrive.

Brutus. Farewell kinde Neighboures:

We wisht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Brutus. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Citizens

Sicinius. This is a happier and more comely time, Then when these Fellows ran about the Streets, Crying Confusion.

Brutus. *Caius Martius* was

A worthy Officer i'th' Warre, but Insolent, O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, past all thinking Selfe-loving.

Sicinius. And affecting one sole Throne, without assistance *Mene.* I think not so.

Sicinius. We should by this, to all our Lamentation, If he had gone forth Coofull, found it so.

Brutus. The Gods haue well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still, without him.

Enter an eDile.

eDile. Worthy Tribunes, There is a Slaue whom we haue put in prison, Reports the Voies with two feuerall Powers Are entred in the Roman Territories, And with the deepest malice of the Warre, Destroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Aufidius*,

Who hearing of our *Martius* Banishment, Throfts forth his hornes againe into the world Which were In-shell'd, when *Martius* stood for Rome,

And

And durst not once peepe out.

Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius*.

Bras. Go see this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Voices dare breake with vs.

Mene. Cannot be?

We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hatb bene
Within my Age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Least you shall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.

Bras. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. The Nobles in great earnestnesse are going
All to the Senate-houle: I some newes is coming
That turnes their Countenances.

Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:

Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raising,
Nothing but his report.

Mef. Yes worthy Sir,

The Slaues report is seconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.

Sicin. What more fearfull?

Mef. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioynd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as spacious, as betwene
The young't and oldest thing.

Sicin. This is most likely.

Bras. Rais'd onely, that the weaker fort may with
Good *Martius* home againe.

Sicin. The very tricke out.

Mene. This is unlikely,

He, and *Aufidius* can no more attone
Then violent't Contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mef. You are sent for to the Senate:
A fearfull Army, led by *Caius Martius*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, consum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke.

Mene. What newes? What newes?

Com. You haue help to raiulsh your owne daughters, &
To melt the City Leades vpon your patres,
To see your Wives dishonor'd to your Nofes.

Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?

Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchises, whereoo you stood, confin'd
Into so Augurs boare.

Mene. Pray now, your Newes:

You haue made faire worke I feare me: I pray your newes,
If *Martius* should be ioynd with Volcans.

Com. If He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by some other Deity then Nature,
That shaper man Better: and they follow him
Against vs Brats, with no lesse Confidence,
Then Boyes pursuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flies.

Mene. You haue made good worke,

You and your Apron men: you, that flood so much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and

The breath of Garlick-eaters.

Com. Hee'll shake your Rome about your eares.

Mene. As *Hercules* did shake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.

Bras. But is this true sir?

Com. I, and you'll looke pale

Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do smilingly Reuolt, and who refists
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And perish constant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde something in him.

Mene. We are all vndone, vnaile

The Noble man haue mercy.

Com. Who shall aske it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deferue such pity of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his best Friends, if they
Should say be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As those should do that had deferd his hate,
And therein shew'd like Enemies.

Mef. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my house, the brand
That should consume it, I haue out the face
To say, beleeue you cease. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.

Com. You haue brought

A Trembling vpon Rome, such as was neuer
S'incepeable of helpe.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beasts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gau'e way vnto your Clusters, who did hoot
Him out o'th' City.

Com. But I feare

They'll roare him in againe. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The second name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Desperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Clusters.

And in *Aufidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vow holmes, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deferd' it.

Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.

1 Cit. Fur mine owne part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pitty.

2 And so did I.

*3 And so did I: and to say the truth, so did very many
of vs, that we did we did for the best, and though wee
willingly consented to his Banishment, yet it was against
our will.*

Com. Y're goodly things, you Voyces.

Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal'to the Capitoll?

Com. Oh I, what elie?

Exeunt both.

Sicin. Go Masters get you home, be not dismayd,
These are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they so seeme to feare. Go home,
And shew no signe of Feare.

1. Cit.

622

1 *Cit.* The Gods bee good to vs: Come Masters let's home, I euer said we were i'th wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*
Br. I do not like this Newes.

Sic. Nor I.

Br. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth Would buy this for a lye.

Sic. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Eater Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flye to 'th' Roman?

Lic. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but Your Soldiers vs him as the Grace 'fore meate, Their talke at Table, and their Thawkes at end, And you are darkned in this Action Sir, Euen by your owne.

Auf. I cannot helpe it now, Vnlesse by vsing meanes I lame the foote Of our designe. He beares himselfe more prouderly, Euen to my person, then I thought he would When first I did embrace him. Yet his Nature In that's no Changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lic. Yet I with Sir, (I meane for your particular) you had not loyn'd in Commiſſion with him: but either haue borne The action of your selfe, or else to him, had left it solely.

Auf. I vnderstand thee well, and be thou fure When he shall come to his account, he knowes not What I can vge against him, although it seemes And so he thinks, and is no lesse apparant To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairly: And shewes good Husbandry for the Volscian State, Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheue as soone As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vn-done That which shall breake his necke, or hazard mine, Who ere we come to our account.

Lic. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yields to him ere he sits downe, And the Nobility of Rome are his: The Senators and Patricians loue him too: The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people Will be as rath in the repaile, as hasty To expell him thence. I thinke hee'll be to Rome As is the Aspray to the Fish, who takes it By Souerainty of Nature. First, he was A Noble seruant to them, but he could not Carry his Honours euen: whether 'twas Pride Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints The happy man; or whether defect of iudgement, To faile in the disposing of those chancas Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature, Not to be other then one thing, not moouing From th'Cause to th'Cause: but commanding peace Euen with the same austerly and gerbe, As he controll'd the warre. But one of these (As he hath spies of them all) not all, For I dare so farre free him, made him fear'd, So hated, and so banish'd: but he ha's a Merit To choake it in the vt'tance: So our Vertue, Lie in th'interpretation of the time, And power vnto it selfe most commendable, Hath not a Tombe so euident as a Chaire T'extoll what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one Nalle, one Nalle; Rights by rights fouler, Strengths by strengths do faile.

Come let's away: when *Corio* Rome is thine, Thou art poor'd of all; thee shortly art thou mine. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Eater Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Men. No, Ile not go: you know what he hath said Which was sometime his Generall: who loued him In a most deere particular. He call'd me Father: But what o'that? Go you that banish'd him A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd To heare *Cominius* speake, Ile keepe at home.

Com. He would not come to know me.

Men. Do you heare?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name: I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops That we haue shed together. *Coriolanus* He would not answer too: Forbad all Names, He was a kinde of Nothing, Tittle-tittle, 'Till he had forg'd himselfe a name a'th'ire Of burning Rome.

Men. Why so: you haue made good worke: A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome, To make Coles chape: A Noble memory.

Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon When it was lesse expected. He replied, It was a bare petition of a State To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he lye lesse.

Com. I offered to awaken his regard For's priuate Friends. His answer to me was He could not stay to picke them, in a pile Of any some musty Chaffe. He said, 'twas folly For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt And still to nose th'offence.

Men. For ooe poore graine or two?

I am one of those: his Mother, Wife, his Child, And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines, You are the musty Chaffe, and you are smelt Abooue the Moone. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuse your ayde In this so neuer-needed helpe, yet do not Vpbraid's with our distresse. But fure if you Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue More then the instant Armie we can make Might stop our Countryman.

Men. No, Ile not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Br. Onely make triall what your Love can do, For Rome, towards *Martius*.

Men. Well, and say that *Martius* returne mee, As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then? But as a discontented Friend, greefe-ibot With his vnkindnesse. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will Must haue that thanke from Rome, after the measure As you intended well.

Men. Ile vnderstat't.

I thinke hee'll heare me. Yet to bite his lip, And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

c c

Hee

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Vines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgive; but when we haue stufft
These Pipes, and these Concuycances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue suppler Soules
Then in our Priest-like Fasts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then Ile set vpon him.

Bru. You know the very rode into his kindnesse,
And cannot lose your way.

Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my successe.

Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.

Scin. Not.

Com. I tell you, he doe's sit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said Rise: dismiss me
Thus with his speechlesse hand. What he would do
He sent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnlesse his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to sollicite him
For mercy to his Country: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreasures haile them on.

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1. Wat. Stay: whence are you.

2. Wat. Stand, and go backe.

Mr. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.

1 You may not passe, you must returne: our Generall
will no more heare from thence.

2 You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speake with *Coriolanus*.

Mene. Good my Friends,

If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius*.

1 Be it so, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere passible.

Mene. I tell thee Fellow,

Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue bene
The booke of his good Afts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparallel'd, happily amplified:

For I haue cuer verifi'd my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the fixe that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: Nay, sometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a subtle ground
I haue tumbled past the throw: and in his praise
Haue (almost) stamp't the Leasing. Therefore Fellow,
I must haue leaue to passe.

1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalfe,
as you haue vittred words in your owne, you should not
passe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to
liue chastly. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
alwayes fictionary on the party of your Generall.

2 Howfoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you say you
haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, must say you
cannot passe. Therefore go backe.

Mene. Ha's he din'd can't thou tell? For I would not
speake with him, till after dinner.

1 You are a Roman, are you?

Mene. I am as thy Generall is.

1 Then you should hate Rome, as he do's. Can you,
when you haue putt out your gates, the very Defender
of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your
enemy your shield, thinke to front his reuenges with the
easie groanes of old women, the Virginal Palms of your
daughters, or with the pallid intercession of such a de-
cay'd Dutant as you seeme to be? Can you thinke to blow
out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with
such weak breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therefore
backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are
condemn'd, our Generall has sworne you out of reprieve
and pardon.

Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine know I were heere,
He would vfe me with estimation.

2 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.

Mene. I meane thy Generall.

1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I say, go: leaft
I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vt-
moost of your hauing, backe.

Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Corio. What's the matter?

Mene. Now your Companion: Ile say an arrant for you: you
shall know now that I am in intercession: you shall
perceiue, that a Iacke gadant cannot office me from my
Son *Coriolanus*, guesse but my entertainment with him: if
thou stand'st not i'th state of hanging, or of some death
more long in Spectatorship, and cruelier in suffering,
behold now presently, and fwoond for what's to come vpon
thee. The glorious Gods sit in hourly Synod about thy
particular prosperitie, and looe thee no worke then thy old
Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art pre-
paring fire for vs: looke thee, here's the water to quench it.
I was hardly moued to come to thee: but being assured
none but my felix could moue thee, I haue bene blowne
out of your Gates with fighes: and coniuere thee to par-
don Rome, and thy petitionary Countreime. The good
Gods affwaite thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon
this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed
my access to thee.

Corio. Away.

Mene. How? Away?

Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcean brefts. That we haue bene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Then pity: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares against your suites, are stronger then
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loosed thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,
And would haue sent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee speake. This man *Aufidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st.

Aufid. You keepe a constant temper.

Exeunt

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 'Tis a spell you fee of much power: I

You know the way home againe.

1 Do you heare how wee are shent for keeping your
greatnesse backe?

2 What cause do you thinke I haue to fwoond?

Mene. I neither care for th'world, nor your Generall:
for such things as you, I can scarce thinke the's any, y'are
so flight. He that hath a will to die by himselfe, feares it
not

not from another: Let your Generall do his worst. For you, bee that you are, as long; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. Exit

1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.
2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock, The Oake not to be winde-shaken. Exit Watch.

Enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow Set downe our Hosts. My partner in this Action, You must report to th' Volscian Lords, how plainly I have borne this Business.

Auf. Onely their ends you have respected, Stop your eares against the generall suite of Rome: Neuer admitted a priuie whipper, no not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Corio. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lou'd me, about the measure of a Father, Nay godded me indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him: for whose old Loue I have (Though I shew'd sorely to him) once more offer'd The first Conditions which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him onely, That thought he could do more: A very little I have yielded too, Fresh Embassies, and Suites, Nor from the State, nor priuie friends hereafter Will I lend care to. Ha? what shout is this? Shout within Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Valminia, Valeria, young Martius, with Attendants.

My wife comes forth, then the honour'd mould Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her baid The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection, All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake; Let it be Vertuous to be Obdurate. What is that Curt'st worth? Of those Dones eyes, Which can make Gods furrowne? I melt, and am not Of stronger earth then others: my Mother bowes, As if Olympus to a Mole-hill should In supplication Nod: and my young Boy Hath an Aspect of intercession, which Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Voices Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer Be such a Goffing to obey intinct; but stand As if a man were Author of himself, & knew no other kin

Virgil. My Lord and Husband.

Corio. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virg. The furrow that deliueys vs thus chang'd, Makes you thinke so.

Corio. Like a doll Actor now, I have forgot my part, And I am our, euen to a full Disgrace. Best of my Fleish, Forgive my Tyranny: but do not say, For that forgive our Romanes. O a kisse Long as my Exile, sweet as my Reuenge! Now by the ielous Queene of Heauen, that kisse I carried from these deare; and my true Lippe Hath Virgin'd it ere since. You Gods, I pray, And the most noble Mother of the world Leave vnfulsated: Sinke my knee i'th' earth, Of thy deepe duty, more impression shew Then that of common Sonnes.

Valmin. Oh stand vp kisse! Whil't with no softer Cushion then the Flint I kneele before thee, and vnproperly Shew duty as mistaken, all this while,

Betweene the Childe, and Parent.

Corio. What's this? your knees to me? To your Correded Sonne?

Then let the Fiddles on the hungry beach Fillop the Starres: Then, let the motinous winds Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery Sun: Murd'ring Impossibility, to make What cannot be, slight worke.

Valmin. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee Do you know this Lady?

Corio. The Noble Sister of Publicia; The Moore of Rome: Chaste as the Ilic That's curdied by the Frost, from purest Snow, And hangs on Dian's Temple: Deere Valeria.

Valmin. This is a poore Epitome of yours, Which by th' interpretation of full time, May shew like all your selfe.

Corio. The God of Souldiers: With the consent of supream loue, informe Thy thoughts with Noblesse, that thou mayst proue To shame vnvulnerable, and sicke i'th' Warres Like a great Sea-marke standing euer flow, And fauing those that see thee.

Valmin. Your knee, Sirrah.

Corio. That's my braue Boy.

Valmin. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my selfe, Are Sutors to you.

Corio. I beseech you peace: Or if you'd ake, remember this before; The thing I have forsworne to graunt, may neuer Be held by you denials. Do not bid me Dismiss my Souldiers, or capitulate Again, with Romes Mechanicks. Tell me not Wherein I seeme vnnatural: Desire not 't'ally My Rages and Reuenges, with your selder reasons.

Valmin. Oh no more, no more: You have said you will not grant vs any thing: For we haue nothing else to aske, but that Which you deny already: yet we will aske, That if you faile in our request, the blame May hang vpon your hardnesse, therefore heare vs.

Corio. Aufidius, and you Voices marke, for wee'l Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your request?

Valmin. Should we be silent & not speak, our Raiment And state of Bodies would bewray what life We haue led since thy Exile. Thinke with thy selfe, How more vnfortunate then all liuing women Are we come hither; since that thy fight, which should Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts, Constraines them weepe, and shake with feare & sorrow, Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to wee, The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we Thine enmities most capital: Thou barr't vs Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort That all but we enjoy. For how can we?

Alas! how can we, for our Country pray? Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory: Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we must loole The Countre our deere Nurse, or else thy person Our comfort in the Country. We must needs An euident Calamity, though we had Our wish, which side should win. For either thou Must as a Forraigne Recreant be led With Manacles through our streets, or else Triumphantly treade on thy Countreys ruine,

ce 2

And

And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely shed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood : For my selfe, Sonne,
I purpose not to waite on Fortune, till
These warres determine : If I cannot perswade thee,
Rather to shew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then seeke the end of one ; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy Country, then to treade
(Trust too't, thou shalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I, and mine, that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me : I'll run away
Till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a womans tenderesse to be,
Requires nor Child, nor womans face to see :
I haue sate too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from vs thus :
If it were so, that our request did tend
To saue the Romanes, thereby to destroy
The Voices whom you feare, you might condemne vs
As paysonous of your Honour. No, our suite
Is that you reconcile them : While the Volces
May say, this mercy we haue shew'd : the Romanes,
This we recei'd, and each in either side
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Blest
For making vp this peace. Thou know'st (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine : but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reape, is such a name
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses :
Whose Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his last Attempt, he wi'd' it out :
Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
To th'insuing Age, abhor'd. Speake to me Son :
Thou hast affected the fine straines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.

To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th' Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boul't
That should but rise an Oske. Why do't not speake ?
Think'st thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs ? Daughter, speake you :
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childishnesse will moue him more
Then can our Reasons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet here he let's me prate
Like one t'h' Stockes. Thou hast neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curtesie,
When she (poore Hen) fond of no second brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres ; and safelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Request's vniust,
And spurne me backe : But, if it be not so
Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou refrain'st from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turns away :
Down Ladies : let vs shame him with him without knees
To his sur-name *Coriolanus* long more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe : in end,
This is the last. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye amongst our Neighbours : Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowship,
Doe's reason our Petition with more strength
Then thou hast to deny't. Come, let vs go :
This Fellow had a Volcan in his Mother :
His Wife is in *Caricles*, and his Child
Like him by chance : yet giue vs our dispatch t

I am hufft vntill our City be asire, & then I'll speake a litle
Holds her by the hand silent.

Cor. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done ! Behold, the Heaueus do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnatural Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother ! Oh !
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleue it : Oh beleue it,
Most dangerously you haue with him presail'd,
If not most mortall to him. But let it come :
Aufidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
I'll frame conuenient peace. Now good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my need, would you haue heard
A Mother lesse ! or granted lesse *Aufidius* ?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.
Cor. I dare be sworne you were :
And fir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But (good fir)
What peace you'll make, aduise me : For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll backe with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. Oh Mother ! Wife !

Auf. I am glad thou hast fet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee : Out of that I'll worke
My selfe a former Fortune.

Cor. I by and by ; But we will drinke together t
And you shall beare
A better witness backe then words, which we
On like conditions, will haue Counter-seal'd.
Come enter with vs : Ladies you deserue
To haue a Temple built you : All the Swords
In Italy, and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace.

Enter Menenius and Sicinius. *(Rone ?)*
Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner
Sic. Why what of that ?

Mene. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the Ladies of Rome, espe-
cially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I say, there
is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and flay vpon
execution.

Sic. It's possible, that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man.

Mene. There is difference between a Grub & a But-
terfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub : this *Martius*, is
growne from Man to Dragon : He has wings, hee's more
then a creeping thing.

Sic. He lou'd his Mother deereley.
Mene. So did he mee : and he no more remembers his
Mother now, then an eight yeare old horfe. The tartnesse
of his face, fowres ripe Grapes. When he walks, he moues
like an Engine, and the ground shrinkes before his Tread-
ing. He is able to pierce a Corset with his eye : Talkes
like a knell, and his hum is a Battery. He sits in his State,
as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done, is
finisht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but
Eternity, and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.
Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mer-
cy his Mother shall bring from him : There is no more
mercy in him, then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that
shall our poore City finde : and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good vnto vs.
Mene. No, in such a case the Gods will not bee good
vnto vs. When we banish'd him, we respect'd not them :
and he returning to breake our necks, they respect not vs.

Enter a Messenger.

Myff.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all ſweariſh, if
The Romaine Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Scin. What's the News? (*preuayl'd,*

Meſ. Good News, good news, the Ladies haue
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No, not th'expulſion of the *Tar quins*.

Scin. Friend, art thou certain this is true?
Is't moſt certaine.

Meſ. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make dooſt of it:
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you!

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-butts, Píaltries, and Fifes,
Tabors, and Symboles, and the ſhowing Romans;
Make the Sonne dance. Heaſte you. *A ſhout within*

Mene. This is good News:

I will go meeete the Ladies. This *Voluntia*,
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full of Tribunes ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doitt. Harke, how they ioy.

Sound fill with the Shouts.

Scin. Firſt, the Gods bleſſe you for your tydings:
Neat, accept my thankfullneſſe.

Meſ. Sir, we haue all great cauſe to giue great thanks.

Scin. They are neere the City.

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Scin. Wee'll meeet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators, with Ladies, paſſing ouer
the Stage, with other Lords.*

Senat. Behold our Patronneſſe, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, ſtrew Flowers before them:
Vnſtoot the noiſe that Banish'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flourish with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords of th'City, I am heere:
Deliu'r them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Euen in theirs, and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd,
And Intends t'appare before the People, hoping
To purge himſelfe with words. Didoatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conſpirators of Aufidius Faction.

Moſt Welcome.

1. Con. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen ſo, as with a man by his owne Almes im-
poynd'd, and with his Charity ſaine.

2. Con. Moſt Noble Sir, If you do hold the ſame intent
Wherein you wiſht vs parties: Wee'll deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We muſt proceed as we do finde the People.

3. Con. The People will remaine vncertaine, whil't
Twist you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Survivor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:

And my pretext to ſtrike at him, admits
A good conſtruction. I raiſe'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing ſo my Friends: I and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnſwayable, and free.

3. Conſ. Sir, his ſtouteſſe

When he did ſtand for Conſull, which he loſt
By lacke of ſtooping.

Auf. That I would haue ſpoke of:

Being baniſh'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Presented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-ſeruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne deſires: Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his proiects, to accompliſh
My beſt and freſheſt men, ſeru'd his deſignements
In mine owne perſon: bolpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke ſome pride
To do my ſelfe this wrong: Till at the laſt
I ſeem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance, as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1. Con. So he did my Lord:

The Army maruyl'd at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leſſe Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:

For which my ſinewes ſhall be ſtretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Liex; he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But heaſte.

*Drummes and Trumpets ſounds, with great
ſhouts of the people.*

1. Con. Your Native Towne you enter'd like a Poſte,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns
Spitting the Ayre with noiſe.

2. Con. And patient Fooles,

Whoſe children he hath ſaine, their baſe throats reare
With gining him glory.

3. Con. Therefore at your vantage,

Ere he expreſſe himſelfe, or moue the people
With what he would ſay, let him ſeele your Swords:
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I haue not deſeru'd it.

But worthy Lords, haue you with heede peruſed
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1. Lord. And greeue to heare't:

What faults he made before the laſt, I thinke
Might haue found eſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin, and giue away
The benefit of our Leuiſes, anſwering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuſe.

c c 3

Auf.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.
Enter *Coriolanus* marching with *Drumme*, and *Colours*. The
Commoners bring with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but still subsisting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That prosperously I haue attempted, and
With bloodie passage led your Warres, even to
The gates of Rome: Our spoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no lesse Honor to the *Antiates*
Then shame to th' *Romaines*. And we heere deliuer
Subscrib'd by th' *Consuls*, and *Patrians*,
Together with the *Seale* a th' *Senat*, what
We haue compounded on.

Auf. Rend it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius*.

Corio. *Martius*?

Auf. I *Martius*, *Cainus Martius*: Do'st thou thinke
He grace thee with that Robbery, thy stolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles*?

You Lords and Heads a th' State, perfidiously
He ha's betray'd your businesse, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I say your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Resolution, like
A twist of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counsaile a th' wiser: But at his Nurses teares
He whin'd and rous'd away your Victory,
That Pages blusht at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'st thou *Mars*?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Measurelesse *Liar*, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? Oh *Slaue*,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the first time that euer
I was forc'd to scould. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Must giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who wears my stripes impress'd vpon him, that
Must beare my beating to his Graue, shall loyne
To thrust the Lye vnto him.

1. *Lord.* Peace both, and heare me speake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces *Voices* men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, false Hound:
If you haue writ your *Annales* true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I

Flatter'd your *Voicians* in *Corioles*.
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your shame, by this vnholly Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

1. *All Cons.* Let him dye for't.

1. *All People.* Teare him to peeces, do it presently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Cousine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2. *Lord.* Peace hee: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o th' earth: His last offences to vs
Shall haue iudicious hearing. Stand *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with six *Aufidiuses*, or more:
His Tribe, to vse my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Insolent Villaine.

1. *All Cons.* Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the *Conspirators*, and kill *Martius*, who
sallet, *Aufidius* stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Masters, heare me speake.

1. *Lord.* O *Tullus*.

1. *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3. *Lord.* Tread not vpon him Masters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,

When you shall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'll reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Please it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My selfe your loyal Seruant, or endure
Your beuest Censure.

1. *Lord.* Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most Noble Coarse, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2. *Lord.* His owne impatience,
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Best of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am strucke with sorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a th' cheefe'st Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it speake mournfully:
Traile your Steele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vachilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Injuri,
Yet he shall haue a Noble Memory. Affist.

Exeunt hearing the Body of *Martius*. A dead March
Sounded.

FINIS.



The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Bassianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

Oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iustice of my Cause with Armes.
And Country-men, my loving Followers,
Pleade my Successive Title with your Swords.

I was the first borne Sonne, that was the last
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Bassianus. Romanes, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:

If euer *Bassianus*, *Cæsars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this passage to the Capitoll:
And suffer not Dishonour to approach
Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue: consecrate
To Iustice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Defect in pure Election shine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedom in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that strive by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiously for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we stand
A speciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Chosen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Titus*,
For many good and great desertes to Rome.
A Nobler man, a braver Warriour,
Lives not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary Warres against the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yolk'd a Nation strong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are spent, since first he undertooke
This Cause of Rome, and chastised with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Vallant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at last, laden with Honours Spoyle,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in Armes.

Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now succede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Dismitte your Followers, and as Suters should,
Pleade your Deserts in Peace and Humblenesse.

Saturninus. How fyre the Tribune speaks,
To calme my thoughts.

Bassius. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do asse
In thy vprightnesse and Integrity:
And so I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lavinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere dismitte my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cause in ballance to be weigh'd.
Erit Sculdisurs.

Saturninus. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Dismitte you all,
And to the Loos and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Person, and the Cause:
Rome, be as iust and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Bassius. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flourish. *They go up into the Senat house.*

Enter a Capitaine.

Cep. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes best Champion,
Successfull in the Battailles that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence hee circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin covered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They set downe the Coffin, and Titus speaks.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe,

Loc as the Barke that hath discharg'd his fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at first the wegh'd her Anchorage:
Commeth Andronicus bound with Lawrell bowes,
To refulate his Country with his teares,
Teares of true loy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fivee and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poore remaine alive and dead!
These that I bring vnto their late home,
These that I bring vnto their late home,
With buriall amongst their Ancestors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to sheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and carelesse of thine owne,
Why sufferst thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To haouer on the dreadfull shore of Stix?
Make way to lay them with their Brethren.

They open the Tombe.

There grette in silence as the dead are wont,
And sleepe in peace, blaine in your Countries warres:
O sacred receptacle of my loyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Nobilitie,
How many Sonnes of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more!

Loc. Give vs the proudest prisoner of the Gothes,
That may heu his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, sacrifice his flesh.
Before this earthly prison of their bones,
That so the shadowes be not vnapeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodiges on earth.

Tit. I giue him you, the Noblest that Suruiues,
The eldest Son of this distressed Queene.

Enter Romaine Brethren, gracious Conquerors,
Victorious Titus, rue the teares I shed,

A Mothers teares in passion for her sonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my sonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoke,
But must my Sonnes be slaughtered in the streetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cause?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were pietie in thine, it is in these:

Andronicus, blaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble Titus, spare my first borne sonne.

Tit. Patient your selfe Madam, and pardon me.
These are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Alive and dead, and for their Brethren blaine,
Religiously they aske a sacrifice:
To this your sonne is markt, and die he must,
T'appeare their groaning shadowes that are gone.

Loc. Away with him, and make a fire straight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane consum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tams. O cruell irrereligious pietie.

Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose me Scythia to ambitious Rome,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we suruiue,
To tremble vnder Titus threatening looks,
Then Madam stand resolu'd, but hope withall,
The selfe same Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitee of sharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour Tamora the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gother, and Tamora was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, Alarbus limbes are lopt,
And intrals feede the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke like incense doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their foules.

Flourish.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readiest Champions, repose you heere in rest,
Secure from worldly chaunces and misbaps,
Heere lurks no Treason, heere no enuie swels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no stormes,
No noyfe, but silence and Eternall sleepe,
In peace and Honour rest you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lavinia.

Luci. In peace and Honour, liue Lord Titus long,

My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:

Loc at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Brethrens Obsequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O blesse me heere with thy victoriouse hand,
Whose Fortune Romes best Citizens applaud.

Ti. Kind Rome,
That hast thus louingly referu'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lavinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praise.
Marc. Long liue Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome.

Tit. Thanker-Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome! Nephews from successfull wars,
You that suruiue and you that sleepe in Fame:
Faile Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countreys seruice drew your Swords.

But safer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aspir'd to Solons Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the copie of Rome,
Whose friend in iustice thou hast euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their trust,
This Palliament of white and spotlesse Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With these our late deceased Emperours Sonnes:
Be Candidatus then, and put it on,
And helpe to fet a head on headlesse Rome.

Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that shakes for age and feeblesse:

What should I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, refuge my life,
And fet abroad new buineſſe for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſſfully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, ſlaime manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrey:
Gieue me a Staffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it laſt.

Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtaine and aſke the Emperie.

Ser. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'ſt thou tell?

Titus. Patience Prince Saturninus.

Ser. Romaines do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and heath them not
Till Saturninus be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert ſhip't to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded Titus meenes to thee.

Tit. Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee
The peoples hearts, and weane them from themſelves.

Baſi. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy Friend?
I will moſt thankfull be, and thanks to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.

Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribune ſ heere,
I aſke your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To graſtifie the good Andronicus,
And Gratuſate his ſafe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes I thank you, and this ſure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldeſt ſonne,
Lord Saturnine, whole Vertues will I hope,
Reſlect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Juſtice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduiſe,
Crown him, and ſay: Long liue our Emperour.
Mar. An. With Voyces and applauſe of euery ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians we Create
Lord Saturninus Romes Great Emperour.
And lay, Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.

Along Flourish till they come downe.

Ser. Titus Andronicus, for thy Favour done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thanks in part of thy Deſerts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleneſſe:
And for an Onſet Titus to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Emperleſſe,
Rome ſ Royall Miſtris, Miſtris of my hart
And in the Sacred Parthen her eſpouſe:
Tell me Andronicus doth this motion pleaſe thee?

Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honour'd of your Grace,
And heere in fight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Conſecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Priſoners,
Preſents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Eſignes humbled at my feete.

Ser. Thanks Noble Titus, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome ſhall record, and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe vnſpeakable Deſerts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.

Tit. Now Madam are your priſoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vſe you Nobly and your followers.

Ser. A goodly Lady, truſt me of the Hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorne in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy vſage euery way.

Reſt on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not diſplea'd with this?

Luc. Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobilitie,
Warrants theſe words in Princely curteſie.

Ser. Thanks (ſweete Lauinia, Romans let vs goe)
Ranſomeleſſe heere we ſet our Priſoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.

Baſi. Lord Titus by your leave, this Maid is mine.
Tit. How firſt Are you in earnest then my Lord?

Baſi. I Noble Titus, and reſolu'd withall,
To doe my ſelfe this reſon, and this right.

Mar. Summeſquaine, is our Romaine Juſtice,
This Prince in Juſtice ceareth but his owne.

Luc. And that he will and ſhall, if Lucius liue.

Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guard?
Treaſon my Lord, Lauinia is ſurpri'd.

Ser. Surpri'd, by whom?

Baſi. By him that luſtily may
Bears his Betroth'd, from all the world away.

Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this ſhoore ſafe.

Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her backe.

Mut. My Lord you paſſe not heere.

Tit. What villaine Boy, haſt me my way in Rome?

Mut. Helpe Lucius helpe. He ſtiks him.

Luc. My Lord you are vnluſt, and more theaſo,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue ſlaime your ſon.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any ſonnes of mine,
My ſonnes would neuer ſo diſhonour me.

Traitor reſtore Lauinia to the Emperour.

Luc. And if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promiſſe Loue.

Enter alſo the Emperour with Tamora and her two
ſonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No Titus, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy flocke:

Ile truſt by Leiſure him that mocks me once.

Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty ſonnes,

Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a ſtate

But Saturnine? Full well Andronicus

Agree theſe Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,

That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the Empire at thy hand?

Tit. O monſtrous, what reproachfull words are theſe?

Ser. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,

To him that flouriſh for her with his Sword:

A Valliant ſonne in-law thou ſhalt enioy:

One, ſit to bandy with thy lawleſſe Sonnes,

To

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are Razors to my wounded hart.

Sat. And therefore lovelly *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the stately *Tiber* mong'r her Nymphs
Doft ouer-shine the Gallant's Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sodaine choyle,
Behold I choofe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empresse of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths doft thou applaud' my choyle?
And heere I sweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Priest and Holy-water are so neere,
And Tapen burne so bright, and every thing
In readines for *Hymen* to stand,
I will not refolute the streets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade espous'd my Bride along with me,

Tam. And heere in sight of heauen to Rome I sweare,
If *Saturine* advance the Queene of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his desires,
A loving Nurse, a Mother to his youth.

Satur. Attend Faire Queene,
Pantheon Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his lovely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturine*,
Whose wisdom hath her Fortune Conquered,
There shall we Consummate our Spousall rites.

Exeunt omnes.

Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when we'r'thou wont to walke alone,
Dishonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar. O *Titus* fee! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrell, slaine a Vertuous sonne,

Tit. No foolish Tribune, no: No sonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor these Confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.

Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Motius* buriall with our Bretheren.

Tit. Traytors away, he rest's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fume hundred yeares hath stood,
Which I haue Sumptuously re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repose in Fame: None basely slaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.

Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Motius* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his bretheren.

Titus & two Sonnes speake.

And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villaine was it spake that word?

Titus sonne speakes.

He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.

Tit. What would you bury him in my desight?

Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Motius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Motius*, Even thou hast stroke vpon my Crest,
And with these Boyes misce Honour thou hast wounded,
My foes I doe repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

1. *Sonne.* He is not himselfe, let vs withdraw.

2. *Sonne.* Not I tell *Motius* bones be buried.

The Brother and the sonnes quile.

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.

2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that name doth nature speake.

Tit. Speake thou no more if all the rest will speede.

Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my soule.

Luc. Deare Father, soule and substance of vs all.

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Motius* to interre

His Noble Nephew heere in vertues nest,
That died in Honour and *Lavinia's* cause.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon adolfe did bury *Alex*
That slew himselfe: And *Laertes* sonne,
Did graciously plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Motius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.

Tit. Rise *Motius*, rise,

The dismall'd day is this that ere I saw,
To be dishonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

They put him in the Tombe.

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet *Motius* with thy
Till we with Trophies do adorne thy Tombe. *(friends*

They all quile and say.

No man shed teares for Noble *Motius*,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cause. *Exir.*

Mar. My Lord to step out of these sudden dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queene of Gothes,
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not *Motius*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuil or no) the heuens can tell,
Is she not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne so farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flourish.

*Enter the Emperour, Tamora, and her two sons, with the Moore
at one doore. Enter at the other doore Bassianus and
Lavinia with others.*

Sat. So *Bassianus*, you haue paid your prize,
God giue you ioy fir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. And you of yours my Lord: I say no more,
Nor with no lesse, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bass. Rape call you it my Lord, to cease my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am posselt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good sir: you are very short with vs,
But if we liue, wee'll be as sharpe with you.

Bass. My Lord, what I haue done as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life,

Onely thus much I giue you Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,

That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,
With his owne hand did slay his youngest Son,

In scale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.

To be controul'd in that he fraskly gaue:

Receive him then to fauour *Saturine*,

That hath expre'd himselfe in all his deeds,

A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus* leave to plead my Deeds,

'Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,

Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,

How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,

Were

Were gracious in those Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:
And at my sute (sweet) pardon what is past.

Saru. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,
And safely put it vp without reuenge?

Tom. Not so my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-tend,
I should be Author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour dare, I undertake
For good Lord *Titus* Innocence in all:
Whose fury not diffembled speakes his griefes:
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppoſe,
Nor with fowle lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, he wonne at last,
Diffembled all your griefes and discontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Least then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuit suruey take *Titus* part,
And so supplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.
Yeele at intreats, and then let me alone:
He finde a day to massacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The croell Father, and his tray'trous sonnes,
To whom I sued for my deare sonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the streetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, sweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frowne.

King. Rise *Titus*, rise,
My Emperesse hath preuail'd.

Titus. I thank you Maieſtie,
And her my Lord.
These words, these lookes,
Infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And must aduise the Emperour for his good,
This day all queſtels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Bejulus*, I haue paid
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:

And you *Lavinia*,
By my aduise all hombled on your knees,
You shall aske pardon of his Maieſtie.

Sar. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tending our sisters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we must all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, sweet hart looke back.

King. *Marcus*,
For thy fake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit these young mens hainous faults.
Stand vp: *Lavinia*, though you left me like a chule,
I found a friend, and sure as death I sware,

I would not part a Batchellour from the Priest.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feast two Brides,
You are my guest *Lavinia*, and your friends:
This day shall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow and it please your Maieſtie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele give your Grace *Ban* iur.

Satur. Be it so *Titus*, and Gramerey to.

Exeunt.

Actus Secunda.

Flourish.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aaron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppes,
Safe out of Fortunes toyt, and sits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flash,
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatening reach:
As when the golden Sunne salutes the morne,
And hauing giit the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his glittering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the highest piercing hills:
So, *Tamora*:

Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue stoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* atme thy hart, and sit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Imperiall Mitris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fettered in amorous chains,
And sister bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tie'd to *Caucasus*.
Away with flauish weetes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and shine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Emperesse.
To waite Laid I'd To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddesse, this *Nemesis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturans*,
And see his shipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what storme is this?

Enter Chorus and Demetrius brauing.

Dem. *Chorus* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'st affected be.

Chorus. *Demetrius*, thou doo't ouer-weene in all,
And so in this, to beate me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,

To serue, and to derue my Mitris grace,
And that my iword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lavinia's* iuue.

Aaron. Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vaduise!)
Gave you a daunting Rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chorus. Meane while fir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou percerue how much I dare.

Dem. I Boy, grow ye so braue?
Aaron. Why how now Lords?

They draw.

So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,

And

And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this gredge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome:
For shame put vp.

Dem. Not I, till I haue breath'd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour heere.

Cbi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolu'd,
Foule spoken Coward,
That thundrest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st performe.

Aron. A way I lay.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoe vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to set vpon a Princes right?

Or is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
What *Bajanius* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, iustice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and should the Emperesse know,
This discord ground, the musicke would not please.

Cbi. I care not I, knew she and all the world,
I loue *Lavinia* more then all the world.

Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make meane meaner choise,
Lavinia is thine elder brothers hope.

Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but put your deaths,
By this deuile.

Cbi. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths would I propofe,
To atchieue her whom I do loue.

Aron. To atchieue her, how?

Dem. Why, mak'st thou it so strange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lavinia* therefore must be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then woe the Miller of, and eate it is
Of a cut loose to steale a shewe we know:
Though *Bajanius* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Pulcarn* badge.

Aron. I, and as good as *Saturius* may.
Dem. Then why should he dispaire that knowes to
With words, false looks, and liberality? (court it
What hast not thou full often strucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Kneepers nose?

Aron. Why then it seemes some certaine snatch or so
Would serue your turnes.

Cbi. I so the turne were serued.

Dem. *Aaron* thou hast hit it.

Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this adoo:

Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you such fooles,
To square for this? Would it offend you then?

Cbi. Faith not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aron. For shame be friends, & loyne for that you iar:
'Tis policie, and stratageme must doe
That you affect, and so must you resolute,

That what you cannot as you would atchieue,
You most perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucres* was not more chaste
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bajanius* loue,
A speedier course this lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman Ladies rooue:
The Forrest walks are wide and spacious,
And many vnrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single yoo thither then this dainty Doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Emperesse with her sacred wit
To villanie and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And she shall file our engines with aduise,
That will not suffer you to square your feloes,
But to your wifely height aduance you looke,
The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthlesse, dreadfull, deaf, and dull:
There speake, and strike braue Boyes, & take your turnes.
There serue your lusts, shadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuill in *Lavinia's* Treasurie.

Cbi. Thy counsell I admeels with no cowardise.

Dem. *Sy fassant nefas*, till I finde the streames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manus Vebor.

Exeunt.

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three sonnes, making a noyse
with bounds and burnes, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the Woods are Greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may echo with the noyse.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours person carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my sleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Wilde Harnes.

*Here a cry of houndes, and wilde burnes in a peale, then
Enter Saturianus, Tamora, Bajanius, Lavinia, Chiron, De-
metrius, and their Attendants.*

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maiestie, I
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promised your Grace, a Hunters peale.

Satur. And you haue rung it lustily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.

Baj. *Lavinia*, how lay you?

Lavi. I lay no:

I haue bene awake two houres and more.

Satur. Come on then, hursle and Chariots letvs haue,
And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see,
Our Romaine hunting.

Mar. I haue dugger my Lord,
Will rouze the proudest Panther in the Chase,
And clime the highest P omontary top.

Tit. And I haue horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallows ore the plaine

Dem. *Chiron*

Dem. Chiron we hunt not we, with Horfe nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*

Enter Aaron alone.

Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury so much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abieſtly,
Know that this Gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,
Which conningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their vnrſt,
That haue their Aimes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.

Enter Tamora to the Moore.

Tam. My lovely Aaron,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleeſull boſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery buſh,
The Snake lies rull'd in the chearefull ſuone,
The greene leaues quieter with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweete ſhade, Aaron let vs ſit,
And whil'ſt the babbling Echo mock's the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double ſuot were heard at once,
Let vs ſit downe, and marke their yelping noiſe:
And after cooſt'd, ſuch as was ſuppos'd.
The wadding Prince and Duds once enioy'd,
When with a happy forme they were ſurpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counſaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſſimes done) poſſeſſe a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullaby, to bring her Babe aſleepe.

Aron. Madame

Though *Fenus* gouerne your deſires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My flecke of Woolly haire, that now vncurl'd,
Euen as an Adder when the doth vnrowle
To do ſome ſatall execution?
No Madam, theſe are no Veneriſſall ſignes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Haſte *Tamora*, the Empreſſe of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then tells in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Baſſianus*;
His *Phibemel* muſt looſe her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chafſtiy,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus* blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this ſatall plotted Scrowle,
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpi'd,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.

Enter Baſſianus and Lavinia.

Tam. Ah my ſweet *Moore*!
Sweeter to me then life.

Aron. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſſianus* comes,
Be croll'd with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſo ere they be.

Baſſ. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Empreſſe,

Vnfurniſht of our well beſeeming troupe?
Or is it *Dias* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To lee the generall Hunting in this Forreſt?

Tam. Sawie controulour of our priuate ſteps
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dias* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently.
With *Hornes*, as was *Acteas*, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Lau. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in *Horning*,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are ſingled ſuth to try experiments:
Iſt ſheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pittie they ſhould take him for a Stag.

Baſſ. Beleeue me Queene, your ſwarth Cymion,
Duth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, detatched, and abhominable.

Why are you queſtioned from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If ſoule deſire had not conducted you?

Lau. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord, be rated
For ſaucineſſe, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her Ioy her Rauens coloured loue,
This valley ſits the purpoſe paſſing well.

Baſſ. The King my Brother ſhall haue notice of this.

Lau. I, for theſe ſlips haue made my ooted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.

Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?

Tam. Haue I not reaſon thinke you to looke pale.
Theſe two haue tie'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deſtelſſe vale you ſee it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet ſortorne and leane,
Ore-come with Moſſe, and balefull Miſſello.
Heere neuer ſhines the Sunoe, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle, or ſatall Rauens:
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Tee thouſand ſwelling Toodes, as many Vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.

No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraite they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a diſmall yew,
And leue me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me ſoule Adultereſſe,
Laciuous Goth, and all the bitterſt tearmes
That euer eare did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my Children.

Dem. This is a witneſſe that I am thy Sonne. *ſlab him.*

Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength.

Lau. I come *Semeramis*, nay Barbarous *Tamora*.

For

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.

Tam. Give me thy paynard, you shal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand shall right your Mothers wrong.

Dem. Stay Madam here is more belongs to her,
First thrash the Corne, then after burne the straw:
This Minion Rood vpon her chastitie,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightinesse,
And shall she cry this vnto her graue?

Col. And if she doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye haue the hony we desire,
Let not this Waspe out-lie vs both to sting.

Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that sure:
Come Mistis, now perforce we will enjoy,
That nice-preferred honesty of youn.

Lau. Oh *Tamara*, thou bear'st a woman face.

Tam. I will not leere her speake, away with her.

Lau. Sweet Lords intrest her hearte me but a word.

Dem. Listen faire Madam, let it be your glory
To see her teares, but be your hurt to them,
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.

Lau. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, she taught it thee,
The milke thou suck'st from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'st thy Tyranny,
Yet every Mother breeds not Sunnes alike,
Do thou intreat her shew a woman pittie.

Chir. What,
Would'st thou haue me proue my selfe a bastard?

Lau. 'Tis true,
The Rauens doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pittie, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some say, that Rauens foster forlorne children,
The whilft their owne birds famish in their nests:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart say no,
Nothing so kind but something pittifull.

Tam. I know not what it meane, away with her.

Lau. Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue slaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.

Tam. Had'st thou in person bene offended me.
Euen for his sake am I pittifull:

Remember Boyes I pour'd forth teares in vaine,
To saue your brother from the sacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vie her as you will,
The worse to her, the better lou'd of me.

Lau. Oh *Tamara*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd so long,
Poore I was slaine, when *Byssanus* dy'd.

Tam. What beg'st thou then? Iond woman let me go?

Lau. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh krep me from their worse then killing lust,
And tumble me into some lustifume pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them satiffie their lust on thee.

Dem. Away,

For thou hast stand vs heere too long.

Lauinia. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beastly creature,
The blut and enemy to our generall name,
Confusion fall—

Col. Nay then Ile stop your mouth
Bring thou her husband,

This is the Hule where *Aaron* hid vs hide him.

Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, see that you make her sure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronicis* be made away:
Nuw will I hence to seeke my lovely *Moore*,
And let my spleenfull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothsome pit.
Where I elpied the Panther fast asleepe.

Quin. My sight is very dull what ere it bodes.

Marti. And mine I promise you, were it not for shame,
Well could I leaue our sport to sleepe a while.

Quin. What art thou fallen?

What subtle Hole is this,
Whose mouth is couered with Rude growing Briars,
Vpon whose leaues are drops of new-fled-blood,
As fresh as mornings dew distill'd on flowers,
A very fittall place it seemes to me:
Speake Brother hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Martius. Oh Brother,

With the distill'd object,
That euer eye with sight made heart lament.

Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely gessy,
How theie were they that made away his Brother.

Exit Aaron.

Marti. Why dost not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallo'd and blood-stained Hole?

Quintus. I am surpris'd with an vncooth feare,
A chilling sweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart suspects more then mine eie can see.

Marti. To proue thou hast a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And see a fearefull sight of blood and death.

Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing where at it trembles by surmise:

Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now

Was I a child, to feare I know not what.

Marti. Lord *Byssanus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the slaughtered Lambe,
In this detested, darke, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. It is be darke, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in some Monument,
Doth shine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And shewes the ragged intralles of the pit:
So pale did shine the Moone on *Pieramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Quintus* misdeed mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,
Or

Or wanting strength to doe thee so much good,
I may be plucked into the swallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Basilius* graue:
I have no strength to plucke thee to the brinke.
Martinus Not I no strength to clime without thy help.
Seis. Thy hand once more, I will not loose againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. *Both fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile see what hole is beere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst defend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Martin. The vnhappy sonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Basilius* dead.

Satur. My brother dead? I know thou dost but iest,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-side of this pleasant Chase,
'Tis not an houre since I left him there.

Martin. We know not where you left him all aloue,
But out alas, heere howe we found him dead.

Enter Tamara, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

King. Heere *Tamara*, though grieved with killing grieffe.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Basilius*?

King Now to the bottom do thou search my wound,
Poore *Basilius* heere lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timelesse Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleasing smiles such murderous Tyrannie.

See giueh Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.

*And if we misse to meete him humbly,
Sweet huntsmen, Basilius 'tis we meane,
Doe thou so much as dig the graue for him,
Then know'st our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which euer-shades the mouth of that same pit:
Where we decreed to bury Basilius
Doe this and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

King. Oh *Tamara*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke sir, if you can finde the huntsman out,
That should haue murdered *Basilius* heere.

Ara. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Hue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the prison,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuid
Some neuer heard-of torturing paine for them.

Tam. What are they in this paine,
Oh wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered?

Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this b-one, with teares, not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed Sonnes,
Accursed, if the fault be prou'd in them.

King. If it be prou'd? you see it is apparant,

Who found this Letter, *Tamara* was it you?

Tamara. *Andronicus* himselfe did take it vp.

Tit. I did my Lord,

Yet let me be their baile,

For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow

They shall be ready at your Highnes will,
To answere their iuspition with their liues.

King. Thou shalt not baile them, see thou follow me:
Some bring the murderers body, some the murderers,
Let them not speake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my soule, were there worse end then death,
That end vpon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them.

Exeunt.

*Enter the Emperesse Sonnes, with Lavinia, her hands cut off and
her tongue cut out, and rauisht.*

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can speake,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and rauisht thee.

Cbi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And if thy stumpe will let thee play the Scribe.

Dem. See how with signes and tokens she can scowle.
Cbi. Goe home,

Call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash.
And so let's leaue her to her silent walkes.

Cbi. And 'twere my easie, I should goe hang my selfe.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to helpe thee knit the cord.

Exeunt.

Wilde Horses.

Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lavinia.

Who is this, my Neece that flies away so fast?
Cosen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, some Planet strike me downe,
That I may slumber in eternall sleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what sterne engentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet Ornaments
Whole circling shadowes, Kings haue sought to sleepe in
And might not gaine so great a happines
As halfe thy Loue: Why dost not speake to me?
Alas, a Crimson riuier of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine stir'd with winde,
Doth rife and fall betwene thy Rofed lips,
Comming end going with thy hony breath,
But sure some *Tereus* hath deflower'd thee,
And least thou shouldst it detect, eue, cut thy tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame:
And notwithstanding all this losse of blood,
As from a Conduit with their issuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titanus* face,
Blushing to be encountered with a Cloud,
Shall I speake for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beat
That I might ralle at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen stoep,
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire *Phibela* she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler sowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withall,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

dd a

That

That could haue better fowed then *Phisemel*.
 Oh had the monster leene those Lilly hands,
 Tremble like Aspen leaues vpon a Lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kisse them,
 He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heavenly Harmony,
 Whiche that sweet tongue hath made:
 He would haue dropt his knife and fell asleepe,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poets leete.
 Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
 For such a sight will blinde a fathers eye.
 One houres storme will drowne the flagrant meades,
 What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
 Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senators with Titus two sonnes bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes slay,
 For pittie of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous warres, whilst you securely slept:
 For all my blood in Romes great quarrell shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I haue watcht,
 And for these bitter teares, which now you see,
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
 Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
 Whose soules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
 For two and twenty sonnes I neuer wept,
 Because they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges passe by him.
 For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My harts deepe languor, and my soules sad teares:
 Let my teares stanch the earths drie appetite.
 My sonnes sweet blood, will make it shame and blisht
 O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
 That shall distill from these two aenient ruines,
 Then youthfull Aprill shall with all his showres
 In summers drouth: He drop vpon thee still,
 In Winter with warme teares He melt the snow,
 And keepe eternall spring time on thy face,
 So thou reulst to drinke my deare sonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
 Vnbide my sonnes, reuerie the doome of death,
 And let me say (that neuer wept before)
 My teares are now preuailing Oratours.

Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
 The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrowes to a stone.

Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
 Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.

Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you *speake*.

Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
 They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
 They would not pittie me.
 Therefore I tell my sorrowes bootles to the stones.

Who though they cannot answere my distresse,
 Yet in some sort they are better then the Tribunes,
 For that they will not intercept my tale;
 When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
 Receiue my teares, and seeme to weepe with me,
 And were they but attired in graue weedes,
 Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
 A stone is as soft waste,
 Tribunes more hard then stones:
 A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
 But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To rescue my two brothers from their death,
 For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'd
 My euerslasting doome of basishment.

Ti. O happy man, they haue betried thee:
 Why foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceiue
 That Rome is but a wilderness of Iges?
 Tigers must pray, and Rome affords no prey
 But me and as mine: how happy art thou then,
 From these deuourers to be banished?
 But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
 Or if not so, thy noble heart to breake:
 I bring confuming sorrow to thee age.

Ti. Will it consume me? Let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Ti. Why *Marcus* is she is.

Lu. Aye me this obiect kills me.

Ti. Faint-hearted boy, arise and looke vpon her,
Speake Lavinia, what accursed hand
 Hath made thee handlesse in thy fathers fight?
 What foole hath added water to the Sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
 My grieue was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now like *Nylus* it disaineth bounds:
 Giue me a sword, Ile chop off my hands too,
 For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine:
 And they haue nur'd this woe,
 In feeding life:
 In bootlesse prayer haue they bene held vp,
 And they haue seru'd me to effectlesse use.
 Now all the seruice I require of them,
 Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
 'Tis well *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do Rome seruice, is but vaine.

Lu. Speake gentle sister, who hath martyrd thee?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung,
 Sweet varied notes inchanting euerie care.

Lu. Oh say thou for her,
 Who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the Parke,
 Seeking to hide herselfe as doth the Deere
 That hath receiued some vnrecuring wound.

Ti. It was my Deare,
 And he that wounded her,
 Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
 For now I stand as one vpon a Rocke,
 Inuiron'd with a wilderness of Sea.
 Who makes the waxing tide,
 Grow wane by waxes,

Exeunt

Expecting euer when some enuious furge,
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched fonnars are gone:
Heere stands my other fonnar, a banifit man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my foule the greateft fperne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my foule.
Had I but fene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madd me. What fhall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body fo?
Thou haft no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah fonne *Lucius* looke on her!
When I did name her brothers, then freft teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the holy dew,
Vpon a gathered Lillie almoft withered.

Mar. Perchance ſhe weepes becaufe they kil'd her husband,
Perchance becaufe ſhe knows him innocent.

Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be loyfull,
Becaufe the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe fo foule a deede,
Witnes the forrow that their filter makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kiffe thy lips,
Or make ſome fignes how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I fit round about ſome Fountaine,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheekes
How they are ſtain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery flime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine ſhall we gaze fo looſe,
Till the freft water be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe ſhewes
Paſſe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What ſhall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot ſome deuife of further miſeries
To make vs wandred at in time to come.

Lu. Sweet Father ceaſe your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched filter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.

Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haft drown'd it with thine owne.

Lu. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.

Ti. Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderſtand her fignes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all hewet,
Can do no ſeruice on her forrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from hiſſe,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy fonnars,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy fonnars aliue,
And that ſhall be the ranſome for their fault.

Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*.
Did euer Raven ſing fo like a Lark,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vprife?
With all my heart, I ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou heip to chop it off?

Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne,
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſaue my brothers liues.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reat'd aloft the bloody Battellaz,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies Cattle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it ſerue
To ranſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree, whoſe hand ſhall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall goe.

Lu. By heauen it ſhall not goe.

Ti. Sirs ſtrive no more, ſuch withered hearbs as theſe
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.

Lu. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our fathers ſake, and mothers care,
Now let me ſhew a brothers loue to thee.

Ti. Agree betwene you, I will ſpare my hand.

Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Ase.

Mar. But I will vſe the Ase.

Exant

Ti. Come hither *Aron*, Ile deceiue thee both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine.

Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And neuer whil'd I liue deceiue men ſo:
But Ile deceiue you in another fort,
And that you'll ſay ere halfe an houre paſſe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now ſlay you ſtriſe, what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maieſtie me hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that ward him him
From thouſand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it haue.

As for my fonnars, ſay I account of them,
As jewels purchaſt at an eaſie price,
And yet deere too, becauſe I bought mine owne.

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy fonnars with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this willany
Doth ſat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let foolles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his foule blacke like his face.

Exit.

Ti. O heere I liſt thus one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weeſe breathe the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the Sun with fogge as ſometime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.

Mar. Oh brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not brake into theſe deepe extreames.

Ti. Is not my furrow deepe, hauing no bottoome?

d d 3

Then

Then be my passions bottomlesse with them.

Mar. But yet let reason governe thy lament.

Titus. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes :
When heaven doth weepe, doth not the earth overflow ?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea was mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swolne face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coile ?
I am the Sea. Marke how her fighes doe flow :
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my Sea be mooved with her fighes,
Then must my earth with her continuall reares,
Become a deluge : overflow'd and drown'd :
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them :
Then give me leave, for looers will have leave,
To ease their stomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou sentst the Emperour :
Heere are the heads of thy two noble sonnes.
And heeres thy hand in scorn to thee sent backe :
Thy griefes, their sports : Thy resolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death.

Exit.

Marc. Now let hot *Aetna* coole in *Cicilie*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell :
These miseries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth ease some deale,
But sorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luci. Ah that this fight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrinke thereat :
That ever death should let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breath.

Mar. Alas poore hart that kisse is comfortlesse,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Titus. When will this fearefull slumber have an end ?

Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two suns heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here :
Thy other banisht sonnes with this deere fight
Strucke pale and bloodlesse, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy silver haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal fight
The closing vp of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storme, why art thou still ?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha,

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this houre.

Titus. Why I haue not another teare to shed :
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would vsurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way shall I finde Reuenges Cause ?
For these two heads doe seeme to speake to me,
And threat me, I shall neuer come to blisse,
Till all these mischiefs be returned againe,
Even in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me see what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And sweare vnto my soule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,

And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lavinia* thou shalt be employd in these things :
Beare thou my hand sweet wench betwene thy teeth :
As for thee boy, get thee from my sight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,
Hie to the *Goths*, and raise an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kisse and part, for we haue much to doe.

Exeunt.

Moment Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father :
The wofullst man that euer liu'd in Rome :
Farewell proud Rome, till *Lucius* come againe,
Heloues his pledges dearer then his life :
Farewell *Lavinia* my noble sister,
O would thou wert as thou to fore hast bene,
But now, not *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* liues
But in obliuion and hateful griefes :
If *Lucius* liues, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturius* and his Emperesse
Beg at the gates likes *Tarquas* and his Queene.
Now will I to the *Goths* and raise a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturius*.

Exit Lucius

A Boy.

Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy.

Al. So, fy, now sit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preferre iust so much strength in vs
As will reuenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that sorrow-wenthen knot :
Thy Niece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot passionate our fond griefe,
With fouled Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to giranize vpon my breast.
Who when my hart all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus dost talk in signes,
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still ?
Wound it with sighing girle, kil it with groanes :
Or get some little knite betwene thy teeth,
And iust against thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that sinke, and soaking in,
Drowne the lamenting soule, in Sea salt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vpon her tender life.

Al. How now ! Has sorrow made these doate already ?
Why *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I :
What violent hands can she lay on her life !
Ah, wherefore dost thou vrg the name of hands,
To bid *Lavinia* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
O handle not the theme, to talke of hands,
Least we remember still that we haue none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I square my talke
As if we should forget we had no hands !
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle este this,
Heere is no drinke ? Hark *Marcus* what the faies,
I can interpret all her martir's signes,
She faies, she drinkes no other drinke but teares
Bred with her sorrow : melt'd vpon her cheekes,

Speech -

Speechlesse complaynet, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect

As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not fight nor hold thy prayers to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a signe,
But I (of these) will wreat an Alphabet,
And by still practice, learne to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire leaue these bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mou'd,
Doth weepe to see his grandfired heauinesse.

An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.

Marcus strikes the diu with a knife.

What doest thou strike at Marcus with knife.

Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Fly.

An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'st my hart,
Mine eyes elo'd with view of Tirraie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* brother: get thee gone,
I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flye.

An. But? How: if that Flye had a father and mother?
How would hee hang his slender gilded wings
And bus lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmlesse Flye,
That with his pretty busing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou hast kil'd him.

Mar. Pardon me fir,

It was a blacke illfaun'd Flye,
Like to the Empresse Moore, therefore I kild him.

An. O, o, o,

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my selfes, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purposely to payson me.
There's for thy selfe, and thats for *Tamira*: Ah firra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought so low,
But that betwene vs, we can kill a Flye,
That comes in likenesse of a Cote-blacke Moore.

Mar. Alas poore man, grieffe ha's so wrought on him,
He takes false shadowes, for true substances.

An. Come, take away: *Lavinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy closet, and goe read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy fight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young *Lucius* and *Lavinia* running after him, and
the Boy flies from her with his basket under his arme.

Enter *Titus* and *Marcus*.

Boy. Helpe Grandfired helpe, my Aunt *Lavinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* see how swift he comes,
Alas sweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.

Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, do not feare thy Aunt.

Titus. Shee loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Boy. I when my father was in Rome shee did.

Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lavinia* by these signes?

Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, somewhat doth shee meane:

See *Lucius* see, how much shee makes of thee:
Some whether would shee haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelius* neuer with more care
Read to her sonnes, then shee hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and *Tullies* Oratours:

Canst thou not gesse wherefore shee pities thee thus?

Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I gesse,

Vnlesse some fit or frenzie do possesse her:

For I haue heard my Grandfired lay full oft,

Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.

And I haue read that *Hecuba* of Troy,

Ran mad through sorrow, that made me to feare,

Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,

Looues me as deare as ere my mother did,

And would not but in fury fright my youth,

Which made me downe to throw my booke, and flee

Causles perhaps, but pardon me sweet Aunt,

And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,

I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius* I will.

Ti. How now *Lavinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?

Some booke there is that shee desires to see,
Which is it girle of these? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyse of all my Library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damnd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?

Why lifts shee the vp her armes in sequence thus?

Mar. I thinke shee meanes that ther was more then one
Conferate in the fact, I more there was:
Or else to heauen shee heaues them to reuenge.

Ti. *Lucius* what booke is that the toffest fo?

Boy. Grandfired 'tis *Ouids* *Metamorphosis*,
My mother gaue it me.

Mar. For loue of her that's gone,

Perhabs shee cull'd it from among the rest.

Ti. Soft, so busily shee turnes the leaues,

Helpe her, what would shee finde? *Lavinia* shall I read?

This is the tragicke tale of *Philemel*!

And treates of *Tereus* treason and his rape,

And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.

Mar. See brother see, nota how shee quotes the leaues

Ti. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpris'd sweet girle,

Rauisht and wrong'd as *Philemel* was?

Forc'd in the ruthlesse, yaf, and gloomy woods?

See, see, I such a place there is where wee did hunt,

(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)

Patern'd by that the Poet heere describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foule a den,

Vnlesse the Gods delight in tragedies?

Ti. Giue signes sweet girle, for heere a none but friends

What Romaine Lord it was durst do the deed?

Or dunke not *Saturine*, as *Tarquius* crish,

That left the Campe to sinne in *Luceus* bed.

Mar. Sit downe sweet Neece, brother sit downe by me,

Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,

Inspire me that I may this treason finde.

My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lavinia*.

He writes his Name with his Raffe, and guides it
with fete and mouth.

This sandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canst

This

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curst be that hart that forc't vs to that shift:
Write thou good Necce, and heere display at last,
What God will haue discouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy sorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

*She takes the staffe in her mouth, and guides it with her
flempt and writes.*

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what she hath writ?
Suprem, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what, the lustfull sonnes of Tamora,
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?

Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam tentis nudis sceleris, tam lentis uidet?

Mar. Oh calme thee, gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To stirre a mutinie in the midst thoughtles,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaims.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lucinia* kneele,
And kneele sweet boy, the Romaine *Hellors* hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull *Feere*
And father of that chait dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute (by good aduise)
Mortall reuenge vpon these traytorious Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Ti. This sure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt these Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if the winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deeply still in league.
And lulls him whilst the playeth on her backe,
And when he sleepest will the do what the list.
You are a young huntman *Marcius*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a lease of brasse,
And with a Gad of Steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow these sands like *Sidels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then. Boy what say you?

Boy. I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. I that's my boy, thy father bath full off,
For his vagratefull country done the like.

Boy. And Vnele go will, and I will.
Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armourie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandfire:
Ti. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lucinia come, *Marcius* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we fir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*

Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcius attend him in his catasie,
That hath more fears of sorrow in his heart,
Then soe-mens markes vpon his batter'd shield,
But yet so iost, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus*. *Exit*

*Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one doore, and at another
doore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of
weapons, and verses writ vpon them.*

Chi. Demetrius heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.

Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greece your honour from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romaine Gods confound you both.

Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's market with rape. May it please you,
My Grandfire well aduic'd hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armourie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for so he had me say:
And so I do and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit*

Deme. What's heere? a scroole, & written round about it
Let's see.

Integer vitae scelerisque purus, non eget maury iaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.

Moore. I lust, a verse in *Horace* right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Affe?
Heer's no sound iest, the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empresse well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conneit:
But let her rest, in her vnrest a while.

And now young Lords, wa't not a happy starre
Led vs to Rome strangers, and more then so;
Captiues, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.

Deme. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send vs gifts.

Moore. Had he not reason Lord *Demetrius*?

Did you not see his daughter very friendly?
Deme. I would we had a thousand Romaine Dames
At such a bay, by turne to serue our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of loue.

Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to say, Amen.

Chi. And that would be for twenty thousand more.

Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her paines.

Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.
Finis.

Deme. Why do the Emperors trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike for ioy the Emper our hath a sonne.

Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurse with a blacke & Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the Moore?

Aron. Well, more or lesse, or nere a whit at all,

Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nurse. Ob gentle *Aaron*, we are all yndone,

Now helpe, or wee betide thee euermore.

Aron. Why, what a catterwalling dost thou keepe?

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?

Nurse. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,

Oor Empresse shame, and stately Romes disgrace,

She is deliuered Lords, she is deliuered.

Aron. To whom?

Nurse. I meane she is brought a bed?

Aron. Wel God giue her good rest,

What

What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A deuil.

Aron. Why then he's the Devils Dam: a loyfull issue.

Nurse. A loyfele, difmall, blacke & sorrowfull issue,
Heere is the babe as loathsome as a toad,
Among't the fairest breeders of our clime,

The Emperesse sends it thee, thy stamp, thy feale,
And bids thee churche it with thy daggers point.

Aron. Out you whore, is blacke so bafe a hue?
Sweet blowfe, you are a beaustious blifsome fore.

Deme. Villaine what haft thou done?

Aron. That which thou callst not vndoe.

Chi. Thou haft vndone our mother.

Deme. And therein hellifh dog, thou haft vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur't the off-fpring of fo foule a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aron. It shall not die.

Nurse. *Aaron* it moft, the mother wils it fo.

Aron. What, moft it *Nurse*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my flefh and blood.

Deme. He brouch the Tadpole on my Rapien point
Nurse giue it me, my fword fhall foone difpatch it.

Aron. Sooner this fword fhall plough thy bowels vp.

Stay motherous villaines, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,

That fh'one fo brightly when this Boy was got,

He dies vpon my Semitars sharpe point,

That touches this my first borne fonne and heire.

I tell you young-lings, not *Enclaud*

With all his threatening boad of *Tybons* broode,

Nor greet *Alcidas*, nor the God of warre,

Shall ceafe this prey out of his fathers hands:

What, what, ye feogaine fhellow harted Boyes,

Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-houfe painted fignes,

Cole-blacke is better then another hue;

In that it fcornea to beere another hue:

For all the water in the Ocean,

Can neuer turoe the Swans blacke legs to white,

Although the laue them hourly in the flood:

Tell the Emperresse from me, I am of age

To keepe mine owne, excufe it how the can.

Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble miftris thus?

Aron. My miftris is my miftris: this my felfe,

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world do I preferre,

This mifger all the world will I keepe fafe,

Or fome of you fhall fmoake for it in Rome.

Deme. By this our mother is for euer tham'd.

Chi. Rome will defpife her for this foule efcape.

Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.

Chi. I blufh to thinke vpon this ignomie.

Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beoaty beares:

Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with blufhing

The clofe enefes and counfells of the hart:

Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,

Looke how the blacke flauie fmiles vpon the father;

As who fhould fay, old Lad I am thine owne.

He is your brother Lords, fenfibly fed

Of that felfe blood that first gaue life to you,

And from that wombe where you imprisoned were

He is enfranchifed and come to light:

Nay he is your brother by the furer fide,

Although my feale be ftomped in his face.

Nurse. *Aaron* what fhall I fay vnto the Emperrefe?

Deme. Adulfe thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,

And we will all fubfcribe to thy adolfe:

Sauce thou the child, fo we may all be fafe.

Aron. Then fir we downe and let vs all confult.

My fonne and I will heare the winde of you:

Keepe there, now talke at pleafure of your fafety.

Deme. How many women faw this childe of his?

Aron. Why fo heere Lords, when we ioyne to league

I am a Lamber: but if you braue the *Moore*,

The chafed Bore, the mountaine *Lyonesse*,

The Ocean fwells not fo at *Aaron* formes:

But fuy againe, how many faw the childe?

Nurse. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my felfe,

And none elfe but the deliuered Emperrefe.

Aron. The Emperrefe, the Midwife, and your felfe,

Two may keepe counfell, when the the third's away:

Go to the Emperrefe, tell her this I feid, *He kills her*

Weeks, weeks, fo cries a Pigge prepared to th'ipit.

Deme. What mean't thou *Aron*?

Wherefore did't thou this?

Aron. O Lord fir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?

Shall the liue to betray this guilt of our's:

A long tongu'd bialing Gollip? No Lords oo:

And now be it knowne to you my full intent.

Not ferre, one *Mulitru* my Country-men

His wife bot yesternight was brought to bed,

His childe is like to her, faire as you are:

Goe pucke with him, and giue the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumfance of all,

And how by this their Childe fhall be aduanc'd,

And be recioed for the Emperours heyre,

And fubftituted in the place of mine,

To calme this tempeft whirling in the Court,

And let the Emperour denie him for his owne.

Harke ye Lords, ye fee I haue giuen her phyficke,

And you muft needs beflow her funeral,

The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:

This done, fee that you take no longer daies

But fend the Midwife prefently to me.

The Midwife and the Nurse well made away,

Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleafe.

Chi. *Aaron* I fee thou wilt not troft the syre with fe

Deme. For this care of *Tamora*, *(creta.)*

Her felfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*

Aron. Now to the Gothes, as fwift as Swallow flies,

There to difpofe this treafure in mine armes,

And fecretly to grette the Emperrefe friends:

Come on you thick-lip-flou, lie beere you hence,

For it is you that puts vs to our fhifts:

He make you feed on herries, and on rootes,

And feed on curds and whay, and fucke the Goate,

And cabbins in a Coae, and bring you vp

To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlem.

with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with

Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinfmen this is the way.

Sir Boy let me fee your *Ascherie*,

Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:

Terrus *Affra* reliquit, be you remembered *Marcus*.

She's gone, she's fed, fir take you to your tooles,

You Coffens fhall goe found the Ocean:

And callt your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,

Yet ther's as little iufice as at Land:

No *Publius* and *Scmpronius*, you muft doe it,

'Tis

'Tis you m^{ay} not dig with Mattocke, and with Spade,
And pierce the inmost Center of the earth;
Then when you come to *Pluto's* Region,
I pray you deliver him this petition,
Tell him it is for iustice, and for side,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with sorrowes in vagrantfull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well, well, I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the peoples suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone, and pray be carefull all,
And lesue you not a man of warre vnfeareht,
This wicked Emperour may haue thipt her hence,
And kinfmen then we may goe pipe for iustice.

Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie case
To see thy Noble Vnckle thus distrust?

Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concerns,
By day and night t'attend him carefully;
And feede his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some carefull remedie.

Marc. Kinfmen, his sorrowes are past remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes, and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius* how now? how now my Maisters?
What haue you met with her?

Publ. No my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you shall,
Marrie for iustice she is so imploy'd,
He thinks with *Luce* in heauen, or some where else;
So that perforce you must needs haue a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
He diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Aeacus* by the heeles.
Marcus we are but shrubs, no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men, fram'd of the Cyclops fise,
But mettall *Marcus*, Steele to the very backe,
Yet wrong with wrongs more then our backe can beare;
And sith there's no iustice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicite heauen, and moue the Gods
To send downe iustice for to wreake our wrongs;
Come to this gearre, you are a good Archer *Marcus*.

He giues them the Arrows.
Al. Isom, that's for you: here ad *Appollonius*,
Ad Martem, that's for my kiffe,
Heere Boy to *Pallas*, heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*, to *Cahu*, not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to shoote against the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* looke when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
There's not a God left vnfollicited.

Marc. Kinfmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflicte the Emperour in his pride.

Tit. Now Maisters draw, Oh well said *Lucius* t
Good Boy in *Virgins* lap, giue it *Pallas*.

Marc. My Lord, I aime a Mile beyond the Moone,
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marc. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot,
The Bull being gal'd, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Emperesse villaine:
She laught, and told the Moore he should not chooſe
But giue them to his Maister for a present.

Tit. Why there it goes, God giue your Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clown with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. News, news, from heauen,
Marcus the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tydings? haue you any letters?

Shall I haue iustice, what sayes *Iupiter*?
Clowne. Ho the libbetmaker, he sayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what sayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas fir I know not *Iupiter*!

I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?

Clowne. I of my Pigeons fir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, did'st thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas fir, I neuer came there,

God forbid I should be so bold, to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunal Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vnckle, and one of the Emperiales men.

Marc. Why fir, that is as fit as can be to serue for your Oration, and let him deliver the Pigeons to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee, can you deliver an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truly fir, I could neuer say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither, make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou shalt haue iustice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while her's money for thy charges.
Giue me pen and inke.

Sirrah, can you with a Grace deliver a Snpplication?

Clowne. I fir

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneele, then kisse his foote, then deliver vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. He be at hand fir, see you do it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you fir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirraha hast thou a knife? Come let me see it.
Heere *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou hast giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he sayes.

Clowne. God be with you fir, I will.

Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exit.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Emperesse, and her two fennes, the Emperour brings the Arrows in his hand that Titus shot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are these? was euer scene
An Emperour in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iustice, w'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares) there nought hath pass'd,
But euen with law against the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His sorrowes haue so ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterneſſe?
And now he writes to heauen for his redresse.
See, heeres to *Ioue*, and this to *Mercury*,

Thia

This to *Apollis*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet scrowles to flie about the streets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling against the Senate,
And blasoning our Injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would say, in Rome no Iustice were.
But if I live, his fained estates
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that Iustice liues
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he sleepe,
Hee'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud & Conspirator that liues.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturninus*,
Lord of my life, Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of sorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whose losse hath pier'd him deepe, and scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Then prosecute the meane of the best
For these contemptes. Why thus it shall become
High witted *Tamora* to glee with all:
But *Titus*, I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wife,
Then is all false, the Anchor's in the Port.

Enter Cloten.

How now good fellow, would'st thou speake with vs?
Clot. Yea forthwith, and your Mistrisship be Emperiall.
Tam. Emperre I am, but yonder sits the Emperour.
Clot. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen gior you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter, & a couple of Pigeons heere.

He reads the Letter.

Sat. Goe take him away, and hang him presently.
Cloten. How much money must I haue?
Tam. Come sirrah you must be hang'd.
Clot. Hang'd? her Lady, then I haue brought vp a neck
to a faire end.

Exit.

Sat. Despightfull and intolerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this fame deuise proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traitorous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murder of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age, nor Honour, shall shape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke, Ile be thy slaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch, that holp't to make me great,
In hope thy selfe should gouerne Rome and me.

Enter Nuntius Emilius.

Sat. What newes with these *Emilius*?
Emil. Arme my Lords, Rome neuer had more cause,
The Gothes haue gather'd head, and with a power
Of high resolu'd men, bent to the spoyle
They hither march amaine, vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*, Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in course of this reuenge to do
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.

King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
These tydings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grasse beat downe with stormes:
I, now begins our fortunes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue so much,
My selfe hath often heard them say,
(When I haue walk'd like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* banishment was wrongfully,
And they haue wight that *Lucius* were their Emperour.

Tam. Why should you feare? Is not our City strong?

King. I, but the Citizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. *King*, be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sonne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
And is not careful what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
Euen so mayest thou, the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy spirit, for know thou Emperour,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
Then bailes to fish, or hony stalkes to sheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.

King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.

Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can smooth and flie his aged care,
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost Impregnable, his old eares deafe,
Yet should both eare and heart obey my tongue.

Goe thou before to our Embassadour,
Say, that the Emperour requests a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

King. *Emilius* do this message Honourably,
And if he stand in Hurlage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.

Emil. My bidding shall I do effectually.

Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now sweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Sat. Then goe successefully and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Flourish. *Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Soldiers.*

Luci. Approued warriors, and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our fight they are.
Therefore great Lords, be as your Titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Braue slip, sprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs, wee follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging Bees in hottest Summers day,
Led by their Maister to the flower'd fields,
And be aueng'd on curst *Tamora*:
And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luci. I humbly thanke him, and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his child
in his armes.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I straid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monastrie,

And

And as I earnestly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the wasted building, suddainly
I heard a childre cry ynderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyse, when soone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this discourse:
Peace Tawny slave, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whose brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'st haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milke-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calf:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I must beare thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Emperesse babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers sake.
With this, my weapon drawne I ruft vpon him,
Surpris'd him suddainly, and brought him hither
To vs, as you thinke needefull of the man.

Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Emperesse eye,
And heere's the Bafe Fruit of his burning lust.
Say wall-ey'd slave, whether would'st thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his side his Fruite of Bastardie.

Aras. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
First hang the Child that he may see it spall,
A sight to vex the Fathers soule withall.

Aras. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, saue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Emperesse:
If thou do this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more: but vengeance rot you all.

Luci. Say on, and if it please me which thou speake'st,
Thy childe shall liue, and I will see it Noorish.

Aras. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Massacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Mischiefe, Treson, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pitiously preform'd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vnlesse thou sweare to me my Childe shall liue.

Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I say thy Childe shall liue.

Aras. Sweare that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luci. Who should I sweare by,
Thou beleuest no God,
That graunted, how can'st thou beleue an oath?

Aras. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called Conscience,
With twenty Popish tricke and Ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee careful to obserue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Idiot holds his Buble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he sweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God so ere it be
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence,
To saue my Boy, to nourish and bring him vp,
Ore else I will discouer noight to thee.

Luci. Euen by my God I sweare to thee I will.

Aras. First know thou,
I begot him on the Emperesse.

Luci. Oh most insatiate luxuriose woman!
Aras. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou shalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Basianus*,
They cut thy Sisters tongue, and rauisht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou saw'st.

Luci. Oh detestable villaine!

Call'st thou that Trimming?

Aras. Why she was wast'd, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luci. Oh barbarous beastly villaines like thy selfe!

Aras. Indeede, I was thy Tutor to instruct them,

That Coddling spirit had they from their Mother,

As fore a Card as euer wonne the Set;

Luci. That bloody miode I thinke they learn'd of me,

As true a Dog as euer fought at head.

Well, let my Deeds be witness of my worth:

I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,

Where the dead Corps of *Basianus* lay:

I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,

And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.

Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of Mischiefe in it.

I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,

And when I had it, drew my selfe apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreame laughter.

I pried me through the Crevice of a Wall,

When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,

Beheld his teares, and laugh'd so hartly,

That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:

And when I told the Emperesse of this sport,

She sounded almost at my pleasing tale,

And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kisses.

Gals. What canst thou say all this, and neuer blush?

Aras. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the saying is.

Luci. Art thou not sorry for these balaious deedes?

Aras. I, that I had not done a thousand more:

Euen now I curse the day, and yet I thinke

Few come within few compasse of my curse,

Wherein I did not some Notorious ill,

As kill a man, or else deuise his death,

Rauish a Maid, or plot the way to do it,

Accuse some Innocent, and forswear my selfe,

Set deadly Enmity betwene two Friends,

Make poore menes Cartell breake their neckes,

Set fire on Barnes and Haystackes in the night,

And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:

Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,

And set them vpright at their deere Friends doore,

Euen when their sorrowes almost was forgot,

And on their skinnies, as on the Barke of Trees,

Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,

Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead,

Tut, I haue done a thousand dreadfull things

As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,

And nothing grieues me hartly indeede,

But that I cannot doe ten thousand more.

Luci. Bring downe the deuill, for he most not die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aras. If there be deuils, would I were a deuill,

To liue and burne in euerslasting fire,

So I might haue your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luci. Sirs stop his mouth, & let him speake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Gerb. My Lord, there is a Messenger from Rome Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come neere.

Welcome *Emilius*, what the newes from Rome?

Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes, The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me, And for he vnderstandes you are in Armes, He craues a parly at your Fathers house Willing you to demand your Hostages, And they shall be immediately deliuered.

Gerb. What saies our Generall?

Luc. *Emilius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*, *Flourish.* And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamara, and her two Sonnes disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad Habilliment, I will encounter with *Andronicus*, And say, I am Reuenge sent from below, To ioyne with him and right his haינווס wrongs: Knocke at his study where they say he keeps, To ruminat strange pletes of dire Reuenge, Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him, And worke confusion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his study dore.

Tit. Who doth molest my Contemplation? Is it your trickie to make me ope the dore, That so my sad decrees may flie away, And all my studie be to no effect? You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do, See heere in bloody lines I haue set downe: And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,

Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke, Wanting a hand to giue it action,

Thou hast the ods of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me,

Thou would'st talke with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough, Witnesse this wretched stumpe, Witnesse these crimson lines, Witnesse these Trenches made by griefe and care, Witnesse the tiring day, and heauie night, Witnesse all sorrow, that I know thee well For our proud Emperesse, *Mighty Tamara*: Is not thy comming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou sad man, I am not *Tamara*, She is thy Enemy, and I thy Friend, I am Reuenge sent from th' infernall Kingdome, To eske the gnawing Vulture of the mind, By working wreskefull vengeance on my Foes: Come downe and welcome me to this worlda light, Conferre with me of Murder and of Death, Ther's not a hollow Cave or lurking place, No Vast obcority, or Misty vale, Where bloody Murther or detested Rape, Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out, And in their cares tell them my dreadfull name, Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Reuenge, and art thou sent to me, To be a torment to mine Enemies?

Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.

Tit. Doe me some seruice ere I come to thee: Loe bythy side where Rape and Murder stands, Now giue some surance that thou art Reuenge, Stub them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheels, And then ile come and be thy Waggoner, And whirle along with thee about the Globes. Provide thee two proper Pallfries, as blacke as let, To hale thy vengefull Waggon swift away, And finde out Murder in their guilty cares, And when thy Car is laden with their heads, I will dismount, and by the Waggon wheele, Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long, Euen from *Eptus* rising in the East, Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.

And day by day Ile do this heauy taske, So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are them thy Min' isters, what are they call'd?

Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called so, Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord how like the Emperesse Sonnes they are, And you the Emperesse: But we worldly men, Haue miserable mad mistaking eyes: Oh sweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee, And if one armes embracement will content thee, I will embrace thee in it by and by.

Tam. This cloeing with him, fits his Lunacie, What ere I forge to feede his braine-sicke fits, Do you vphold, and maintaine in your speeches, For now he firmly takes me for Reuenge, And being Credulous in this mad thought, Ile make him send for *Lucius* his Sonne, And whil'st I at a Banquet hold him fure, Ile find some cunning practise out of hand To scatter and disperse the giddie Gothes, Or at the least make them his Enemies: See heere he comes, and I must play my theame.

Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee, Welcome dread Fury to thy woefull house, Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too, How like the Emperesse and her Sonnes you are. Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore, Could not all hell afford you such a deuil? For well I wote the Emperesse neuer wags; But in her company there is a Moore, And would you represent our Queene aright It were convenient you had such a deuil: But welcome as you are, what shall we doe?

Tam. What would'st thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?

Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.

Tit. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape, And I am sent to be reueng'd on him, *Tam.* Shew me a thouland that haue done thee wrong, And Ile be reuenged on them all.

Tit. Looke round about the wicked streets of Rome, And when thou find'st a man that's like thy selfe, Good Murder stab him, hee's a Murtherer. Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap To finde another that is like to thee, Good Rapine stab him, he is a Rapiour. Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court, There is a Queene attended by a Moore, Well maist thou know her by thy owne proportion, For vp and downe she doth resemble thee. I pray thee doe on them some violent death, They haue bene violent to me and mine.

e e

Tamara.

Tam. Well hast thou leffon'd vs, this shall we do.
But would it please thee good *Andronicus*,
To fend for *Lavinia* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and Banquet at thy house.
When he is heere, even at thy Solemn Feast,
I will bring in the Emperesse and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himselfe, and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop, and koele,
And on them shalt thou cefe, thy angry heart
What saies *Andronicus* to this deuise?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. *Marcus* my Brother, 'tis sad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lavinia*,
Thou shalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me, and bring with him
Some of the chieffest Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour, and the Emperesse too,
Feasts at my house, and he shall Feast with them,
This do thou for my loue, and so let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.

Mar. This will I do, and soone returne againe.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy businesse,
And take my Ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lavinia*.

Tam. What say you Boyes, will you bide with him,
Whiles I see the Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined selfe?
Yield to his Humour, smooth and speake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuises,
A payre of curled hell-hounds and their Dam.

Dem. Madam depart at pleasure, leaue vs heere.

Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*, reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foe.

Tit. I know thou doo'st, and sweet reuenge farewell.
Chi. Tell vs old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine*.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The Emperesse Sonnes.
I take them, *Chiron*, *Demetrius*.

Titus. Fie *Publius*, he, thou art too much deceas'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is the others name,
And therefore binde them gentle *Publius*,
Caius, and *Valentine*, lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me with for such an houre,
And now I find it, therefore binde them sure.

Chi. Villaines forbear, we are the Emperesse Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore do we, what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speake a word,
Is he sure bound, looke that you binde them fast. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia
with a Basin.*

Tit. Come, come *Lavinia*, looke, thy Foes are bound,
Sirs stop their mouths, let them not speake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.

Oh Villaines, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*,
Here stands the spring whom you haue stain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mist,
You kill'd her husband, and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry iest,
Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue, her spotlesse Chastity,
Inhumaine Traytors, you constrain'd and for't.
What would you say, if I should let you speake?
Villaines for shame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches, how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left, to cut your throats,
Whil't that *Lavinia* twene her stumps doth hold:
The Basen that receiues your guilty blood,
You know your Mother meane to feast with me,
And calls herselfe Reuenge, and thinks me mad.
Harke Villaines, I will grin'd your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, Ile make a Paffe,
And of the Paffe a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Pallies of your shamefull Heads,
And bid that trumpet your vnhalloved Dam,
Like to the earth swallow her increafe.
This is the Feast, that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet she shall surfeit on,
For worse then *Philemel* you vs'd my Daughter,
And worse then *Progne*, I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia* come.
Receiue the blood, and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder small,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paffe let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come, come, be euerie one officious,
To make this Banquet, which I with might proue,
More sterne and bloody then the Centaures Feast.

He cuts their throats.

So now bring them in, for Ile play the Cooke,
And see them ready, gainst their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*, since 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repaire to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine befall, what Fortune will.

Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Rauens Tiger, this accursed deuill,
Let him receiue no substance, fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperous face,
For testimony of her foule proceedings.

And see the Ambush of our Friends be strong,
If ere the Emperour meane no good to vs.

Aron. Some deuill whisper curses in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter for th,
The Venemous Mallice of my swelling heart.

Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge, Vnhallow'd Slave,
Sirs, helpe our Vnckle, to conuey him in, *Flourish.*
The Trumpets shew the Emperour is at hand.

*Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Emperesse, with
Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the Firemament more Suns then one?

Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy selfe a Sunne?

Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
These quarrels must be quietly debated,
The Feast is ready which the careful *Titus*,

Hath

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace, for Love, for League, and good to Rome:
Please you therefore draw nee and take your places.

Satur. Marcus we will.

Hobeyes.

A Table brought in.

Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on
the Table, and Lavinia with a vial over her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes, welcome Lavinia,
And welcome all although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your stomacks, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highnesse, and your Emperesse.

Tam. We are beholding to you good Andronicus?

Tit. And if your Highnesse knew my heart, you werc:
My Lord the Emperour resolue me this,
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Because she was enfor'd, stain'd, and deflowr'd?

Satur. It was Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, Mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the Girl, should not suruine her shame,
And by her preface fill renew his sorrowes.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectually,
A patterne, president, and liuely warrant,
For me (most wretched) to performe the like:
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame, thy Fathers sorrow die.

He kills her.

Sat. What hast done, vnnatural and vnkinde?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as Virginius was,
And haue a thousand times more cause then he.

Sat. What was the rasiuit? tell who did the deed,

Tit. Wilt please you cat,

Wilt please your Highnesse feed?

Tam. Why hast thou staind thine onely Daughter?

Titus. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius,
They rasiuit her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her ill this wrong.

Satur. Go fetch them hither to vs presently.

Tit. Why there they are both, baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantly hath fed,
Eating the flesh that the herselfe hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my kniues sharpe point.
He feals the Emperesse.

Satur. Die franticke wretch, for this scurried deed.

Lac. Can the Sonnes eye, behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede, death for a deadly deed.

Marc. You sad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores leu'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattered by windes and high tempestuous gusts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This scattered Come, into one mutuall shawe,
These broken limbs againe into one body.

Goth. Let Rome herselfe be due vnto herselfe,
And thee whom mightie kingdoms curse too,
Like a forlorne and desperate castaway,
Doe shamefull execution on her selfe.

But if my frostie signes and chaps of age,
Graue witness of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erit our Auncellor,

When with his solemne tongue he did discourse
To loue-sicke Didos sad attending eare,
The story of that balfull burning night,
When subtil Greekes surpris'd King Priams Troy:
Tell vs what Sinne hath bewitcht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That giues our Troy, our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor Steele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vittrance, euen in the time
When it should moue you to attend me moe,
Lending your kind hand Commiseration.
Heere is a Capitaine, let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throo and weepe to heare him speake.

Lac. This Noble Auditory, be it knowne to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rasiuit our Sister,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares despis'd, and basely couen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And sent her enemies vnto the graue.

Lastly, my selfe vnkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drownd their enmitie in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to embrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth, be it knowne to you,
That haue prefer'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the Steele in my aduenturous body.
Alas you know, I am no Vaunter I,
My scars can witness, dumbe although they are,
That my report is iust and full of truth:
But soft, me thinks I do digresse too much,
Cying my worthlesse praise: Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turne to speake: Behold this Child,
Of this was Tamara deliuered,
The issue of an Irreligious Moore,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of these woes,
The Villaine is slue in Titus house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now iudge what course had Titus to reuenge
These wrongs, vnspcakable past patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth, what say you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amisse? shew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of Andronici,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast vs downe,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall closure of our house:
Speake Romaines speake, and if you say we shall,
Loe hand in hand, Lavinia and I will fall.

Emili. Come come, thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lavinia our Emperour: for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it shall be so.

Marc. Lavinia, all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe, goe into old Titus sorrowfull house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moore,
To be adiudg'd some direfull slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
Lavinia all haile to Romes gracious Gouverneur.

c c c

Lavinia

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne so,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske:
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To shed obsequious teares vpon this Trunke:
Oh take this warme kisse on thy pale cold lips,
Theres forrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-blaine face,
The last true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.

Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kisse for kisse,
Thy Brother *Morcu* tenders on thy Lips:
O were the summe of thes that I should pay
Countlesse, and infinit, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in showres: thy Grandfire lou'd thee well:
Many a time he dane'd thee on his knee:
Sung thee asleepe, his Louing Brest, thy Pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
I Meete, and agreeing with thine Infancie:
In that respect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender Spring,
Because kinde Nature doth require it for
Friends, should associate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindeffest, and take leaue of him.

Boy. O Grandfire, Grandfire: euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, so you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot speake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.

Romans. You sad *Andreski*, haue done with woes,
Giue sentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath bene breeder of these dire euent.

Luc. Set him brest deepe in earth, and samish him:
There let him stand, and raue, and cry for foode:
If any one releues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome:
Some stay, to see him fast'ned in the earth.

Alon. O why should wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with bafe Prayers
I should repent the Evils I haue done.
Ten thousand worse, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will:
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.

Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp'hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lauisia*, shall forthwith
Be clofed in our Houholds Monument:
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds:
No mournfull Bell shall ring her Buriall:
But throw her forth to Beasts and Birds of prey:
Her life was Beast-like, and dewoid of pity,
And being so, shall haue like want of pity.
See Iustice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning:
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euent, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Sampson and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers,
of the House of Capulet.*

Sampson.

Gregory: A my word wee'l not carry coles.
Greg. No, for then we should be Colliers.
Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.
Greg. I, While you live, draw your necke out
o'th Collar.

Samp. I strike quickly, being mou'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to strike.

Samp. A dog of the house of *Montague*, moues me.

Greg. To moue, is to stir; and to be valiant, is to stand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runst away.

Samp. A dogge of that house shall moue me to stand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Montague*.

Greg. That shewes thee a weakie slaue, for the weak-
est goes to the wall.

Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Vessels, are euer thrust to the wall: therefore I will push
Montague men from the wall, and thrust his Maides to
the wall. (their men.)

Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Masters, and vs

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will shew my selfe a tyrant: when
I haue fought with the men, I will bee cluill with the
Maides, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the Maids?

Samp. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what fence thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it fence, that feele it.

Samp. Me they shall feele while I am able to stand:

And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fish: If thou had'st, thou
had'st bene poore Linn. Draw thy Toole, here comes
of the House of the *Montagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee

Greg. How! Turne thy backe, and run.

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marry: I feare thee.

Samp. Let vs take the Law of our sides: let them begin.

Gr. I will frown as I passe by, & let thã take it as they list

Samp. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my Thumb at them,
which is a disgrace to them, if they beare it.

Abs. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs fir?

Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, fir.

Abs. Do you bite your Thomb at vs, fir?

Samp. Is the Law of our side, if I say I? *Gr.* No.

Samp. No fir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you fir: but
I bite my Thumbe fir.

Greg. Do you quarrell fir?

Abs. Quarrell fir? no fir.

Samp. If you do fir, I am for you, I serue as good a man

Abs. No better?

Samp. Well fir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes, better.

Abs. You Lye.

Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
washing blow.

Ben. Part Foole, put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among these heartlesse
Hindes? Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke vpon thy death.

Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues*, and thee:
Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partifons, strike, beat them down
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Montagues*.

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What nois is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch: why call you for a Sword?

Cap. My Sword I say: Old *Montague* is come,
And flourishes his Blade in spight of me.

Enter old Montague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*. Hold me not, let me go

Wife. Thou shalt not fir a foote to fecke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eshales, with his Train.

Prince. Rebellois Subiects, Enemies to peace,

Prophaners of this Neighbor-stained Steele,

Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious Rage,

With purple Fountaines issuing from your Veines?

On paine of Torture, from those bloody hands

Throw your mistemper'd Weapons to the ground,

And heare the Sentence of your moued Prince.

Three cluill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,

By thee old *Capulet* and *Montague*,

Haue thrice disturbd the quiet of our streets,

And made *Verona*'s ancient Citizens

Cast by their Graue befeeming Ornaments,

To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

e 3

Cankeed

Cankred with peace, to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time all the rest depart away :

You Capulet shall go along with me,
And *Montague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleasure in this case I
To nild Free-towne, our common iudgement place :

Ooe more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exunt.*

Mam. Who let this ancient quarrell new abroach?

Speake Nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Heere were the seruants of your aduersarie,
And yours close fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them, in the infant came
The fiery *Tibalt*, with his sword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my cares,
He swung about his head, and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hift him in scorne.
While we were enterchanging thrusts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*, law you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an houre before the worshipst Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the East,
A troubled mind draw me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of *Sycamore*,
That West-ward rooth from this City side:
So earily walking did I see your Sonne:
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood,
I measuring his affections by my owne,
Which then most fought, wher most might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary selfe,
Pursued my Honour, not pursuing his
And gladly shunn'd, who gladly fled from me.

Mam. Many a morning hath he there beene seene,
With teares augmenting the fresh mornings dew,
Adding to cloudes, more cloudes with his deepe sighes,
But all so soone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the farthest East begin to draw
The shady Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light scales home my heavy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber penues himselfe,
Shots vp his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himselfe an artificall night:
Blacke and portentious must this humour prove,
Vnlesse good counsell may the cause remove.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cause?

Mam. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Mam. Both by my selfe and many others Friends,

But he his owne affectiones counsellor,
Is to himselfe: I will not say how true
But to himselfe so secret and so close,
So farre from sounding and discouery,
As is the bud bit with an eniuous worme,
Ere he can spread his sweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the fame.
Could we but learne from whence his sorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes, so please you step aside,
He know his greeuance, or be much denide.

Mam. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To heare true shrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new brooke nine.

Rom. Aye me, God houes seeme long:

Was that my Father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was: what sadness lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Rom. Not hauing that, which hauing, makes them short

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proofe.

Rom. Alas that loue, whose view is muffled bill,

Should without eyes, see path-ways to his will:

Where shall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?

Yet tell me not, for I haue heard it all:

Heere's much to do with hate, but more with loue:

Why then, O brawling loue, O louing hate,

O any thing, of nothing first created:

O heaue lightnesse, serious vanitie,

Mithapen Chaos of welcing formes,

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sickle health,

Still waking sleepe, that is not what it is:

This loue feele I, that feele no loue in this.

Doeft thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppression.

Rom. Why such is loues transie religion.

Griefes of mine owne lie heaue in my breast,

Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preast

With more of thine, this loue that thou hast showne,

Doth adde more griefe, to too much of mine owne.

Loue, is a smoke made with the fume of sighes,

Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in Louers eyes,

Bring vext, a Sea nourish'd with louing teares,

What is it else? a madnesse, most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preferring sweet:

Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.

And if you leaue me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue lost my selfe, I am not here,

This is not *Romeo*, hee's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you loue?

Rom. What shall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone, why no: but sadly tell me who.

Rom. A sickie man in sadness makes his will:

A word ill vr'd to one that is so ill:

In sadness Cousin, I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aym'd so neare, when I suppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man, and thee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you misse, shoul not be hit

With Cupids arrow, the hath *Diana's* wit:

And in strong proofe of chastity well arm'd:

From loues weake childifh Bow, the liues vncharm'd.

Shew will not stay the siege of louing tearmes,

Nor bid th' encounter of assailing cyes.

Nor open her lap to Saint's seducing Gold:

O she is rich in beautie, onely poore,

That when she dies, with beautie dies her store.

Ben. Then the hath sworne, that the will still liue chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that spair make huge wast?

For beauty steru'd with her seueritie,

Cuts beauty off from all posteritie.

She

She is too faire, too wifely: fely too faire,
To merit blifis by making me difpaire:
She hath forsworne to loue, and in that vow
Do I lue dead, that line to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me how I should forget to thinke.

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,

Re. 'Tis the way to call her (exquisite) in question more,
These happy maskes that kisse faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
Hs that is strooken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost:
Shew me a Mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her beauty serue but as a note,
Where I may read who putt that puffing faire.
Farewell thou can't not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pry that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt*

Enter Capulet, Countess Paris and the Clowne.

Capu. *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For meo fo old as we, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my fate?

Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My Child is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not scene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Paris. Younger than shee, are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too soone mar'd are those fo early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And thee agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my content, and faire according voice:
This ought I hold an old accustomed Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Guest,
Such as I loue, and you among the flore,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do lusty young men feele,
When well apparell'd April on the heele
Of limping Winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: heare all, all see:

And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, goe with mee: goe firrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure day. *Exit.*

Sr. Find them out whose names are written. Heere it
is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his
Yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his
Penfill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to
find those persons whose names are writ, & can neuer find
what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to
the learned) in good time.

Enter Bembolio, and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lefined by anothers anguish:

Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with anothers laugh:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyson of the old will die.

Rom. Your Plantan lease is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:

Shut vp in prison, kept without my food,

Whipt and tormented, I and Godden good fellow,

Sr. Goddigoden, I pray fir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.

Sr. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without hooke:

But I pray can you read any thing you see?

Rom. I, if I know the Letters and the Language.

Sr. Ye say honestly, reit you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

*Seigneur Martino, and his wife and daughter: Countess An-
selme and his beauctious sisters: the Lady widow of Utru-
na, Seigneur Placentio and his lovely Nieces: Mercutio and
his brother Valentio: mine oncle Capulet his wife and daughters:
my faire Niece Rejuline, Luina, Seigneur Valentin, & his
Cosen Tybolt: Lucio and the lively Helena.
A faire assembly, whether should they come?*

Sr. Vp.

Rom. Whither? to supper?

Sr. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Sr. My Maisters.

Rom. Indeed I should haue askt you that before.

Sr. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maister is
the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the house of
Montague, I pray come aod cruish a cup of wine. Reit
you merry. *Exit.*

Ben. At this same sunient Feast of *Capulets*

Sups the faire *Rejuline*, whom thou so loues:

With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,

Go thither aod with vnstained eye,

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye

Maintaines such faithhood, then turne teares to fire:

And these who often drown'd could neuer die,

Transparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.

One fairer then my loue: is the all-seeing Sun

Nere saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her faire, none else being by,

Herseife poss'd with herseife in either eye:

But in that Chrillall scales let there be waid,

Your Ladies loue against some other Maid

That I will show you, shining at this Feast,

And the shew scaot sell, well, that now shewes best.

Rom. Ile goe along, no such fight to be showne,

But to reioyce in splendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurse.

Wife. Nurse wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old

I bad her come, what Lamb: what Ladi-bird, God forbid,

Wher's this Girle? what *Iuliet*?

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now, who calls?

Nur. Your Mother.

Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurse giue leaue awhile, we

must

must talke in secret. Nurse come backe againe, I haue remembered me, thou'lt heare our counsell. Thou knowest my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurse. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wife. Shee's not fourteenere.

Nurse. He lay fourteenere of my teeth,

And yet to my teene be it spoken,

I haue but foure, thees's not fourteenere.

How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odder daies.

Nurse. Euen or odder, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteenere. *Susanne* & she, God rest all Christian soules, were of an age. Well *Susanne* is with God, she was too good for me. But as I said, on *Lammas* Eue at night shall she be fourteenere, that shall the marie, I remember it well. 'Tis since the Earth-quake now eleven years, and she was weand I neuer shall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare, vpon that day: for I had then laid *Worme*-wood to my Dug sitting in the Sunne vnder the Douchhouse wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*, nay I doe beare a braine. But as I said, when it did tak the *Worme*-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter, pretty foole, to see it teache, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Douch-house, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and since that time it is a eleuen yeres, for then she could stand alone, nay bi'th' roode she could haue runne, & waded all about: for euen the day before she broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his soule, was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee, doest thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit, wilt thou not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch left crying, & said I: to see now how a left shall come about. I warrant, & I shall lue a thousand yeres, I neuer should forget it: wilt thou oot *Iule* quoth hee and pretty foole it fainted, said I.

Old La. Inough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to thinke it should leaue crying, & say I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels stone? A perillous knock, and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall't vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It stieted and said I.

Iule. And flint thou too, I pray thee *Nurse*, say I.

Nurse. Peace I haue done! God marke thee too his grace thou wast the prettiest Babe that ere I nursed, and I might lue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame

I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Juliet*,

How stands your disposition to be Married?

Iule. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurse. An houre, were not I thine onely Nurse, I would say thou had'st fackt wisdom from thy test.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now, yonger then you heere in *Verona*, Ladies of cheame, Are made already Mothers. By my count I was your Mother, much vpon thes yeares That you are now a Maid, thus then in briefe: The valiant *Paris* seekes you for his loue.

Nurse. A man young Lady, Lodgy, such a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of wase.

Old La. *Verona* Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay hee's a flower, infaith a very flower.

Old La. What say you, can you loue the Gentleman? This night you shall behold him at our Feast,

Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face, And find delight, writ there with Beauties pen: Examine every fawerall liniment, And see how one another lends content: And what obsor'd in this faire volume lies, Find written in the Margent of his eyes. This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer, To Beautifie him, onely lacks a Couer. The fish liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride For faire without, the faire within to hide: That Booke in manies eyed doth share the glorie, That in Gold clasps, Lockes in the Golden storie: So shall you share all that he doth possesse, By hauing him, making your selfe no lesse.

Nurse. No lesse, nay bigger: women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iule. He looke to like, if looking liking moue.

But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,

Then your consent giues strength to make flye.

Enter a Serving man.

Ser. Madam, the guests are come, supper seru'd vp, you cal'd, my young Lady askt for, the Nurse cur'd in the Pantery, and eury thing in extremitie: I must hence to wait, I beseech you follow straight. *Exit.*

Mrs. We follow thee, *Juliet*, the Countie daies.

Nurse. Goe Gyrle, seeke happie nights to happy daies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, with fust or fust other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What shall this speeche be spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of fuch prolixitie, Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood winkt with a skarse, Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath, Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper. But let them measure vs by what they will. Weele measure them a Measure, and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this ambling.

Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Merc. Nay gentle Romeo, we must haue you dance.

Rom. Not I beleewe me, you haue dancioo shoos

With nimble soles, I haue a soale of Lead

So flakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Merc. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,

And suare with them about a common bound.

Rom. I am too fore encaused with his shaft,

To faure with his light feather, and to bound:

I cannot bound a pitch about dull woe,

Vnder lours heauy burthen doe I sinke.

Merc. And to sinke in it should you burthen loue,

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boysterous, and it pricks like thorne.

Merc. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue,

Pricke loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,

Giue me a Case to put my visage in,

A Visor for a Visor, what care I

What curious eye doth quote deformities:

Here are the Beetle-browes shall blush for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no sooner in,

But eery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me, let wantons light of heart

Tickle the fencelesse rushes with their becles:

For I am prouer'd with a Grandier Phrase,

Ile be a Candle-holder and looke oo,

The game was nere so faire, and I am done.

Merc. Tut,

Mer. Tut, duns the Moufe, the Conftables owne word,
If thou art dunc, wee'd draw thee from the mire.
Or fave your reverence loue, wherein thou flickeft
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not fo.

Mer. I meant fir I delay,
We waite our lights in vaies, lights, lights, by day;
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgement fits
Five times in that, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meant well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one ake?

Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.

Mer. And fo did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Rom. In bed a fleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I fee Queene Mab hath bene with you:
She is the Fairies Midwife, & ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger
Then Agat-ftone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman,
drawne with a teeme of little Atomes, ouer mens noſes as
they lie afleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spin-
ners legs: the Couer of the wings of Gralhoppers, her
Traces of the ſmalleft Spiders web, her coullers of the
Moonſhines wstry Beames, her Whip of Crickets bone,
the Laſh of Philome, her Waggoner, a ſmall gray-coated
Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little Worme, prickt
from the Laaie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emper
Hafelut, made by the loyner Squirrel or old Grub, time
out a mind, the Fairies Coach-makers: & in this ſtate
the gallops night by night, through Louers braines: and then
they dreame of Loue. On Courtiers knees, that dreame on
Curſies ſtrait: oſe Lawyers fingers, who ſtraits dreamt on
Pees, oſe Ladies lips, who ſtraits on kiſſes dreame, which
oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their
breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime the gal-
lops oſe a Courtiers noſe, & then dreames he of ſmelling
out aloſe: & ſomtime comes ſhe with Tith pigs tale, tick-
ling a Parſons noſe as ſhe afleepe, then he dreames of
another Benefice. Sometime the drieth oſe a Souldiers
oſe, & then dreames he of cutting Farrisaine throats, of
Breaches, Ambuſados, Spaniſh Blades: Of Healths fue
Fadome deepe, and then anon drums in his eares, at which
he ſtartes and wakes; and being thus frighted, ſweares a
prayer or two & ſleepes againe: this is that very Mab that
platts the manes of Horles in the night: & bakes the Elk-
locks in foule ſluſh haire, which once vntangled, much
miſfortune breeds.

This is the hag, when Maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercurio* peace,
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing, but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconfiſtant then the wind, who woos
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being anger'd, puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping South.

'Bew. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our felues,
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early, for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarrs,

Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels, and expire the tearme
Of a deſpild life cloſ'd in my breaſt:
By ſome vile forfeit vtomely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my court'e,
Direſt my fute: on luſtie Gentlemen.

Bow. Strike Drum.

*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth
with their napkins.*

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Purpan*, that he helpes not to take away?
He ſhitt a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners, ſhall lie in one or two mens
hands, and they vnaſt to, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioyntſtooles, remove the Court-
cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, fave mee a peece
of Marchpane, and as thou loſeſt me, let the Porter let in
Suſan Grandſire, and Nell, Arbenic and Purpan.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are looſt for, and cal'd for, aſkt for, & fought
for, in the great Chamber.

1. We cannot be here and there too, chearly Boyes,
Be briſk awhile, and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

*Enter all the Gueſts and Gentlemen to the
Masks.*

1. *Cap.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes, will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She ſlle ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I haue ſcene the day
That I haue worne a Viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen, come Muſicians play:
Muſicke plays: and the dance.

A Hall, Hall, glue roomes, and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues, and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire, the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah, this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit, nay ſit, good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing daies:
How long 'tis now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a Maſke?

1. *Cap.* Berladly thirty yeares.

2. *Cap.* What man? 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much,
'Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucecin*.
Come Pentycoſt as quickly as it will,
Some fue and twenty yeares, and then we Maſk.

1. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his Sonne is elder fir:
His Sonne is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward twenty yeares agoe.

Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not fir.

Rom. O the doth teach the Torch to burne bright:
It ſeemes he hangs vpon the cheek of night,
As a richewel in an *Ethiops* eare:
Beauty too rich for vſe, for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a Snowy Doe trooping with Crowses,
As yonder Lady oſe her fellows ſhowes;
The meaſure done, ſlle watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers, make bleſſed my rude hand.

Di3

Did my heart love till now, forswear it fight,
For I never saw true Beauty till this night.

Tib. This by his voice, should be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my Rapier Boy, what dares the slave
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To flere and scorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and Honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why how now kinsman,
Wherefore storme you so?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in fight,
To scorne at our Solemnitie this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo* is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that Villaine *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee gentle *Coz*, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Vercine* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gourn'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire preference, and put off these frownes,
An ill becomming semblance for a Feast.

Tib. It fits when such a Villaine is a guest,
He not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What Goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the Maister here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, God shall mend my soule,
Youle make a Mutiole among the Guests:
You will set cocke a hope, youle be the man.

Tib. Why Vncle, 'tis a shame.
Cap. Go too, go too,
You are a fawcy Boy, 'tis so indeed?
This trickie may chance to scath you, I know what,
You must contrary me, marry 'tis time.
Well said my hearts, you are a Prince, goe,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
He make you quiet. What, chereely my hearts.

Tib. Patience perforce, with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

Rom. If I prophane with my vnwortheist hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle fin is this,
My lips to blushing Pilgrims did ready stand,
To smooth that rough touch, with a tender kisse.

Jul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly deuotion shewes in this,
For Saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do touch,
And palme to palme, is holy Palmers kisse.

Rom. Haue not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Jul. I Pilgrims, lips that they must liue in prayer.

Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) least faith turne to dispaire.

Jul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers sake.

Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then haue my lips the sin that they haue touke.

Rom. So from my lips? O trespasse sweetly vrg'd:
Gie me my sin againe.

Jul. You kisse by'th'booke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her Mother?

Nur. Marie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the house,
And a good Lady, and a wife, and Vertuous,
I Nur't her Daughter that you talke withall:
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.

Rom. Is she a *Capulet*?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Bes. Away, be gone, the sport is at the best.

Rom. I fo I feare, the more is my vnrest.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling foolish Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne so? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honest Gentlemen, good night:
More Torches here: come on, then let's to bed.
Ah furrish, by my faie it was late late,
He to my rest.

Jul. Come hither Nurse,
What is yond Gentleman?

Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberin*.
Jul. What's he that now is going out of doore?

Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Terrachia*.
Jul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?

Nur. I know not.
Jul. Go aske his names if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.
Nur. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemy.

Jul. My onely Love sprung from my onely hate,
Too early scene, vnknowne, and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I must loue a loathed Enemy.

Nur. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A time, I learne enen now
Of one I can't withall.

One calls within, Juliet.

Nur. Anon, anon!
Come let's away, the strangers all are gone.

Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire, for which Loue grow'd for and would die,
With tender *Juliet* matcht, is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued, and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppo'd he must complaine,
And the fleshe Loues sweet bait from fearful hookes:
Being held a foe, he may not haue access
To breath such vowe as Louers vfe to sweare,
And the as much in Loue, her meane much lesse,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But passion lends them Power, time, meane, to meete,
Temp'ring extremitie with extreame sweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth, and find thy Center out.

Enter Mercutio, with Mercutio.

Bes. *Romeo*, my Cousen *Romeo*, *Romeo*.
Merc. He is wife,
And on my life hath stolne him home to bed.
Bes. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*!
Nay, he conlure too.

Merc.

Mer. *Romeo*, Humours, Madman, Passion, Lover,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a figh,
Speake but one time, and I am satisfi'd:
Cry me but ay me, Prouart, but Looe and day,
Speake to my goship *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham* *Cupid* he that shot so true,
When King *Cepheus* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not, he flirreth not, he moueth not,
The Ape is dead, I must coniuire him,
I coniuire thee by *Rosaline* bright eyes,
By her High forehead, and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote, Straight leg, and Quivering thigh,
And the Demeane, that there Adiacent lie,
That is thy likenesse thou appeare to vs.

Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it stand
Till the hsd laid it, and coniuired it downe,
That were some flight.
My inuocation is faire and honest, & in his Mistris name,
I coniuire only but to raise vp him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these Trees
To be comforted with the Humorous night:
Blind is his Loe, and best befitts the darke.

Mer. If *Loue* be blind, *Loue* cannot hit the marke,
Now will he fit vnder a Medler tree,
And with his Mistresse were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open, or thou a Popin Pearre,
Romeo goodnight, Ile to my Trundle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to sleepe,
Come shall we go?

Ben. Go thou, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here
That means not to be found. *Exeunt.*

Rom. He iests at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Arise faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then she:
Be not her Maid since she is enuious,
Her Vestall livery is but sicke and greene,
And noot but fooles do weare it, cast it off!

It is my Lady, O it is my Loe, O that the knew she were,
She speaks, yet the sayes nothing, what of that?
Her eye discoures, I will answere it!
I am too bold 'tis not to me she speaks!

Two of the fairest starrs in all the Heauen,
Hauing some businesse do entreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheekes would shame those starrs,
As day-light doth a Lampe, her eye in heauen,
To twinkle in the ayrie Region streame so bright,
That Birds would sing, and thinke it were not night:
See how she leanes her cheek vpon her hand,
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek.

Iul. Ay me,
Rom. She speaks.
Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged messenger of heauen:

Vnto the white vturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lasie puffing Cloudes,
And sailes vpon the bofome of the ayre.

Iul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but frowne my Loe,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet*.

Rom. Shall I heare more, or shall I speake at this?

Iul. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Montague*,
What's *Montague*? It is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name
Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*, doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loe, and Ile be new baptis'd,
Hence forth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

Iul. What mao art thou, that thou bescreed'st io night
So stumblest on my counsell?

Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint, is hateful to my selfe,
Because it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.

Iul. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague*?

Rom. Neither faire Maid, if either thee didlike,

Iul. How cam'st thou hither.
Tell me, and wherefore?

The Orchard walls are high, and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here,

Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch these Walls,
For stony limits cannot hold *Loue* out,
And what *Loue* can do, that dares *Loue* attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no top to me.

Iul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Than twenty of their Swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enuie.

Iul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I haue night cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loe.

Iul. By whole direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By Loe that first did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I leot him eyes,
I am no Pylot, yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore-washer with the farthest Sea,
I should adventure for such Marchandise.

Iul. Thou knowest the make of night is on my face,
Else would a Maiden blush bepaint my cheekes,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faieoe would I dwell on forme, faime, faime, denie
What I haue spoke, but farewell Complement,
Doe'st thou *Loue*? I know thou wilt say I,

And

And I will take thy word, yet if thou swear'st,
Thou maiest proue false: if Louers periuries
They say *Iue* laught, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost *Loue*, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly woone,
Ile frowne and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But else not for the world.
In truth faire *Monsieur* I am too fond:

And therefore thou maiest thinke my behaviour light,
But trust me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then those that haue cōying to be strange,
I should haue beene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouer heard'st ere I was ware
My true *Loues* passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light *Loue*,
Which the darke night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with silver all these Fruite tree tops.

Jul. O sweare out by the Moone, th'inconstant Moone,
That monthely changes in her circled Orbe,
Least that thy *Loue* proue likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I sweare by?

Jul. Do not sweare at all:

Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gracious selfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare *Loue*.

Jul. Well do not sweare, although I ioy in thee:

I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to be
Ere, one can say, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of *Loue* by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beaustious Flower when next we meete:

Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast.
Rom. O wilt thou leaue me so vnatisfis'd?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy *Loues* faithfull vow for mine.

Jul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'st request it:

And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Rom. Would'st thou withdrawit,

For what purpose *Loue*?

Jul. But to be fraoke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the Sea,
My *Loue* as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within deare *Loue* adue:

Anon good Nurse, sweet *Monsieur* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.

Rom. O blessed blessed night, I am afraid
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.

Jul. Three wordes deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of *Loue* be Honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee

Within: Madam.

(By and by I come)

To cease thy strife, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I lend,

Rom. So thrise my soule.

Jul. A thousand times goodnight.

Exit.

Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light,
Loue goes toward *Loue* as school-boys fro their books
But *Loue* fro *Loue*, towards schoole with heauie looks.

Enter Juliet againe.

Jul. Hift *Romeo* hift: O for a Falkners ioye,
To lure this Tassell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I tear the Cae where *Eccho* lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse, then
With repetition of my *Rimes*.

Rom. It is my soule that calls vpon my name.
How siluer sweet, fowd *Louers* tongues by night,
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.

Jul. *Rom.*

Rom. My Neece.

Jul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. By the house of nine.

Jul. I will not faile, tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to haue thee still stand there,
Remembering how I *Loue* thy company.

Rom. And Ile fill Ray, to haue thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted Gyres,
And with a silken thred plucks it hacke againe,
So louing Ialous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Jul. Sweet so would I,

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night.

Rom. Parting is such sweete sorrow,

That I shall say goodnight, till it be morrow.

Jul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Rom. Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest,
The gray ey'd morose smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Clouds with streakes of light,
And darknesse fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway, made by *Titan*'s wheelles.
Hence will I to my ghostly Fries close Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Friar alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morose smiles on the frowning night,
Checking the Easterne Cloudes with streaks of light:
And fleckled darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path, and *Titan*'s burning wheelles:
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights darke dew to dry,
I must vpfill this Offer Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes, and precious liued flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe:
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We

We sucking on her naturall bosome find :
Many for many vertues excellent :
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants, Herbs, stones, and their true qualities :
For ought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some speciall good doth give :
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire use,
Recoits from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turns vice being misapplied,
And vice sometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyson hath residence, and medicine power :
For this being smelt, with that part cheeres each part,
Being tasted staves all fences with the heart.
Two such oppos'd Kings encampe them still,
In man as well as Hearbes, grace and rude will :
And where the weaker is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates up that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedicite.

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?
Young Sonne, it argues a distempred head,
So soone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed ;
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where Care lodges, sleepe will never lye :
But where vnbrused youth with vnslutt braine
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleepe doth raighe ;
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art vprout'd with some distemperature ;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right.

Our *Rome* hath not bene in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! waite thou with *Rosaline* ?

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly Father ? No,
I haue forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son, but where hast thou bin then ?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen :

I haue bene feasting with mine enemies,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phisicke lies :
I beare no hatred, blessed man: for loe
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son, rest homely in thy drift,
Riding confession, findes but riding thrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare *Loue* is yet,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, faue what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow :
Ile tell thee as we passe, but this I pray,
That thou consent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy *S. Francis*, what a change is heere ?

Is *Rosaline* that thou didst *Loue* so deare
So soone forsaken ? young mens *Loue* then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Ile *Marc*, what a deale of brine
Hath wastit thy fallow cheekes for *Rosaline* ?
How much salt water throwne away in wast,
To season *Loue* that of it doth not tast.
The Sun not yet thy sighes from heauen clears,
Thy old groines yet ringing in my ancient eares :
Lo here vpon thy cheekes the staine doth sit,

Of an old teare that is not wastit off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes, were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for louing *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doting, not for louing popill mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury *Loue*.

Fri. Not in a graue,

To lay one in, another out to haue.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I *Loue* now
Doth grace for grace, and *Loue* for *Loue* allow :
The other did not so.

Fri. O she knew well,

Thy *Loue* did read by rote, that could not spell :

But come young waoerer, come goe with me,

In one respect, Ile thy assistant be :

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turne your hoodshould rancor to pure *Loue*.

Rom. O let vs hence, I stand on sudden haift.

Fri. Wisely and slowly, they stumble that run fast.

Exeunt

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deuil should this *Romeo* be ? came he
not home to night ?

Ben. Not to his Fathers, I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why that same pale hard-barted weech, that *Rosaline*
torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*, the kinsman to old *Capulet*, hath sent a Letter
to his Father house.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will answere it.

Mer. Any man that can write, may answere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answere the Letters Maister how he
dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead slub'd with
a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with
a *Loue* song, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the
blind Bowe-boys but-thaft, and is he a man to encounter
Tybalt ?

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt* ?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Courageous
Captaine of Complements : he fights as yoo sing
prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion, he rests
his minom, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very
butcher of a silk burton, a Dualist, a Dualist: a Gentleman
of the very first house of the first and second cause: ab the
immortall Passado, the Punto reuerfo, the Hay.

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The Pox of such antique lipping affecting phan-
tacies, these new tuners of accent : Ileo a very good blade,
a very tall man, a very good whore. Why is not this a la-
mentable thing Grandfire, that we should be thus afflicted
with these strange flies: these fashion Mongers, these par-
don-me's, who stand so much on the new form, that they
cannot sit at ease on the old bench. O their bones, their
bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dyed Hering. O flesh,
flesh, how art thou fishified ? Now is he for the numbers
that *Petrarch* flower'd in: *Lass* to his Lady, was a kitchen
wench, marrie she had a better *Loue* to beirne her: *Dido*
a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipsie, *Hellen* and *Hers*, hildings
and Harlots: *Tibalt* a gray eie or so, but not to the purpose.
Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French salutation to your
ff

French

French fop : you gaue vs the the counterfeit fairely last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you ?

Mercutio. The slip fir, the slip, can you not conceiue ?

Romeo. Pardon Mercutio, my businesse was great, and in such a case as mine, a man may straine curtesie.

Mercutio. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning to curse.

Mercutio. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo. A most curteous exposition.

Mercutio. Nay, I am the very pinck of cortesie.

Romeo. Pinke for flower.

Mercutio. Right.

Romeo. Why then is my Pump well flower'd.

Mercutio. Sure wit, follow me this iust, now till thou hast worne out thy Pump, that when the single sole of it is worne, the least may remaine after the wearing, sole-fingular.

Romeo. O single sol'd least,

Soly singular for the singleness.

Mercutio. Come betwene vs good *Benedick*, my wits faints.

Romeo. Swits and spurs,

Swits and spurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mercutio. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Goose chsse, I am done : For thou hast more of the Wild-Goose in one of thy wits, then I am fore I haue in my whole fwe. Was I with you there for the Goose ?

Romeo. Thou wast neuer with mee for any thing, when thou wast not there for the Goose.

Mercutio. I will bite thee by the care for that iest.

Romeo. Nay, good Goose bite not.

Mercutio. Thy wit is a very Bitter-sweeteing, It is a most sharpe fauce.

Romeo. And is it not well seru'd into a Sweet-Goose ?

Mercutio. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that stretches from an yneb narrow, to an ell broad.

Romeo. I stretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Goose, proves thee farte and wide, abroad Goose.

Mercutio. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo : now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driueing Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs iolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mercutio. Thou desir'st me to stop in my tale against the Ben. Thou would'st elfe haue made thy tale large. (haire.

Mercutio. O thou art deciev'd, I would haue made it short, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse and her man.

Romeo. Here's goodly geare.

A fayle, a fayle.

Mercutio. Two, two : a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nurse. Peter ?

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. My Fan Peter ?

Mercutio. Good Peter to hide her face ?

For her Fans the fairer face ?

Nurse. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mercutio. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it gooden ?

Mercutio. 'Tis no less if I tell you : for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the prick of Noone.

Nurse. Out vpon you : what a man are you ?

Romeo. One Gentlewoman, That God hath made, himselfe to mar.

Nurse. By my troth it is said, for himselfe to, mar quath Gentleman, can any of you tel me where I may find the young Romeo ?

Romeo. I can tell you : but young Romeo will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you sought him : I am the yougest of that name, for fault of a worle.

Nurse. You say well.

Mercutio. Yes in the worst well, Very well tooke : I faith, wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he fit,

I desire some confidence with you ?

Ben. She will endite him to some Supper.

Mercutio. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Romeo. What hast thou found ?

Mercutio. No Hare fir, vntesse a Hare fir in a Lenten pie, that is something stale and hoare ere it be spent.

An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a score, when it hoares ere it be spent,

Romeo will you come to your Fathers ? Weele to dinner thither.

Romeo. I will follow you.

Mercutio. Farewell ancient Lady :

Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benedick.

Nurse. I pray you fir, what fauice Merchant was this that was so full of his roperie ?

Romeo. A Gentleman Norfe, that loues to heare himselfe talke, and will speake more in a minute, then he will stand to in a Moneth.

Nurse. And a speake any thing against me, Ile take him downe, & a were lustier then he is, and twentie such lacka : and if I cannot, Ile finde those that shall : scurvie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gits, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou must stand by too and soffer every knaue to vse me at his pleasure.

Peter. I saw no man vse you at his pleasure : if I had, my weapon should quickly haue bene out, I warrant you, I dare draw as soone as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrell, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now afore God, I am so vext, that every part about me quivers, akurvy knaue : pray you fir a word : and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what she bid me say, I will keepe to my selfe : but first let me tell ye, if ye should teade her in a fooles paradise, as they say, it were a very grosse kind of behauiour, as they say, for the Gentlewoman is yong : & therefore, if you should deale double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Nurse. Nurse commend me to thy Lady and Mistresse, I protest vnto thee.

Nurse. Good heart, and faith I will tell her as much : Lord, Lord she will be a ioyfull woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her Nurse ? thou dost not marke me ?

Nurse. I will tell her fir, that you do protest, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Romeo. Bid her desire some meanes to come to shrift this And there she shall at Friar Lawrence Cell

Bethriu'd and married : here is for thy paines.

Nurse. No truly fir not a penny.

Romeo. Go too, I say you shall.

Nurse

660

Nur. This afternoon sir? well she shall be there.

R. And stay thou good Nurse behind the Abbey wall,
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee Corda made like a tackled snare,
Which to the high top gallant of my joy,
Must be my conveyer in the secret night.
Farewell, be true and I'll quite thy pains:
Farewell, commend me to thy Mistress.

Nur. Now God in heaven bless thee: hark you sir,
R. What saidst thou my dear Nurse?

Nur. Is your man secret, did you nere hear he say two
may keepe counsell putting one away.

R. Warrant thee my man as true as Steele.

Nur. Well sir, my Mistress is the sweetest Lady, Lord,
Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a No-
ble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife a-
board: but the good foule had as leuee a fee Toade, a very
Toade as fee him: I anger her sometimes, and tell her that
Paris is the proper man, but he warrant you, when I say so,
these lookers as pale as any clout in the verfall world.
Doth not *Rosemarie* and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

R. *Nur.* What of that? Both with an R

Nur. A mocker that's the dog's name. R. is for the no,
I know it begins with some other letter, and she hath the
prettiest fentiment of it, of you and *Rosemarie*, that it
would do you good to heare it.

R. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thousand times. *Peter*!

Pri. Anon.

Nur. Before and space.

Exit Nurse and Peter.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clocke strook nine, when I did send the Nurse,
In halfe an houre the promised to returne,
Perchance the cannot meete him: that's not so;
Oh he is lame, *Looves* Herald should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe shadowes ouer lowering hills.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doves draw *Looue*,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
Of this daies Iourney, and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my sweete *Looue*,
And his to me, but old foakes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, slow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse.

O God she comes, O holy Nurse what newes?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* stay at the gate.

Jul. Now good sweet Nurse!

O Lord, why lookst thou sad?

Though newes, be sad, yet tell them merrily,
If good thou hast: fit the musike of sweet newes,
By playing it to me, with fo sweeter face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iant haue I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee speake, good good Nurse speake.

Nur. Iesu what hast thou? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,

is longer then the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy newes good or bad? answer to that,
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a simple choice, you know
not how to chuse a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face
be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and
for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to
be talkt on, yet they are past compare: he is not the flower
of courtesy, but he warrant him as gentle a Limbe: go thy
wies wench, serue God. What haue you din'd at home?

Jul. No: not all this did I know before
What saies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I!
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces,
My backe a tother side to my backe, my backe:
Belshew your heart for sending me about
To catch my death with lanning vp and downe.

Jul. I faith: I am forrie that that thou art so well.

Sweet sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me what saies my *Looue*?

Nur. Your *Looue* saies like an honest Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Jul. Where is my Mother?

Why she is within, where should she be?

How oddly thou repl'st!

Your *Looue* saies like an honest Gentleman:

Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,

Are you so hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultice for my aking bones?

Henceforward do your messages your selfe.

Jul. Heere's such a colic, come what saies *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to shrift to day?

Jul. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Friar *Lawrence* Cell,
There saies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood vp in your cheekes,
Thei' be in Scarlet straight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I must an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your *Looue*
Must climde a birds nest Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you shall heare the burthen soone at night,
Go lie to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Jul. Hie to high Fortune, honest Nurse, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the hesuens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with sorrow chide vs not.

R. Amen, amen, but come what sorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy:
That one short minute giues me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy wordes,
Then *Looue*-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is enough. I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kilfe consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his owne deliciousnesse,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.
Therefore *Looue* moderately, long *Looue* doth so,
Too swift arrives as tardie as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh so light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerslasing flint,

ff a

A

A Louer may bestride the Gossamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall, so light is vanitie.

Jul. Good euen to my ghostly Confessor.

Fri. *Romeo* shall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.

Jul. As much to him, else in his thanks too much.

Fri. Ah *Juliet*, if the measure of thy ioy

Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blason it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich musickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happinesse that both
Receiue in either, by this deere encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his substance, not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to such such exesse,
I cannot som vp some of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, & we will make short worke,
For by your leaues, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we shall not scape a brawle, for now these
hot dayes, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellows, that when he
enters the confines of a *Tauerne*, claps me his Sword vpon
the Table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by
the operation of the second cup, draws him on the Draw-
er, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a Fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Lacke in thy mood,
as any in *Italie*: and asseme moued to be moodie, and as-
sone moodie to be moud.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two such, we should haue
none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou
wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire
lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarrell with a
man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but be-
cause thou hast hassell eyes: what eye, but such an eye,
would spie out such a quarrell? thy head is as full of quar-
rels, as an egge is full of mest, and yet thy head hath bin
beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou hast quar-
rell'd with a man for coining in the street, because he hath
wakened thy Dog that hath laine sleepe in the Sun. Didst
thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet
before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes
with old Riband, and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quar-
relling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarrell as thou art, any man
should buy the Fee-simple of my life, for an houre and a
quarter.

Mer. The Fee-simple? O simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.

Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs: couple it with
something, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt inough to that fir, and you
will giue me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giuing?

Tyb. *Mercutio* thou consort'st with *Romeo*.

Mer. Confort? what dost thou make vs Minstrels? &
thou make Minstrels of vs, looke to heare nothing but dis-
cords there's my fiddlestick, here's that shall make you
daunce. Come confort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:

Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,

Or reason coldly of your greouances:

Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you fir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd fir if he weare your Liurey:
Marry go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense, may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the looe I beare thee, can afford

No better terme then this: Thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tibalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,

Doth much excuse the apertaining rage

To such a greeting: Villaine am I none;

Therefore farewell, I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries

That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I do protest I neuer iniur'd thee,

But Iou'd thee better then thou can'st deuise:

Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,

And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender

As dearely as my owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission!

Alla fucato carries it away.

Tybalt, you Rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tyb. What wouldst thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine
liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you shall
use me hereafter dry beate the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your Sword out of his Pileher by the eares? Make
hast, least mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come fir, your Passado.

Rom. Draw *Benvolio*, best downe their weapons:

Gentlemen, for shame forbear this outrage,

Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expredly hath

Forbidden bandying in *Verona* streets.

Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.

A plague a both the Houses, I am sped:

Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, scratch, a scratch, marry 'tis inough,

Where is my Page? go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No: 'tis not so deepe as a well, nor so wide as a
Church doore, but 'tis inough, 'twill serue: aske for me to
morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd
I warrant, for this world: a plague a both your houses.
What, a Dog, a Rat, a Moule, a Cat to scratch a man to
death: a Braggart, a Rogue, a Villaine, that fights by the
booke of Arithmetick, why the deu'le came you be-
tweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Helpe me into some house *Benvolio*,

Or I shall faint: plague a both your houses.

They haue made worme's meat of me,

I haue it, and foundly to your Houses.

Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation slain'd
With *Tybalt's* slaughter, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cousin Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper softned Valours Steele.

Exit.

Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends, Friends part, and swifter then his tongue,
His aged arme, beats dowie their fatal points,
And twist them rusted, vnderneath whose arme,
Ao enuious thrust from *Tybalt*, hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Resengue,
And too't they goe like lightning, for wee I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and slie:
This is the truth, or let *Benedic* die.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio's* is dead,
That Gallant spirit hath aspir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vniuely here did scorne the earth.

Rom. This daies blacke Fate, on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins, the wo others must end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.

Rom. He gon in triumph, and *Mercutio* slaine?

Away to heauen respectfull Lenitie,
And fire and Fury, be my conduſt now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau't me, for *Mercutio* foule
Is but a little way about our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, must goe with him.

Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didst comfort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falls.

Ben. *Romeo*, away be gone:

The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* slaine,
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken hence, be gone, away.

Rom. O! I am Fortunes foule.

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio*?

Tibalt that Murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

Cit. Vp fir go with me:

I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

*Enter Prince, old Montague, Capulet, their
Wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?

Ben. O Noble Prince, I can discouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brawl:
There lies the man slaine by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman braue *Mercutio*.

Cap. W. *Tybalt*, my Cousin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince, O Cousin, Husband, O the blood is spild
Of my deare kinsman, Prince as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of *Montague*.
O Cousin, Cousin,

Prin. *Benedic*, who began this Fray?

Ben. *Tybalt* beie flaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did slay,
Romeo that spoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high displeasure all this vttered,
With gentle breath, eaine looke, knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the varuly spleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he Tilts
With Peircing Steele at bold *Mercutio's* breast,
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall korne, with one hand beates
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity

Cap. W. He is a kinsman to the *Montague*,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iustice, which thou Prince must giue:
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not lue.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, be flew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.

Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* Friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an interell in your hearts proceeding:
My blood for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ie Amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the losse of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuses,
Nor teares, nor prayers shall purchase our abuses.
Therefore vse none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Else when he is found, that houre is his last.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders, pardoning those that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace, you fiery footed steeds,
Towards *Phaebus* lodging, loeb a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the west,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately,
Spred thy cloſe Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to their armes, vntakt of and vnſene,
Lovers can see to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties: or if Loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night: come ciuill night,
Thou sober futed Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looeſe a winning match,
Piaid for a paire of ſtainleſſe Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle, till strange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing blackebrow'd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little flares,
And he will make the Face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the Grinſun Sun,
O I haue bought the Manſion of a Loue,
Butnot poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioy'd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome Feſtiuall,

ff 3

T₀

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them, O here comes my Nurse :

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news and every tongue that speaks
But *Romeo*, name, speaks heavenly eloquence:
Now Nurse, what news? what hath thou there?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I, the Cords.

Jul. Ay me, what news?

Why dost thou wring thy hands.

Nur. A wclady, hee's dead, hee's dead,

We are vndone Lady, we are vndone.

Alacke the day, hee's gone, hee's kil'd, he's dead.

Jul. Can heaven be so enuious?

Nur. *Romeo* can,

Though heaven cannot, O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo*,

Jul. What diuell art thou,

That dost torment me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell,

Hath *Romeo* slain himselfe? say thou but I,

And that bare yovell I shall pay for none.

Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,

I am not I, if there be such an I.

Or those eyes shot, that makes thee answer I:

If he be slain say I, or if not, no.

Briefe, sounds, determine of my weale or wo.

Nur. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,

God save the marke, here on his manly breast,

A pittous Coarse, a bloody pittous Coarse:

Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaw'd in blood,

All in gore blood, I baw'd at the sight—

Jul. O breake my heart,

Poore Bankrout breake at once,

To prison eyes, nere looke on libertie.

Vile earth to earth refigne, end motion here,

And thou and *Romeo* presse on heauie beere.

Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the best Friend I had:

O courteous *Tybalt* honest Gentleman,

That euer I should liue to see thee dead.

Jul. What storme is this that blowes so contrarie?

Is *Romeo* slauhtred? and is *Tybalt* dead?

My dearest Cozen, and my dearest Lord:

Then dreadfull Trumpet sound the generall doome,

For who is liuing, if those two are gone?

Nur. *Tybalt* is gone, and *Romeo* banished,

Romeo that kil'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!

Did *Romeo*'s hand shed *Tybalts* blood

It did, it did, alas the day, it did.

Nur. O Serpent heart, bid with a flowing face.

Jul. Did euer Dragon keepe so faire a Cause?

Beautifull Tyrant, fend Angelicall:

Rauenous Dove-feather'd Raoten,

Woluish-rauening Lambe,

Dispised substance of Diuinest show:

Iust opposite to what thou iustly seem'st,

A dimme Saint, an Honourable Villaine:

O Nature! what had'st thou to doe in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?

Was euer booke containing such vile matter

So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous Palace.

Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honestie in men,

All perior'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers,

Ah where's my man? giue me some Aqua-vitæ?

These griefes, these woes, these sorrows make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo*.

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a with, he was not borne to shame:

Vpon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throne where Honour may be Crown'd

Sole Monarch of the vnuerfall earth:

O what a beast was I to chide him?

Nur. Will you speake well of him,

That kil'd your Cozen?

Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?

Ah poore my Lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,

When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it?

But wherefore Villaine did'st thou kill my Cozin?

That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband

Backe foolish teares, backe to your native spring,

Your tributarie drops belong to we,

Which you mistaking offer vp to ioy:

My husband liues that *Tybalt* would haue slain,

And *Tybalt* dead that would haue slain my husband:

All this is comfort, wherefore weepe I then?

Some words there was worser then *Tybalts* death

That murdered me, I would forget it feine,

But oh, it presses to my memory,

Like damned guilty dredes to sinners minds,

Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* banished:

That banished, that one word banished,

Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalts* death

Was woe enough if it had ended there:

Or if fewer wee delights in fellowship,

And needly will be rankt with other griefes,

Why followed not when the said *Tybalts* dead,

Thy Father or thy Mother, nay or both,

Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.

But which a rare-ward following *Tybalts* death

Romeo is banished to speake that word,

Is Father, Mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,

All slain, all dead: *Romeo* is banished,

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,

In that words death, no words can that woe sound.

Where is my Father and my Mother Nurse?

Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarse,

Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tearumme shal be spent

When theirs are drie for *Romeo*'s banishment.

Take vp those Cordes, poore ropes you are beguil'd,

Both you and I for *Romeo* is exile:

He made you for a high-way to my bed,

But I a Maid, die Maiden widowed.

Come Cord, come Nurse, lie to my wedding bed,

And death not *Romeo*, take my Maiden head.

Nur. Hie to your Chamber, lie find *Romeo*

To comfort you. I wot well where he is:

Harke ye your *Romeo* will be here at night,

He to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.

Jul. O find him, giue this Ring to my true Knight,

And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Friar and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth,

Come forth thou fearful man,

Affliction is enamord of thy parts:

And thou art wedded to calamitie.

Rom. Father what news?

What

What is the Princes Doome?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my deare Sonne with such sower Company:
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.

Rom. What Iesse then Doomelday,
Is the Princes Doome?

Fri. A gentler Iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his lookes,
Much more then death: do not say banishment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Veronas walles,
But Purgatorie, Torture, hell it selfe:

Hence banished, is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misfeature'd, calling death banished,
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin, O rude vnthankfullnes!
Thy fault our Law calles death, but the kind Prince
Takiog thy part, hath rusted aside the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death, to banishment.
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy, heauen is here
Where Iuliet lieth, and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Moufe, euery vnworthy thing
Lies here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But *Rome* may not. More Validitie,
More Honourable Rate, more Courtship liues
In carrion Flies, then *Rome* may see
On the white wonder of deare Iulietts head,
And steale immortal blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blosh, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may Flies doe, when I from this moile flee,
And fast thou yet, that exile is not death?

But *Rome* may not, hee is banished.
Hadst thou no payson mist, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me? Banished?

O Friar, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howlings attends it, how hast thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghostly Confessor,
A Sin-Abolisher, and my Friend profest:
To mangle me with that word, banished?

Fri. Then fond Mad man, heare me speake.

Rom. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.

Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosphie,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished Phang vp Philosphie:

Vnlesse Philosphie can make a Iuliet,
Displant a Towne, reuerse a Princes Doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.

Fri. O then I see, that Mad men haue oo eares.

Rom. How should they,

When wisemen haue no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispaire with thee of thy estate,
Rom. Thou canst not speake of that that dost not feelee,
Wert thou as young as Iuliet my Louer:
An hoore but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightest thou speake,
Then mightest thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the measure of an vnmade grave.

Enter Nurse, and knockes.

Frier. Arise one knockes,
Good *Rome* hide thy selfe.

Rom. Not I,
Vnlesse the breath of Harticke groanes
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes.

Fri. Harke how they knocke:
(Who's there) *Rome* arise,
Thou wilt be taken, stay a while, stand vp:

Run to my study: by and by. Gods will
What simplicitie is this! I come, I come.

Who knocks so hard?
Whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurse.

Nur. Let me come in,
And you shall know my errand:
I come from Lady Iuliet.

Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Rome*?

Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.

Nur. O he is euen in my Mistresse case,
Inst in her case. O wofull sympathy:
Pittious predicament, euen so lies she,
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing,
Stand vp, stand vp, stand up, you be a man,
For Iulietts sake, for her sake rise and stand:
Why should you fall into so deepe an O.

Rom. Nurse.

Nur. Ah sir, ah sir, deaths the end of all.

Rom. Speak 't thou of Iuliet? how is it with her?
Doth not the thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue stain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued, but little from her owne?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what Lyes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue?

Nur. Oh the sayes nothing sir, but weeps and weeps,
And now falls on her bed, and then starts vp,
And Tybalt calls, and then on *Rome* cries,
And then downe falls againe.

Rom. As if that name flout from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her, as that names corfel hand
Murder her kinsman. Oh tell me Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge? Tell me, that I may sacke
The hateful Mansion.

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art:
Thy teares are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The vnreasonable Furie of a beast.

Vnlesse woman, in a seeming man,
And ill befearing beast in seeming both,
Thou hast amas'd me. By my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thy selfe?
And slay thy Lady, that in thy lifes lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?

Since

Since birth, and heaven and earth, all three do meete
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like a Viceroy abound'st in all;
And vest'st none in that true vice indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Thy Noble shape, is but a forme of waste,
Digressing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Love sworne but hollow perurie,
Killing that Love which thou ha'st vow'd to cherish.
Thy wit, that Ornament, to shape and Love,
Mishapen in the conduct of them both;
Like powder in a skilless Souldiers flasse,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What rowle thee man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou flew'st *Tybalt*, there art thou happy.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe or blessing light vpon thy backe,
Happinesse Courts thee in her best array,
But like a mishapen and fulen wench,
Thou putt'st vpon thy Fortune and thy Love;
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserably.
Goe get thee to thy Love as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her;
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more ioy
Then thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heauy sorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is coming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue said here all night,
To heare good counsell: oh what learning is!
My Lord lie tell my Lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.

Nur. Heere fir, a Ring he bid me giue you fir:
Hee you, make haile, for it growes very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is recu'd by this.
Fri. Go hence,

Goodnight, and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence,
Sourne in *Mantua*, he find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time,
Every good hap to you, that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, goodnight.
Rom. But that a ioy past ioy, calls out on me,
It were a griefe, so briefe to part with thee:
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue fallne out fir so vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you, the Lou'd her kinsman *Tybalt* dearely,
And so did I. Well, we were borow to die.
'Tis very late, he'll not come downe to night:
I promise you, but for your company,

I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.

Par. These times of wo, afford no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight, commend me to your Daughter.

Lady. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night, she is mew'd vp to her heauinesse.

Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke she will be rul'd
In all respects by me: I say more, I do not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here, of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her, make you me vp on Wendisday next,
But soft, what day is this?

Par. Monday my Lord,

Cap. Monday, ha ha! well Wendisday is too soone,
A Thursday let it be: Thursday tell her,
She shall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haile?
Weele keepe no great adoe, a Friend or two,
For haake you, *Tybalt* being slaine so late,
It may be thought we held him carelesly,
Being our kinsman, if we recuill much:
Therefore weele haue some halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Paris. My Lord,

I would that Thursday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a Thursday, be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife, against this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord, light to my Chamber hee,
Afore me, it is so late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo and Juliet alight.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the scarsefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly the sings on yond Punganet tree,
Beleeue me Loue, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Lark, the Herald of the Morn:
No Nightingale: looke Loue what eniuious streakes
Do lace the seuering Cloudes in yonder East:
Nights Candles are burnt out, and locond day
Stands tipto on the mistie Mountaines tops,
I must be gone and lue, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not daylight, I know it I:
It is some Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be true, let me be put to death,
I am content, so thou wilt haue it so.

I lie yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cymbas* brow.
Nor that is not Lark, whose notes do deate
The vaulty heauen so high about our heads,
I haue more care to stay, then will to go:
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it so.
How oft my foule, lets talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hee hence be gone away:
It is the Lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh Discords, and vopelling Sharps.
Some say the Lark makes sweete Diuision;
This doth not for: the diueth vs.
Some say, the Lark and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:

Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence, with Hunt f-vp to the day,
O now be gone, more light and idl ight grows.

Rom. More light & light, more darke & darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurse.

Nur. Madam.

Jul. Nurse.

Nur. Your Lady Mother is coming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kisse and Ile defend.

Jul. Art thou gone for Loue, Lord, sy Husband, Friend,
I must heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I shall be many in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell:

I will omit no opportunity,
That may conuey my greetings Loue, to thee.

Jul. O thinkest thou we shall euer meet againe?

Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serue
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet. O God! I have an ill Diuining soule,
Me thinks I fee thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trull me Loue, in my eye fo do you:
Drie sorrow drinks our blood. Adue, adue. Exit.

Jul. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? he fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

Lad. Ho Daughter, are you vp?

Jul. Who ist that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is she not downe so late, or vp so early?

What vnaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Lad. Why how now Juliet?

Jul. Madam I am not well.

Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cousins death?
What wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse.

Lad. So shall you feeble losse the losse, but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.

Jul. Feeling is the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the Friend.

Lad. Well Girle, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What Villaine, Madam?

Lad. That same Villaine Romeo.

Jul. Villaine and he, be many Miles asunder:
God pardon, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

Lad. That is because the Traitor liues.

Jul. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cousins death.

Lad. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banisht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustom'd dram,
That he shall soone keepe Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfisd.

Jul. Indeed I neuer shall be satisfisd
With Romeo, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart fo for a kiofman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beere a poyson, I would temper it;
That Romeo should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cousin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughter'd him.

Ms. Find thou the meane, and Ile find such a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrie.

Jul. And ioy comes well, in such a needie time,
What are they, beleeue your Ladyship?

Ms. Well, well, thou hast a careful Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy hesuineffe,
Hath fortold a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I looke not for.

Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is this?

Ms. Marry my Child, early neat Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie Parie at Saint Peters Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.

Jul. Now by Saint Peters Church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.

I wonder at this haift, that I must we
Ere he that should be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I doe, I sweare
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate
Rather then Parie. These are newes indeed.

Ms. Here comes your Father, tell him so your selfe,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurse.

Cap. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drie a dæw
But for the Sunset of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.

How now! A Conduit Gyrle, what fill in teares?
Euermore shewing in one little body?

Thou counterfaits a Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares, the Barke thy body is
Saying in this salt flood, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouer set
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife?
Hau' you deliuer'd to her our decree?

Lady. I sir;

But she will none, she giues you thanks,
But she will none, she giues you thanks, she giues you thanks.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife,
How, will the none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman, to be her Bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you haue,

But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant Loue.

Cap. How now?

How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not.
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine ioints: gainst Thursday next,

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church :
Or I will drag thee, on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene sickneffe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.

Lady. Fie, fie, what are you mad ?

Jul. Good Father, I beseech you on my knees
Hear me with patience, but to speake a word.

Fa. Haog thee young baggage, disobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church : Thursday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.

Speake not, reply not, do not answere me.
My fingers itch, wife : I scarce thought vs blest,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curse in hauiog her :
Out on her Hilding.

Nur. God in heauen bleffe her,

You are too blame my Lord to rate her so.

Fa. And why my Lady wisdome hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, in matter with your gossip, go.

Nur. I speake no treason,
Father, O Godsgoden,
May not one speake ?

Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Gollips bowles
For here we use it not.

La. You are too hot.

Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone in companie, fill my care hath bin
To haue her matcht, and hauiog now provided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeaner, Youthfull, and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they say with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought woud with a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet, in her Fortunes tender,
To answer, Ile not wed, I cannot Loue :
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But, and you will not wed, Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me :
Looke too't, thinke on't, I do not vie to left.
Thursday is neere, lay head on heart, aduise,
And you be mine, Ile giue you to my Friend :
And you be not, hang, beg, starue, die in the streets,
For by my soule, Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall neuer do thee good :
Trust too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forsworne

Jul. Is there no pittance sitting in the Cloudes,
That fees into the bottom of my griefe ?
O sweet my Mother cast me not away,
Delay this marriage, for a month, a weeke,
Or if you do not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalts* lies.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not speake a word,
Do as thou wilt, for I haue done with thee.

Jul. O God !

O Nurse, how shall this be prevented ?
My Husband is on earth, my faith in heauen,
How shall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnlesse that Husband send it me from heauen,
By leauiog earth ? Comfort me, counsaile me :
Hilacke, alacke, that heauen should practise stratagems
Vpon so soft a subiect as my selfe.
What faith thou'haust thou not a word of ioy ?
Some comfort Nurse.

Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you :
Or if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Thou since the cafe so stands as now it doth,
I thinke it best you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Lovely Gentleman :
Romeo : dish-clout to him : an Eagle Madam
Hath uot solgreene, so quicke, so faire an eye
As *Paris* hath, bestrow my very heart,
I thinke you are bappy in this second match,
For it excels your first, for if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 'twere as good be were,
As liuing here and you no vife of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart ?

Nur. And from my soule too,
Or else bestrow them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What ?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marue'ous much,
Go in, and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing displeas'd my Father, to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confession, and to be absold.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wisely done.

Jul. Auncient damnation, O most wicked fend !
It is more sin to with me thus forsworne,
Or to dispraise my Lord with that same tongue
Which the hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thousand times ? Go Counsellor,
Thou and my bosome heuchforth shall be twaine :
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all else faile, my selfe haue power to die.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thursday first the time is very short.

Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haist.

Fri. You say you do not know the Ladies mind ?
Vneuen is the course, I like it not.

Fa. Immoderately she weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therefore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of teares.
Now fir, her Father counts it dangerous
That the doth giue her sorrow so much way :
And in his wisdome, haists our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much mied by her selfe alone,
May be put from her by societie.

Now doe you know the reason of this haist ?

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
Looke fir, here comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met, my Lady and my wife.

Jul. That may be fir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be Loue, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certaine text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this Father ?

Jul. To answere that, I should confesse to you.

Par. Do not denie to him, that you Loue me.

Jul. I will confesse to you that I Loue him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure that you Loue me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Benig spoke behind your backe, then to your face.

Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.

Jul. The

Jul. The teares have got small victorie by that :
For it was had inough before their sight.

Pe. Thou wrong'st it more then teares with that report.

Jul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake, I spake it to thy face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.

Are you at leisure, Holy Father now,

Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?

Fri. My leisure serves me penitence daughter now.

My Lord you must intreat the time alone.

Par. Godheild : I should disturb Devotion,

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rowle yee,

Till then adue, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit Par.*

Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,

Come weepe with me, past hope, past care, past helpe.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I aieadie know thy griefe,

It frames me past the compasse of my wits :

I heare thou must and nothing may prorogue it,

On Thursday next be married to this Countie.

Jul. Tell me not *Frier* that thou hearest of this,

Vnlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it :

If in thy wifehood, thou canst giue no helpe,

Do thou but call my resolution wife,

And with' his knife, he helpe it presently.

God loyn' his heart, and *Romeo*, thou our hands,

And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* sealed :

I shall be the Label to another Deede,

Or my true heart with trecherous resolt,

Turne to another, this shall slay them both :

Therefore out of thy long expetie't time,

Giue me some present counsell, or behold

Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the vmpere, arbitrating that,

Which the commission of thy yeares and art,

Could to no issue of true honour bring :

Be not so long to speake, I long to die,

If what thou speake'st, speake not of remedy.

Fri. Hold Daughter, I doe speake a kind of hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution,

As that is desperate which we would prevent.

If rather then to marrie Countie *Paru*

Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,

Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake

A thinglike death to chide away this shame,

That coap't with death himselfe, to scape from it :

And if thou dar'st, he giue thee remedie.

Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather then marrie *Paru*,

From of the Battlements of any Tower,

Or walke in theeuish waies, or bid me lurke

Where Serpents are : I chaine me with roaring Beares

Or hide me nightly in a Charnell house,

Orecovered quite with dead mens rattling bones,

With reekie shankes and yellow chappells sculls :

Or bid me go into a new made graue,

And hide me with a dead man in his graue,

Things that to heare them told, haue made me tremble,

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,

To liue an vnbrained wife to my sweet Loue.

Fri. Hold then: goe home, be merrie, giue consent,

To marrie *Paru* : weniday is to morrow,

To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,

Let not thy Nurse lie with thee in thy Chamber :

Take thou this Viill being then in bed,

And this distilling liquor drinke thou off,

When presently through all thy veines shall run,

A cold and drowfie humour : for no pulse
Shall keepe his natue progresse, but surcease:
No warmth, no breath shall testify thou liuest,
The Roses in thy lips and cheekes shall fade
To many ather, the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he shut vp the day of life :
Each part depriu'd of supple government,
Shall stiffie and starke, and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeness of thrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning cometh,
To rowle thee from thy bed, there art thou dead :

Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy best Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue :
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Giue me, giue me, O tell not me of care.

Fri. Hold get you gone, be strong and prosperous :

In this resolute, he send a *Frier* with speed

To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.

Lu. Loue giue me strength,

And strength shall helpe afford :

Farewell deare father.

Exit

*Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurse, and
Serving men, two or three.*

Cap. So many guests inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah, go hire me twenty conning Cookes.

Ser. You shall haue none ill sir, for he trie if they can
likee their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou trie them so?

Ser. Marrie sir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot likee his fingers
owne fingers : therefore he that cannot likee his fingers
goe not with me.

Cap. Go he gone, we shall be much vnfurnisht for this
time : what is my Daughter gone to *Frier Lawrence*?

Nur. I forsooth.

Cap. Well he may chance to do some good on her,
A peeuish selfe-wild harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where she comes from trist
With merrie looke.

Cap. How now my headstrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?

Jul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition :

To you and your behests, and am enioyn'd

By holy *Lawrence*, to fall prostrate here,

To beg your pardon: pardon I beseech you,

Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the Countie, goe tell him of this,
He haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,

And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,

Not stepping ore the bounds of modestie.

Cap. Why I am glad on't, this is well, stand vp,

This

This is as't should be, let me see the Countie:
I marrie go I say, and fetch him hither.
Now afore God, this reuerend holy Friar,
All our whole Citie is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse will you goe with me into my Clofet,
To helpe me fort such needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?

Mo. No not till Thursday, there's time enough.
Fa. Go Nurse, go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.

Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.

Mo. We shall be short in our provision,
'Tis now neere night.

Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her,
Lie not to bed to night, let me alone:
Ile play the hufwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth, well I will walke my selfe
To Countie *Paris*, to prepare him vp
Against to morrow, my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same way-ward Gyrlie is so reclaim'd.

Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Juliet and Nurse.

Jul. I those attires are best, but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leaue me to my selfe to night:
For I haue need of many Orysons,
To moue the heauens to smile vpon my state,
Which well thou know'st, is erofie and full of fin.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you hufie ho? need you my help?
Jul. No Madam, we haue cul'd such necessaries
As are behoouefull for our state to morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone:
And let the Nurse this night sit vp with you,
For I am sure, you haue your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.

Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

Exeunt.

Jul. Farewell:
God knows when we shall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse, what should the do here?
My dimm'd Sceaue, I needs must sit alone:
Come Viall, what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyson which the Friar
Subtillly hath ministr'd to haue me dead,
Leaft in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is, and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still benee tried a holy man.
How, if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to releeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault?
To whose foole mouth no healthsome ayre breaths in,
And there die strangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Ancestors are packt,
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrow'd, where as they say,
At some houres in the night, Spirits reort:
Alacke, slacke, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them, run mad.
O if I walke, shall I not be disdraught,
Inuironed with all these hideous feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled Tybalt from his shrow'd?
And in this rage, with some great kinfmans bone,
As (with a club) dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, me thinks I see my Cousins Ghost,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: stay Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the house, and Nurse.

Lady. Hold,
Take these keies, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastrie.
Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, sir, sir, sir,
The second Cocke hath Crows'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates, good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coft.

Nur. Go you Cot-queane, go,
Get you to bed, faith youle be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whit: what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and neere benee sicke.
Ld. I you haue bin a Moule-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A ieaalous hood, a ieaalous hood,
Now fellow, what there?
Enter three or foure with lights, and logs, and bayets.
Fil. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make hast, make hast, firrah, fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fil. I haue a head sir, that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. Maffe and well said, a merrie horsion, ha,
Thou shalt be loggerhead; good Father, 'tis day.

Play Musick

The Countie will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would, I heare him neere,
Nurse, wife, what ho! what Nurse I say?

Enter Nurse.

Go waken *Juliet*, go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*: he, make hast,
Make hast, the Bridegroome, he is come already:
Make hast I say.

Nur. Mistris, what Mistris? *Juliet*? Fast I warrant her she.
Why Lambe, why Lady, she you slugged,
Why Loue I say? Madam, sweet heart: why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke, for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath set vp his rest,
That you shall rest but little, God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how found is she a sleepe?

I must needs wake her : Madam, Madam, Madam,
I, let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What drell, and in your clothes, and downe againe?
I must needs wake you : Lady, Lady, Lady?
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladies dead,
Oh welayday, that cuer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho, my Lord, my Lady?

Ms. What noise is here? Enter Mother.

Nur. O lamentable day.

Ms. What is the matter?

Nur. Looke, looke, oh beanie day.

Ms. O me, O me, my Child, my onely life:

Reuiue, looke vp, or I will die with thee:

Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring Juliet forth, her Lord is come.

Nur. Shee's dead: decah, there's dead: alacke the day.

Ms. Alacke the day, there's dead, there's dead, there's dead.

Fa. Ha? Let me see heront alas there's cold,

Her blood is fetid and her loyns are stiff:

Life and these lips haue long bene sep erated:

Death lies on her like an vntimely frost

Vpon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nur. O Lamentable day!

Ms. O wofull time.

Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waille,

Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake.

Enter Friar and the Countie.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to go to Church?

Fa. Ready to go, but neuer to returne.

O Sonne, the night before thy wedding day,

Hath death laine with thy wife: there the lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my Sonne in law, death is my Heire,

My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leaue him all life liuing, all is death.

Fa. Haue I thought long to see this mornings face,

And doth it giue me such a fight as this?

Ms. Accur'd, vnhappie, wretched hatefull day,

Most miserable houre, that ere time saw

In lastling labour of his Pilgrimage.

But one, poore one, one poore and louing Child,

But one thing to reioyce and solace in,

And cruell death hath catcht it from my fight.

Nur. O wo, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,

Most lamentable day, most wofull day,

That euer, euer, I did yet behold.

O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,

Neuer was seene so blacke a day as this:

O wofull day, O wofull day.

Fa. Beguil'd, disoorded, wronged, spighted, flaine,

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruell, cruell thee, quite ouerthrowne:

O loue, O life-not life, but loue in death.

Fa. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martir'd, kill'd,

Vncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now

To murder, murder our solemnitie?

O Child, O Child my soule, and not my Child,

Dead art thou, alacke my Child is dead,

And with my Child, my ioyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for shame, confusions: Care, lies not

In these confusions, heauen and your selfe

Had part in this faire Maid, now heauen hath all,

And all the better is it for the Maid:

Your part in her, you could not keepe from death,

But heauen keeps his part in eternall life:

The most you fought was her promotion,

For 'twas your heauen, she shouldst be aduanc'd,

And weepe ye now, seeing she is aduanc'd

Above the Cloudes, as high as Heauen it selfe?

O in this loue, you loue your Child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well?

Shee's not well married, that liues married long,

But three's best married, that dies married young.

Drie vp your teares, and Ricke your Rolemarie

On this faire Coarse, and as the custome is,

And in her best array beare her to Church:

For though some Nature bids all vs lament,

Yet Nature's teares are Reasons meriment.

Fa. All things that we obtained Felluall,

Turne from their office to blacke Fonerall:

Our instruments to melancholy Bells,

Our wedding cheere, to a sad buriall Feast:

Our solemne Hymnes, to fullen Dyrges change:

Our Bri dall flowers serue for a buried Coarse:

And all things change them to the contrarie.

Fri. Sir go you in; and Madam, go with him,

And go sit Paru, every one prepare

To follow this faire Coarse vnto her graue:

The heauens do lowre vpon you, for some ill:

Moue them no more, by crossing their high will. Exeunt

Ms. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honeft goodfellows: Ah put vp, put vp,

For well you know, this is a pitifull case.

Ms. I by my truth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Mufitions, oh Mufitions,

Hearts ease, hearts ease,

O, and you will haue me liue, play hearts ease.

Ms. Why hearts ease;

Pet. O Mufitions,

Because my heart it selfe plaies, my heart is full.

Ms. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Ms. No.

Pet. I will then giue you some found.

Ms. What will you giue vs?

Pet. No money on my faith, but the gleeke.

I will giue you the Minstrell.

Ms. Then will I giue you the Serving creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving Creatures Dagger

on your pate. I will cary no Crochets, he Re you, he Fa

you, do you note me?

Ms. And you Re vs, and Fa vs, you Note vs.

a.M. Pray you put vp your Dagger,

And put out your wit.

Then haue at you with my wit.

Pet. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,

And put vp my yron Dagger.

Aswore me like men:

When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Mus-

fickewith her siluer found.

Why siluer found? why Musicke with her siluer found?

what say you Simon Catling?

Ms. Mary sir, because siluer hath a sweet found.

Pet. Pratest, what say you Hugh Rebicke?

a.M. I say siluer found, because Mufitions found for sil-

Pet. Pratest to, what say you Lewis Sound-Pepp?

3.Ms. Faith I know not what to say.

Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer.

I will say for you; it is Musicke with her siluer found,

88

Be-

Because Muficians haue no gold for founding:
Then Moficke with her flouer found, with speedy helpe
doth lend redrefie.

Exit.

Mu. What a peffilent knaue is this fame?

M.A. Hang him Iacke, come weeke in here, tarrie for
the Mourner, and ftay dinner.

Exit.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preface ſome ioyfull newes at hand:
My boſomes L. fits lightly in his throne:
And all thian day so vccuſom'd ſpirit,
Liſts me about the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Urona*, how now *Balthazer*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aſke againe,
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Man. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortal part with *Angela* liue,
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And preſently tooke Poſſe to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office ſir.

Rom. Is it euen ſo?

Then I denie you *Starres*.
Thou knoweſt my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire Poſt-Horſes, I will hence to night.

Man. I do beſeech you ſir, haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuff, thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?

Man. No my good Lord.

Exit Man.

Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And bye thoſe Horſes, lie be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*, I will lie with thee to night:
Let ſee for meane: O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I do remember an Apothecarie,
And here abouts dwells, which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples, meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a Tortoyſe hung,
An Allegator ſtoff, and other ſkins
Of ill ſhap'd fiſhes, and about his ſhelves,
A beggerly account of emptic boxes,
Greene earthen pots, Bladders, and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered, to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poſſon now,
Whoſe ſale is perſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Callicie wretch would ſell it him.
O this miſe thought did fore-run my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.

As I remember, this ſhould be the hooſe,
Being holy day, the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho! Apothecarie?

Enter Apothecarie.

App. Who call's fo low'd?

Rom. Come higher man, I fee that thou art poore,
Hold, there is ſortie Duckets, let me haue
A dram of poſſon, ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veins,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently, as haſtie powder ſer'd
Doth hurry from the fatal Canons wombe.

App. Such mortall drugs I haue, but *Mantua* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.

Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oſſreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang vpon thy backe:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore, but breake it, and take this.

App. My poeury, but not my will conſents.

Rom. I pray thy poeury, and not thy will.

App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.

Rom. There's thy Gold,

Worſe poſſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murder in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou maielt not ſell.
I ſell thee poſſon, thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell, buy food, and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall, and not poſſon, go with me
To *Iuliet* graue, for there muſt I vie thee.

Exit.

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy Francis Frier, Brother, ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*, what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ, giue me thy Letter.

Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores, and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* were ſtaid.

Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?

Iohn. I could not ſend it, here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearfull were they of infection.

Law. Vnhappie Fortune by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell.

Iohn. Brother lie go and bring it thee.

Exit.

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shew will beſhew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
Bot I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarfe, clos'd in a dead mans Tombe,

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy, hence and stand aloft,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, vnfirm with digging vp of Graues,
But thou shalt heare it: while then to me,
As signall that thou hearest some thing approach,
Giue me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.
Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I strew:
O wee, thy Canopie is doft and stonct,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that, with teares desild by mones;
The obsequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy graue, and weepe.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy giues warning, something doth approach,
What curled foot wanders this wayes to night,
To crosse my obsequies, and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo, and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke, & the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I must vfe,
In deare employment, therefore hence be gone:
But if thou ialous dost returne to prie
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee loynt by loynt,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbe:
The time, and my intents are savage wilder
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptic Tygers, or the roaring Sea.

Pet. It will be gone fir, and not trouble a you
Ro. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Loue and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this fame, Ie hide me here about,
His looks I feare, and his intents I doubt.

Rom. Thou detestable mawe, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morrell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten lawes to open,
And in despite, Ie cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that banisht haughtie *Mewtague*,
That murdered my Looes Coain; with which griefe,
It is supposed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhalloved toyle, vile *Mewtague*:
Can vengeance be pursued further then death?
Condemned vallaine, I do apprehend thee,
Obey and go with me, for thou must die,

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Flee hence and leaue me, thinke vpon those gone,
Let them affright thee. I beleech thee Youth,
Put not an other sin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my selfe,
For I come hither arm'd against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.

Par. I do desire thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou proooke me? Then haue at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight, I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O I am slain, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.

Rom. In faith I will, let me peruse this face:
Mercutio kinsman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What said my man, when my betossed foule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should haue married *Juliet*.
Said he not so? Or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,
To thinke it was so? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in sower misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.

A Graue; O no, a Lanthorne; y slaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Juliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lie thou there, by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they bene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties enigne yet
Is Crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flagis not advanced there.

Tybalt, ly't thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To funder his that was thy enemy?

Forgiue me *Cozen*. Ah deare *Juliet*:
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeeoe,
Shall I beleeeoe, that vnsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monster keeps
Thee here in darke to be his *Parasour*?
For feare of that, I fill will stay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health, where ere thou tumblest in.
O true Apothecarie!

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.
Depart againe; here, here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I set vp my euermlasting Rest:
And shake the yoke of isosolpicious slawes
From this world-weari'd flesh: Eyes looke your last!
Armes take your last embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnfauour guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing Rocks, thy Sea-sicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Apothecary:

EE 2

Thy

I married them; and their Soine marriage day
Was *Tyball's* Doomel-day : whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tyball's*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that siege of Greeke from her,
Betrot'h'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paru*. Then comes she to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)
A Sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he should hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force should cease.
But he which bore my Letter, *Frier Iohn*,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came (some Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paru*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience;
But then, a noyse did feare me from the Tombe,
And she (too desperate) would not go with me,
But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of severest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

By. I brought my Master newes of *Iuliet's* death,

And then in posse he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same Monument.

This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Countie Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,
And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Potheecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be these Enemies? *Capulet*, *Montague*,
See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Montague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, fur no more
Can I demand.

Moue. But I can giue thee more:
For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Uersa* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that Rate be set,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.
For neuer was a Storie of more Woe,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes

G g

FINIS.





THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer,
at severall doores.*

Poet.

Good day Sir.

Pain. I am glad y're well.

Poet. I have not seene you long, how goes
the World?

Pain. It weares fit, as it growes.

Poet. I that's well knowne:

But what particular Rarity? What strange,
Which manifold record not matches: see
Magick of Bounty, all these spirits thy power
Hath coniu'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.

Tain. I know them both: th'others a Jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.

Jew. Nay that's most fit.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continue goodnesse:
He passes.

Jew. I have a Jewell heere.

Mer. O pray let's see't. For the Lord *Timon*, sir?

Jewell. If he will touch the estimate. But for that——

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the wild,
It stains the glory in that happy Verse,
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good forme.

Jewell. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.

Pain. You are rapt fir, in some worke, some Dedicacion to the great Lord.

Poet. A thing slipp idly from me.
Our Poetrie is as a Gowne, which vses
From whence 'tis nourisht: the fire i'th Flint
Shewes not, till it be strooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it selfe, and like the currant flies
Each bound it chafes. What haue you there?

Pain. A Picture fir: when comes your Booke forth?

Poet. Vpon the heeles of my presentment fir.
Let's see your peece.

Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.

Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne standing: what a mentall power
This eye shewes forth! How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbnesse of the gesture,

One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I will say of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall strife
Lives in these touches, liueller then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.

Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.

Pain. Looke moe.

Ps. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors,
I haue in this rough worke, ship'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but mooves it selfe
In a wide Sea of wate, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.

Pain. How shall I vnderstand you?

Poet. I will vnboole to you.

You see how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and slip'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and austere qualitie, tender downe
Their seruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glasse-fac'd Flatterer
To *Aperantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himselfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in *Timon's* nod.

Pain. I saw them speake together.

Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd
The Base o'th'Mount

Is rank'd with all defects, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the bosome of this Sphere,
To propagate their states; among't them all,
Whose eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I personate of Lord *Timon's* frame,
Whom Fortune with her luery hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace, to present flaures and seruants
Translates his Riuals.

Pain. 'Tis concey'd, to scope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With

With one man becken'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy Mount
To climb his happiness, would be well exprest
In our Condition.

Peet. Nay Sir, but heare me on :
All these which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his vauw; on the moment
Follow his strides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whippers in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his Syrrup, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.

Pais. I marry, what of these?

Peet. When Fortune in her shift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him sit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pais. This common :

A thousand morall Paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnant then words. Yet you do well,
To shew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue seene
The foot about the head.

Trumpets sound.

*Enter Lord Timon, addressing himselfe curiously
to every Sutor.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Mej. I my good Lord, five Talents is his debt,
His meanes must short, his Creditors must strait:
Your Honourable Letter he desires
To these haue shut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble *Pentidius* well:

I am not of that Feather, to shake off
My Friend when he must neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deserves a helpe,
Which he shall haue. He pay the debt, and free him.

Mej. Your Lordship euer bindes him.

Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom,
And being enfranchiz'd bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to support him after. Fare you well.

Mej. All happiness to your Honor.

Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, heare me speake.

Tim. Freely good Father.

Oldm. Thou hast a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius*.

Tim. I haue so: What of him?

Oldm. Most Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he heere, or no *Lucilius*?

Luc. Heere at your Lordships seruice.

Oldm. This Fellow heere, *L. Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first haue bene inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.

Tim. Well: what further?

Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin else,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a th'youngest for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my dearest cost
In Qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)

loyne with me to forbid him her resort,
My selfe haue spoke in vaine.

Tim. The man is honest.

Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honesty rewards him in it selfe,
It must not beare my Daughter.

Tim. Does she loue him?

Oldm. She is yong and apt:

Our owne precedent passions do instruct vs
What leuities in youth.

Tim. Lone you the Maid?

Luc. I my good Lord, and she accepts of it.

I call the Gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heyre from forth the Beggars of the world,
And dispossesse her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equall Husband?

Oldm. Three Talents on the present; in future, all.

Tim. This Gentleman of mine

Hath seru'd me long:

To build his Fortune, I will straine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Give him thy Daughter,
What you bestow, in him Ile counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Oldm. Must Noble Lord,

Pawne me to this your Honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee,

Mine Honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship, neuer may
That state or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you.

Exit

Peet. Vouchsafe my Labour,
And long live your Lordship.

Tim. I thanke you, you shall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?

Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The Painting is almost the Naturall man:
For since Dishonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-side: These Penil'd Figures are
Euen such as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you shall finde I like it: Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye.

Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We must needs dine together: sit your Iewell
Hath suffered vnder praise.

Iewel. What my Lord, dispraise?

Tim. A meere society of Commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vncleue me quite.

Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated

As those which sell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like value differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Masters. Beleeu'd deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apemantus.*

Mer. No my good Lord, he speaks y common toong
Which all men speake with him.

Tim. Lookke who comes heere, will you be chid?

Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordship.

Mer. Hee'l spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apemantus*.

Ape. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timon* dudge, and these *Knaues* honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them *Knaues*, thou know'st
them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Ier. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'st I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like *Timon*.

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honest Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th' Law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's she, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wiltst die with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eat not Lords.

Tim. And thou should'st, thou'd'st anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eat Lords;

So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'st it,

Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this Jewell, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cast a man a Doit.

Tim. What dost thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.

How now Poet?

Poet. How now Philosopher?

Ape. Thou lyest.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyest:

Looke in thy last worke, where thou hast begin'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heavens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldst do then *Apemantus*?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, I hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy selfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.]

Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus*.

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Mes. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and some twenty Horse

All of Companionship.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, give them guide to vs.

You must needs dine with me: go not you hence

Till I haue thank't you: when dinners done

Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your fights.

Enter Alcibiades with the rest.

Most welcome Sir.

Ape. So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue your supple ioynts: that there should bee small loue amongst these sweet *Knaues*, and all this Cursesse. The straine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. Sir, you haue sav'd my longing, and I feed

Most hungrily on your fight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures.

Pray you let vs in.

Exeunt.

Enter two Lords.

1. Lord. What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honest.

2. That time serves still.

Ape. The most accurst thou that still omitst it.

3. Thou art going to Lord *Timon*'s Feast.

Ape. I, to see meate fill *Knaues*, and Wine heat fooles.

4. Farther well, farther well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

5. Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Shouldst haue kept one to thy selfe, for I meane to give thee none.

6. Hang thy selfe.

Ape. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding:

Make thy requests to thy Friend.

2. Away vnpeaceable Dogge,

Or Ile spurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th Asses.

3. Hee's opposit to humanity.

Comes shall we in,

And taste Lord *Timon*'s bountie: he out-goes

The verie heart of kindeesse.

4. He powres it out: *Vltus* the God of Gold

Is but his Steward: no meede bot he repayes

Seuen-fold about it selfe: No guist to him,

But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding

All vse of quittance.

5. The Noblest minde ha carries,

That euer gourn'd man.

6. Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?

Ile keepe you Company.

Exeunt.

Hobbes Playing loud Musick.

A great Banquet seru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon reade'm'd from prison. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus discontentedly like himselfe.

Venig. Most honoured *Timon*,

It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,

And call him to long peece:

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful Vertue I am bound

To your free heart, I do returne those Talents

Doubled with thanks and seruice, from whose help
I seru'd libertie.

Tim. O by no means,

Honest *Ventigius*: You mistake my loue,

I gaue

I gave it freely ever, and ther's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Flut. A Noble Spirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shovne:
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we always have confest it.

Aper. Ho ho, confest it? Handg'd it? Have you not?

Tim. O *Apermanus*, you are welcome.

Aper. No: You shall not make me welcome:

I come to haue thee thrust me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:

They say my Lords, *Ingrate* break off,

But pond man is verie angry.

Go, let him have a Table by himselfe:

For he does neither affect companie,

Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me stay at thine apperill *Timon*,

I come to obferue, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*,
therefore welcome: I my selfe would haue no power,
prythee let my meate make thee silent.

Aper. I scorn thee meate, 'twould choake me: for I
should nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number
of men eats *Timon*, and he sees 'em not? It grieues me
to see so many dig there meate in one mans blood, and
all the madnesse in, he cheeres them vp too.

I wonder men dare trust themselves with men.

Me thinks they should enuie them without knives,

Good for these meate, and safer for their liues.

There's much example for't, the fellow that sits next him,
now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in
a diuided draught: is the readiest man to kill him. 'Tas
beene proued, if I were as huge man I should feare to
drinke at meales, least they should spie my wind-pipes
dangerous noates, great men should drinke with harness
on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way! A braue fellow. He keeps his
tides well, though healths will make thee and thy fate
looke ill, *Timon*.

Heere's that which is too weak to be a sinner,

Honest water, which nere left man to 'th'mite:

This and my food are equal, there's no ods,

Feasts are to prouid to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apermanus Grace.

Immortal Gods, I craue no price,

I pray for no man but my selfe,

Grant I may neuer proue so fond,

To trust man on his Oath or Bond.

Or a Harlot for her weeping,

Or a Dogge that seems sleeping,

Or a keeper with my freedoms,

Or my friends if I should need 'em.

Amen. So fall too't:

Richmen sin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermanus*

Tim. Capitaine,

Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alc. My heart is euer at your seruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of Enemies,
then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no
meat like 'em, I could with my best friend at such a Feast.

Aper. Would all those Flatterers were thine Enemies
then, that then thou might'st kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happinesse my Lord,
that you would once vie our hearts, whereby we might
expresse some part of our zeales, we should thinke our
selues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods
themselves haue prouided that I shall haue much helpe
from you: how had you bene my Friends else. Why
haue you that charitable title from thousands? Did not
you chiefly belong to my heart? I haue told more of
you to my selfe, then you can with modestie speake in
your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh
you Gods (thinke I), what need we haue any Friends; if
we should nere haue need of 'em? They were the most
needlesse Creatures liuing; should we nere haue vs for
'em? And would most resemble sweete Instruments
hung vp in Cafes, that keeps there sounds to them-
selues. Why I haue often wish't my selfe poorer, that
I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do bene-
fits. And what better or properer can we call our owne,
then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious com-
fort 'tis, to haue so many like Brothers commanding
one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't
can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out waterme thinks,
to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weept'st to make them drinke, *Timon*.

2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that instant, like a babe sprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho; I laugh to thinke that babe a bastard.

3. *Lord.* I promise you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Aper. Much.

*Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with
Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.*

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruants.

Ser. Please you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord,
which beares that office, to signifie their pleasures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Capid with the Mask of Ladies.

Cap. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of
his Bounties taste: the fiew best Sencens acknowledge thee
their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentiful
bosome.

There taft, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table rise:

They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Time. They're welcome all, let 'em haue kind admit-
tance. Musicke make their welcome.

Luc. You see my Lord, how ample y'are below'd.

Aper. Hoyday,

What a sweepe of vanitie comes this way.

They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madneffe is the glory of this life,
As this pompe shewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our selues Fooles, to disport our selues,
And spend our Flatteries, to drinke those men,
Vpon whose Age we voyde it vp agen
With poysonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not deprauid, or depraues;
Who dyes, that beares not one spurne to their graues
Of their Friends giift:
I should feare, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stampe vpon me: 'Tis bene done,
Men shut their doores against a setting Sunne.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and
a few their lutes, each singe out an Amazon, and all
Dance, men with women, a lustie strain or two to the
Hoboyes, and cease.*

Tim. You haue done our pleasures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe so beautiful, and kinde:
You haue added wealth vnnot, and iuster,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuce,
I am to thank you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the best.

Aper. Faith for the worst is filthy, and would not hold
taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Please you to dispose of your selues.

All Lar. Muft thankfully, my Lord.

Exeunt.

Tim. *Flavius.*

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet?

There is no crouling him in's humor,
Else I should tell him well, yfaith I should;
When all's spent, hee'd be crost then, and he could:
'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde.

Exit.

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readinesse.

2 Lord. Our Horfes.

Tim. O my Friends:

I haue one word to say to you: Looke yoo, my good L.
I muft intreat you honour me so much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am so farre already in your giufts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Enter Flavius.

Fla. I beseech your Honor, vouchsafe me a word, it
does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heere thee.

I prythee let's be prouided to shew them entertainment.

Fla. I scarce know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it please your Honor, Lord Lucius
(Out of his free loue) hath presented to you
Fourte Milke-white Horfes, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3.Ser. Please yoo my Lord, that honourable Gentle-
man Lord Lucullus, entreats your companie to morrow,
to hunt with him, and ha's sent your Honour two brace
of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiue'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?

He commands vs to prouide, and giue great giufts, and
all out of an empty Coffer:

Nor will he know his Purse, or yeeld me this,
To shew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises flye so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes for eu'ry word:
He is so kinde, that he now payes interest for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then such that do e'ne Enemies excede.
I bled inwardly for my Lord.

Exit

Tim. You do your selues much wrong,
You hate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2.Lord. With more then common thanks

I will receyue it.

3.Lord. O he's the very foule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good
words the other day of a Bay Courser I had on. 'Tis yours
because you lik'd it.

2.Lord. Oh, I beseech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no
man can iustly praise, but what he does affect. I wright
my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true,
Ile call to yoo.

All Lar. O none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your seuerall visitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinks, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades,*
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore sildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong't the dead: and all the Lands thou hast
Lye in a pitch field.

Alc. I, deuil'd Land, my Lord.

1.Lord. We are so virtuously bound.

Tim. And so am I to you.

2.Lord. So infinitely ender'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1.Lord. The best of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his Friends.

Exeunt Lords

Aper. What a coiles here, seruing of beeces, and iot-
ting out of bummet. I doubt whether their Legges be
worth the summes that are giuen for 'em.

Friendships full of dregges,
Me thinks false hearts, should neuer haue found legges.
Thus honest Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtises.

Tim. Now *Apermanius* (if thou wert not fallen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I should be brib'd too,
there would be none left to ryle vpon thee, and then thou
wouldest finne the faster. Thou giu'st so long *Timon* (I
fear me) thou wilt giue away thy selfe in paper shortly.
What needs these Feasts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Musicke.

Aper. So : Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou shalt not then. He locke thy heaven from thee :
Oh that mens eares should be
To Counsell deafe, but not to Flatterie.

Exit

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late five thousand : to Varro and to Iphidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former summe,
Which makes it five and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, feale bot a beggers Dogge,
And give it Timon, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would sell my Horie, and buy twenty moe
Better then he ; why give my Horie to Timon.
Aske nothing, give it him, it Foles me straight
And able Hories : No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that smiles, and still insoites
All that passe by. It cannot hold, no reason
Can found his state in safety. Capbū hoā,
Capbū I say.

Enter Capbū.

Ca. Heere sir, what is your pleasure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & hast you to Lord Timon,
Importune him for my Moneys, be not craft
With slight deniall ; nor then silence, when
Commend me to your Master, and the Cap
Plays in the right hand, thus : but tell him,
My Vses cry to me ; I must serve my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are past,
And my reliances on his cracked dates
Have smit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But must not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my reliefe
Must not be toft and turn'd to me in words,
But finde supply immediate. Cett you gone,
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand : for I do feare
When every Feather tickles in his owne wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flathes now a Phoenix, get you gone.

Ca. I go sir.

Sen. I go sir.

Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, with many bills in his hand.

Stew. No care, no stop, so senselesse of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor cease his fluw of Riot. Takes no account
How things go from him, nor refuse no care
Of what is to continue : neuer minde
Was to be so ynwile, to be so kinde.
What shall be done, he will not heare, till feele :
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Capbū, Iphidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen Varro : what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your businesse too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, Iphidore?

Iph. It is so.

Cap. Would we were all discharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So soone as dinners done, wee'll forth againe
My Alcibiades. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Does't whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Please it your Lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new dayes this moneth :
My Master is awak'd by great Occasion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prays you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'll suite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honest Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy selfe, good Friend.

Var. One Varroes seruant, my good Lord.

Iph. From Iphidore, he humbly prays your speedy pay-
ment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Masters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture my Lord, sixe weekes,
and past.

Iph. Your Steward pots me off my Lord, and I
Am sent exprefly to your Lordship.

Tim. Giue me breath :

I do beseech you good my Lords keepe on,
He waite vpon you instantly. Come hither : pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encoountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long since due debts
Against my Honor?

Stew. Please you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this businesse :
Your importunate cease, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordship vnderstand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so my Friends, let them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere.

Exit.

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Capb. Stay, stay, here comes the Foole with Apeman-
tus, let's ha some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'll abuse vs.

Iph. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How dost Foole?

Ape. Dost Dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy selfe. Come away.

Iph. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou stand'st single, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He last ask'd the question. Poore Rogues, and
Vsurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

All. What are we Apemantus?

Ape. Allas.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know
your selues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole :

How does your Mistress?

Foole.

Foole. She's e'ne setting on water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looker you, heere comes my Masters Page.

Page. Why how now Capitaine? what do you in this wise Company.

How dost thou Apemantus?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee Apemantus reade me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go thou wast borne a Bastard, and thou'st dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp't a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges death.

Answer not, I am gone.

Exit

Ape. E'ne so thou out-runst Grace, Foole I will go with you to Lord Timon.

Foole. Will you leave me there?

Ape. If Timon stay at home.

You three serve three Vfurers?

All. I would they serv'd vs.

Ape. So would I:

At good a trick as euer Hangman seru'd These.

Foole. Are you three Vfurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Vfuror, but ha's a Foole to his Servant. My Mistress is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sildy, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sildy. The reason of this?

Par. I could render one.

Ape. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

Parus. What is a Whoremaster Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't appears like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then 's artificial one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes up and downe in, from fowercore to thirteen, this spirit wakes in.

Par. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wiseman, As much foolerie as I have, so much wis thou lack'st.

Ape. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, ielder Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

Sew. Pray you walke enee, He speake with you anon.

Exeunt.

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time Had you not sully laide my state before me, That I might so haue rated my expence As I had leaue of meanes.

Sew. You would not heare me:

At many leysures I propose.

Tim. Go too!

Perchance some single vantage you tooke, When my indisposition put you backe, And that vnaptnesse made your minister Thus to excuse your selfe.

Sew. O my good Lord,

At many times I brought in my accompts, Laid them before you, you would throw them off, And say you found them in mine honestie, When for some trifling present you haue bid me Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept: Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you To hold your hand more close: I did indure Not hidome, nor no flight checkers, when I haue Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate, And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord, Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time, The greatest of your hauing, lackes a halfe, To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be sold.

Sew. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeyted and gone, And what remains will hardly stop the mouth Of present dues; the future comes apace: What shall defend the interim, and at length How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Sew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word, Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath, How quickly were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Sew. If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood, Call me before th' exact Auditors, And set me on the proofe. So the Gods blesse me, When all our Offices haue bene npprest With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept With drunken spilt of Wine; when euery roome Hath bla'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie, I haue retr'y'd me to a wastefull cocke, And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Sew. Heuene, haue I said, the bounty of this Lord: How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants This night englutted: who is not Timons, What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is L. Timons: Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon! Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise, The breath is gone, whereof this praise is made: Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter shoures, These flies are coucht.

Tim. Come sermon me no further.

No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart; Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen. Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke, To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart, If I would broach the vessels of my lose, And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing, Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vie As I can bid thee speake.

Sew. Assurance blesse your thoughts.

Tim. And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd, That I account them blessings. For by these Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue How you mistake my Fortunes: I am wealthie in my Friends. Within there, Flauius, Seruilius?

Enter

Enter three Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will dispatch you feverally.

Yoo to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I banted with his Honor to day; yoo to Sempronius; commend me to their loves; and I am proud say, that my occasions have found time to vie 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you have said, my Lord.

Ser. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humh.

Tim. Go you fir to the Senators;

Of whom, even to the States best health; I have Deferu'd this Hearing: bid 'em fend o'th' instant A thousand Taleots to me.

Ser. I have beene bold

(For that I knew it the most generall way)
To them, to vfe your Signet, and your Name,
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Ser. They answer in a joynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treatate cannot
Do what they would, are forrie; you are Honourable,
But yet they could have witht, they know not,
Something hath bene amisse; a Noble Nature
May catch a wench; would all were well; tis pity,
And so intending other serious matters,
After distastefull looks; and these hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-cups, and cold mousing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. Yoo Gods reward them!

Prythee man looke cheerly. These old Fellowes
Have their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flows,
'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it grows againe toward earth,
Is fashion'd fur the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ursidius* (prythee be not sad,
Thoo art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,
No blame belongs to thee;) *Ursidius* lately
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stopp'd
Into a great estate: When he was poore,
Imprison'd, and in scarfite of Friends,
I cleer'd him with fve Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be rememberd
With those fve Talents; that had, giue'these Fellowes
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'r speake, ot thinke,
That *Timon* fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.

Ser. I would I could not thinke it:

That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it selfe, it thinke all others so.

Exeunt

Flamininus waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a'seruant to him.

Ser. I have told my Lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heete's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timon* men? A Guist I warrant.
Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluett Bason & Ewe to night. *Flamininus*, honest *Flamininus*, you are verie respectfully welcome fir. Fill me some Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bountifull good Lord and Master?

Flam. His health is well fir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well fir: and what ha'st thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flamininus*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty bus Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to supply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vfe fiftie Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la! Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a hoofe. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he would embrace no counsell, take no warning by my comming, euer man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flamininus*, I haue noted these alwayes wife. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

Luc. I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst vfe the time wel, if the time vfe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone firrah. Draw neerer honest *Flamininus*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know'st well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendship without securitie. Heere's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ, And we alue that liued? Fly damned basenesse To him that worships thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Master.

Exit L.

Flam. May these adde to the number; may scald thee! Let moolten Coine be thy damnation, Thou diseafe of a friend, and not himselfe! Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart, It turnes in lesse then two nightes? O you Gods! I feeke my Masters pishon. This Slaue vnto his Honor, Has my Lords meate in him! Why should it thrise, and turne to Nutrimet, When he is turn'd to poysen? O may Difeases onely worke vpon't: And when he's sieke to death, let not that part of Nature Which my Lord payd for, be of any power To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.

Exit.

Enter Lucius, with three strangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no lesse, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timon* happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow so many Talents, nay vrg'd extremely for't, and shew'd what

what necessity belong'd too't, and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a strange case was that? Now before the Gods I am asham'd o'er. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour shew'd in't. For my owne part, I must needs confesse, I haue receyued some small kindnesse from him, as Money, Plate, Jewels, and such like Trifles; nothing comparing to his; yet had hee mistooke him, and sent to me, I should ne've haue denied his Occasion so many Talents.

Enter Seruilus.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue sweet to see his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Luci. *Seruilus*? You are kindly met sir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquisite Friend.

Seruil. May it please your Honour, my Lord hath sent —

Luci. Ha? what ha's he sent? I am so much endereed to that Lord; hee's ever sending: how shall I thank him think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Seruil. Has onely sent his present Occasion now my Lord: requesting your Lordship to supply his instant vse with so many Talents.

Luci. I know his Lordship is but merry with me, He cannot want fifty five hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants lesse my Lord. If his occasion were not vertuous, I should not urge it halfe so faithfully.

Luci. Dost thou speake seriously *Seruilus*?

Seruil. Vpon my soule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Best was I to disurnish my self against such a good time, when I might ha shewn my selfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned, that I should Purchase the day before for a little part, and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilus*, now before the Gods I am not able to do (tho' more best I say) I was sending to vse Lord *Timon* my selfe, these Gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordship, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the fairest of mee, because I haue oo power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions say, that I cannot pleasure such an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilus*, will you befriend mee so farre, as to vse mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes sir, I shall.

Exit Seruil.

Luci. Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilus*.

True as you said, *Timon* is shrunke indeede,

And he that's once deny'de, will hardly speede.

Exit.

1 Do you obserue this *Hylitus*?

2 I, to well.

3 Why this is the worlds soule,
And iust of the same pece

In euery Flatterers sport: who can call him his Friend

That dips in the same dish? For in my knowing

Timon has bin this Lords Father,

And kept his credit with his purse:

Supported his estate, nay *Timon*'s money

Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drincke,

But *Timon*'s Silver tread vpon his Lip,

And yet, oh see the monstrousnesse of man,

When hee lookes out in an vngratefull shape;

Hee does deny him (in respect of his)

What charitable men afford to Beggars.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer tasted *Timon* in my life Nor came any of his bounties ouer me, To marke me for his Friend. Yet I protest, For his right Noble minde, illustrious Vertue, And Honourable Carriage, Had his necessity made vse of me, I would haue put my wealth into Donation, And the best halfe should haue returo'd to him, So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue, Men must learne now with pittie to dispence, For Policy sits above Conscience.

Exeunt.

Enter a third seruant with Sempronius, another of Timon's Friends.

Semp. Must he needs trouble me io't? Hum. 'Bout all others?

He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*, And now *Pentidius* is wealthy too, Whom hee redeem'd from prison. All these Owes their estates voto him.

Ser. My Lord, They haue all bin touch'd, and found Base-Mettell, For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him? Has *Pentidius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him, And does hee lend to me? Three? Hum? It shewes but little loue, or iudgement in him. Must I be his last Refuge? His Friends (like Physicians) Thriue, giue him ouer: Must I take th' Cure vpon me? Has much disgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him, That might haue knowne my place. I see no sence for't, But his Occasions might haue wooed me first: For in my conscience, I was the first man That ere receiued gift from him.

And does hee thinke so backwardly of me oow, That Ile requite it last? No:

So it may proue an Argument of Laughter To th'rest, and 'mongst Lords be thought a Foole: I'de rather then the worth of thrice the summe, Had sent to me first, but for my mindes sake: I'de such a courage to do him good. But oow returne, And with their faint reply, this answer ioyne;

Who bates mine Honor, shall not know my Coyne. *Exit* *Ser.* Excellent: Your Lordships a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what hee did, when hee made man Politicke; hee crossed himselfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will fet him cleere. How fairly this Lord *Strius* to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like those, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would fet whole Realmes on fire, of such a nature is his politike loue.

This was my Lords best hope, how all are fled Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead, Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards Many a bounteous yeere, must be employ'd Now to guard sure their Master: And this is all a liberall course allows, Who cannot keepe his wealth, must keepe his house. *Exit.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timon's Creditors to wait for him coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortensius Titus*

Tit. The like to you kiods *Varro*.

Hort. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one business do's command vs all. For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotas.

Luci. And fir *Philotas* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord seene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to shine at seven.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt shorter with him: You must confider, that a Prodigall course

Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recoverable, I feare: 'Tis deepest Winter in Lord *Timon*'s purse, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. Ile shew you how t'observe a strange eunt:

Your Lord sends now for Money?

Hort. Most true, he doe's.

Tit. And he weares Jewels oow of *Timon*'s gift, For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is against my heart.

Luci. Marke how strange it shewes,

Timon in this, should pay more then he owes:

And e'ne as if your Lord should weare rich Jewels, And fend for money for 'em.

Hort. I'm weary of this Charge,

The Gods can witnesse:

I know my Lord hath spent of *Timon*'s wealth, And now Ingratitude, makes it worfe then stealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's a three thousand Crowns:

What's yours?

Luci. Five thousand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it should seem by th' sum

Your Masters confidence was aboue mine,

Else surely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminio.

Tit. One of Lord *Timon*'s men.

Luci. *Flaminio*! Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordship: pray signifie so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too

Enter Steward in a Clout, muffled. (diligent.

Luci. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so?

He goes away in a Clout: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, fir?

2. Varro. By your leave, fir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, fir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting, 'Twere sure enough.

Why then prefer'd you not your sommes and Billes

When your false Masters eate of my Lords meat?

Then they could smile, and fawoe upon his debts,

And take downe th'Intrest into their glutt'nous Mawes.

You do your felues bot wrong, to stirre me vp,

Let me paffe quietly:

Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end,

I haue no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luci. I, bot this answer will not serue.

Stew. If'twill not serue, 'tis not so bafe as you, For you serue *Knaues*.

1. Varro. How? What does his caffet'ed Worshipp mutter?

2. Varro. No matter what, 'hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can speake broader, then hee that has no house to put his head in? Such may rayle against great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee shall know some answere.

Seru. If I might beseech you Gentlemen, to repayre some other house, I should deriue much from't. For tak't of my foule, my Lord leanes wondrously to discontent: His comfortable temper has furfooke him, he's much out of health, and keeps his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not sicke: And if it be so farre beyond his health, Me thinks he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seru. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for answer, fir.

Flaminio within. *Seruilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd against my passage?

Haue I bin euer free, and must my boule

Be my retentive Enemy? My Gaole?

The place which I haue fasted, does it now

(Like all Mankinde) shew me an Iroo heart?

Luci. Put in oow *Tim*.

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. Var. And mine, my Lord.

2. Var. And ours, my Lord.

Phil. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me dowoe with 'em, eleaze mee to the Girdle.

Luci. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in summes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luci. Five thousand Crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops payes that.

What yours? and yours?

1. Var. My Lord.

2. Var. My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you.

Exit Timon.

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Masters may throw their caps at their money, thesa debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

Exit Hort.

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ne put my breath from mee the slues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it should be so?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile haue it so. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends agriue,

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vindex: All, Ile onke more feast the Rascals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely speake from your distracted soule: there's not so much left to furnish out a moderate Table.

Timon.

Tim. Be it not in thy case:
Go I charge thee, invite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide. *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one door, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:

'Tis necessary he should dye:

Nothing imboldens finne so much, as Mercy.

2. Most true; the Law shall bruise 'em.

Alc. Honor, health, and compassion to the Senate.

1. Now Captaine.

Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;

For pity is the vertue of the Law;

And none but Tyrants vse it cruelly.

It pleases time and Fortune to lye heauie

Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood

Hath stept into the Law: which is past death

To those that (without heede) do plunge into't.

He is a Man (letting his Face aside) of comely Vertues,

Nor did he soyle the fact with Cowardice,

(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)

But with a Noble Fury, and faire spirit,

Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppose his Foe:

And with such fober and vnnoted passion

He did behoue his anger ere 'twas spent,

As if he had but prou'd an Argument.

1. Sen. You vndergo too strict a Parados,

Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:

Your words haue tooke such paines, as if they labour'd

To bring Man-slaughter into forme, and set Quarrelling

Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede

Is Valour misbegot, and came into the world,

When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.

Hee's truly Valiant, that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breath,

And make his Wrong, his Out-fides,

To weare them like his Rayment, carelessly,

And ne're preferre his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,

What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.

Alc. My Lord.

1. Sen. You cannot make grosse finnes looke cleare,

To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.

Alc. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,

If I speake like a Captaine.

Why do fond men expose themselves to Battell,

And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,

And let the Foe quietly cut their Throats

Without repugnancy? If there be

Such Valour in the bearing, what make we

Aboad? Why then, Women are more valiant

That stay at home, if Bearing carry it:

And the Affe, more Captaine then the Lyon?

The fellow loaden with Irons, wile then the Iudge?

If Wifedom be in suffering, Oh my Lords,

As you are great, be pitifully Good,

Who cannot condemne rashnesse in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is finnes extreamest Guilt,

But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis most iust.

To be in Anger, is impetie:

But who is Man, that is not Angrie.

Weigh but the Crime with this.

2. Sen. You breath in vaine.

Alc. In vaine?

His seruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,

Wise sufficient briber for his life.

1. What's that?

Alc. Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice,

And slaine in fight many of your enemies:

How full of valour did he beare himselfe

In the last Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2. He has made too much plenty with him:

He's a sworne Riotor, he has a finne

That often drownes him, and takes his valour prisoner.

If there were no Foes, that were enough

To overcome him. In that Beastly furie,

He has bin knowne to commit outrages,

And cherrish Factions. 'Tis infer'd to vs,

His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.

1. He dyes.

Alc. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.

My Lords, if not for any parts in him,

Though his right arme might purchase his owne time,

And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,

Take my deserts to his, and loyne 'em both.

And for I know, your reuerend Ages leue Security,

Ile pawce my Victories, all my Honour to you

Vpon his good returns.

If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,

Why let the Warre recieve't in valiant gore,

For Law is strict, and Warre is nothing more.

1. We are for Law, he dyes, vrgt it no more

On height of our displeasure: Friend, or Brother,

He forfeits his owne blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so? It must not be:

My Lords, I do beseech you know mee.

2. How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3. What.

Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,

It could not else be, I should proue so base,

To sue and be deny'd such common Grace.

My wounds ake at you.

1. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect:

We banish thee for euer.

Alc. Banish me?

Banish your dotage, banish viciie,

That makes the Senate vgly.

1. If after two dayes thine, Athens containe thee,

Attend our waighier Judgement.

And not to swell our Spirit,

He shall be executed presently.

Exeunt.

Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,

That you may liue

Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.

I'm worse then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes

While they haue told their Money, and let out

Their Coine vpon large interest. I my selfe,

Rich onely in large hurts. All those, for this?

Is this the Balm, that the viding Senat

Powres into Captaines wounds? Banishment.

It comes not ill: I hate not to be banish't,

It is a cause worthy my Spleene and Furie,

That I may strike at Athens. Ile cheere vp

My discontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;

'Tis Honour with most Lands to be at odds,

Souldiers should brooke as little wrongs as Gods.

Exit.

Enter

Enter divers Friends at severall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, fir.
2 I also with it to you: I thioke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Upon that were my thoughts trying when was encountered. I hope it is not to low with him as he made it seeme in the trial of his severall Friends.

2 It should not be, by the perswasion of his new Feasting.

1 I should thinke so. He hath sent mee an earnest inuiting, which many my neete occasions did vrge mee to put off: but he hath conin'd mee beyond them, and I must needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat businesse, but ha would not heare my excuse. I am forrie, when he sent to borrow of mee, that my Prouision was out.

1 I am sicke of that greefe too, as I vnderstand how all things go.

2 Euery man heares so: what would hee haue borrowed of you?

1 A thousand Peeces.

2 A thousand Peeces?

1 What of you?

2 He sent to mee fir—Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Euer at the best, hearing well of your Lordship.

2 The Swallow follows not Summer more willing, then we your Lordship.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves Winter, such Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long stay: Feast your eares with the Musick awhile: If they will fare so harshly o'th' Trumpets found: we shall too't presently.

1 I hope it remains not vnkindly with your Lordship, that I return'd you an empty Messenger.

Tim. O fir, let it not trouble you.

2 My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah my good Friend, what echeer?

The Banquet brought in.

1 My most Honorable Lord, I am e'ne sick of shame, that when your Lordship this other day sent to mee, I was so vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, fir.

2 If you had sent but two hours before.

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.

2 All coouer'd Dishes.

1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.

2 Doubt not that, if money and the season can yeild it

1 How do you? What's the newes?

2 Alcibiades is banish'd: I heare you of it?

Tim. Alcibiades banish'd?

2 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 How? How?

2 I pray you vpon what?

Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?

2 He tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feast toward

2 This is the old man Bill.

2 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?

2 It do's: but time will, and so.

3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his stoole, with that spurte as hee would to the lip of his Mistris: your dyet shall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feast of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the first place. Sit, fir. The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, sprinkle our Society with Thankesfulness. For your vnnegligent, make your selues prou'd: But reuerse still to giue, teach your Ditties be despised. Lead to each man enough, that one needs not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the Gods. Make the Meate be belov'd, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Assembly of Twentie, be without a fower of Villaines. If there sit twine Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The rest of your Feat, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legges of People, what a amisse in them, you Gods, make futeable for destruction. For they my present Friends, as they are to mee nothing, so in nothing blisse them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vneouer Dogges, and lop.

Some speak. What do's his Lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Timon. May you a better Feast neuer behold You knot of Mouth-Fjends: Smoke, & lukewarm water is your perfection. This is Timons last, Who sticke and spangled you with Flatteries, Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long Most smiling, smooth, detested Parasites, Curteous Destroyers, affable Wolves, meeke Beares: You Fooles of Fortuue, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes, Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Mioute lackes. Of Man and Beast, the infinite Maladie Cruel you quite o're. What do'st thou go? Soft, take thy Physicke first; thow too, and thou: Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none. What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feast, Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Guest. Borne house, sinke Athens, henceforth bared be Of Timon Man, and all Humanity.

Exit

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?

2 Know you the quality of Lord Timons fury?

3 Puff, did you see my Cap?

4 I haue lost my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord, & noight but humors swaies him. He gae me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.

Did you see my Iewell?

2 Did you see my Cap.

3 Heere 'tis.

4 Heere lyes my Gowne.

1 Let's make no stay.

2 Lord Timons mad.

3 I feel't vpon my bones.

4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day Stones.

Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall That girdles in those Wolves, due in the earth, And fence not Athens. Nations, turne incontinent, Obedience faye in Children: Slaues and Fooles

h h

Plucke

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
 And minister in their fleeds, to generall Filthes.
 Conuert o'th Infant greene Virginity,
 Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast
 Rather then render backe; oot with your Knives,
 And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
 Large-handed Robbers your, graue Masters are,
 And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
 Thy Mistis is o'th Brothell. Some of sixteen,
 Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
 With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
 Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
 Dometicke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbor-hood,
 Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
 Degrect, Obedruances, Customes, and Lawes,
 Decline to your confounding contraries.
 And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious Feaours, heape
 On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
 Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
 As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
 Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of ooyouth,
 That gainst the dreame of Vertue they may strue,
 And drowne themselves in Riot. Iches, Blaines,
 Sowe all th' Athenian bolomes, and their crop
 Be generall Leprosie: Breeth, infect breath,
 That their Society (as their Friendship) may
 Be merely poison. Nothing lie beare from thee
 But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne,
 Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
 Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
 Th' vnkindest Beasts, more kinder then Mankinde.
 The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
 Th' Athenians both within and out that Wall:
 And graunt as Timon growes, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
 Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
 Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
 Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
 I am as poore as you.

1 Such a Houle broke?
 So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not
 One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
 And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backs
 From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
 So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
 Slinke all away, leaue their false vovs with him
 Like empty purles pickt; and his poore selfe
 A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
 With his disease, of all shunn'd poverty,
 Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implemments of a ruin'd house.
 3 Yet do our hearts weare Timons Liury,
 That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
 Seruing alike in sorrow: Leake'd in our Barke,
 And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
 Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
 Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,

The latest of my wealth lie share among't you.
 Where euer we shall meete, for Timon sake,
 Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
 As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
 We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
 Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part seuerall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
 Who would not with to be from wealth exempt,
 Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
 Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
 But in a Dreame of Friendship,
 To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
 But onely painted like his varnish'd Friends:
 Poore honest Lord, brought low by his owne heart,
 Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnfull blood,
 When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
 Who then dares to be halfe so kinde again?
 For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
 My dearest Lord, blest to be most accur'd,
 Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
 Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
 Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
 Of monstrous Friends:
 Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
 Or that which can command it:
 He follow and enquire him out.
 He euer serue his minde, with my best will,
 Whilst I haue Gold, He be his Steward still.

Exit.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
 Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
 Whole procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarfe is diuided; touch them with seuerall fortunes,
 The greater scorne the lesse. Not Nature
 (To whom all fores lay siege) can beare great Fortune
 But by contempt of Nature.
 Raise me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
 The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
 The Begger Native Honor.
 It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
 The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
 In puritie of Manhood stand vpright
 And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
 So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
 Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
 There 'nothing leuell in our curd Natur
 But direct villanie. Therefore be abhor'd,
 All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
 His semblable, yea himselfe Timon disdaines,
 Destruction phang mankind; Earth yeld me Rootes,
 Who feedes for better of these, hence my pallate
 With thy most operant Poison. What is heere?
 Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
 No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
 Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
 Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
 Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
 Ha you Gods! why thin' what this, you Gods? why this
 Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
 Plucke foot mens pillows from below their heads.

This

This yellow Slaue,
Will kilt and breake Religions, blesse th'accurs'd,
Make the house Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, kner, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vicerous fores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'April day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that putteth odds
Among the root of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou'rt wot a (strong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay flay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner,
and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speake.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For fiewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am *Misfortune*, and hate Mankinde.

For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:

But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phrynia. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returns
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
Bot then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.

If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timon. Is this th' Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd fo' regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra*?

Timon. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore fill, they loue thee not that vlt thee,
giue them diseases, leausing with thee their Lust. Make
vlt of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and
Bathes, bring downe Rose-cheek youth to the Fubfall,
and the Diet.

Timon. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dailie make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greew'd
How curst Athens, mindeleffe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour states
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee deere *Timon*.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom I do't trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:

Here is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. War'r't thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc. I *Timon*, and haue cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, *Timon*?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines

Thou wast borne to conquer my Country.

Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heere Gold, go on;

Be as a Planetary plague, when loue

Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his paylof

In the sicke ayre: let not thy Iword skip one:

Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,

He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfeit Matroo,

It is her habite onely, that is honest,

Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke

Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes

That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,

Are not within the Leaf of pitty writ,

But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe

Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;

Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,

And mince it farr remorse. Swear against Obiects,

Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,

Whose proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maists, nor Babes,

Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a lot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,

Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,

Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gi-
uest me, not all thy Countell.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heaues curse vpon
thee.

Borb. Giue vs some Gold good *Timon*, hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore follow her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Slutts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'll sweate, terribly sweare
Into strong shudders, and to heauenly Agues
Th'immortal Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores fill.

And he whose pious breake feakes to conuert you,

Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no torne-coats: yet may your paines six months

Be quite contrary. And Thatch

Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,

(Some that were hang'd) no matter:

Weare them, betray with them; Whore fill,

Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:

A pox of wrinkles.

Borb. Well, more Gold, what then?

h h 2

Believe't

Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Consumptions fow
In hollow bones of man, strike their sharpe shinnes,
And marre mens spurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more false Title pleide,
Nor found his Quillets shrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That scold't against the quality of flesh,
And not beleeues himselfe. Downe with the Nose,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curd'pate Ruffians
And let the vnder'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue some paine from you. Plague all,
That your Activity may defeat and quell
The fourfe of all Ereccion. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Bech. More counsell with more Money, bontheues
Timon.

Tim. More whore, more Mischeefe first, I haue gi-
uan you earnest.

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towards Athens, farewell
Timon: if I thrive well, Ie visit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ie neuer fee thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harme?

Tim. Man dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beegles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, strike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being fike of mans vnkindnesse
Should yet be hungry? Common Mother, thou
Whose wombe vnnessefurable, and infinite breft
Teemes and feeds all: whose selfefame Mettla
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puffed,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyelesse venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Crispe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperion* quickning fire doth shine:
Yield him, who all the humana Sonnes do hate,
From fourth thy pteuous bosome, one poore roote:
Enscare thy Fertile and Conception wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.

Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the Marbled Mansion all aboue
Neuer presented. O, a Root, deare thanks:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licorith draughts
And Morfels Vndious, greates his pure minde,
That from it all Consolation flippes —

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Alc. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou dost affect my Mannars, and dost via them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee.

Alc. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Malincholly sprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slau-like Habit, and these lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet wear Silke, drinke Wine, lye soft,
Hugge their dircas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not these Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and seeke to thrive

By that which ha's vndone thee; hindga thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obserue
Blow off thy Cap: praise his most vicious straine,
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus:
Thou gau'st thine carra (like Tapfers, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approchers: 'Tis most iust
That thou turne Rascall, had'st thou wealth againe,
Rascals should haue't. Do not asfame my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my selfe.

Alc. Thou hast cast away thy selfe, being like thy selfe
A Madman so long, now a Fole: what think'st
That the bleske syre, thy boyserous Chamberlaina
Will put thy shirt on warme? Will these moyst Trees,
That haue out-lin'd the Eagle, paye thy heeles
And skip when thou pain'st out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning tula
To cure thy o're-nights furlet? Call the Creatures,
Whose naked Natures lue in all the spight
Of wreckfull Heauen, whose bare vnshouled Trunkes,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Answer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou shalt finde.

Tim. A Fole of thee: depart.

Alc. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worfe.

Alc. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Alc. I flatter not, but say thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'st thou seeke me out?

Alc. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fools.

Dost please thy selfe in't?

Alc. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Alc. If thou did'st put this fowre cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

Dost it enforcedly: Thou'd'st Courtier be againe

Wart thou not Beggar: willing misery

Out-lives incertaime pompe, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, neuer complet:

The other, at high with: best state Contentlesse,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse then the worst Content.

Thou should'st desire to dye, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a Slau, whom Fortunes tender arms

With fauour neuer clasp't: but bred a Dogge.

Had'st thou like vs from our first swarth proceeded,

The sweat degrees of this breefe world affords,

To such as may the paffue drugges of it

Freely command't: thou would'st haue plung'd thy selfe

In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth

In different beds of Lust, and neuer learn'd

The Icia precepts of respect, but followed

The Sugred game before thee. But my selfe,

Who had the world as my Confectionarie,

The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,

At duty more than I could frame employment;

That numberlesse vpon me flucke, as leues

Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters bruth

Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,

For euery storme that blowes. I to beare this,

That neuer knew but better, is some burthen:

Thy Nature, did commence in suffurance, Time

Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate Man?

They neuer flatter'd thee. What hast thou giuen?

If thou wilt curse ; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Must be thy subject ; who in spirit put stiffe
To some three-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadst not bene borne the work of men,
Thou hadst bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.

Were all the wealth I haue that vp in thee,
I'd giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone :
That the whole life of Atheos were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feast.

Tim. First mend thy company, take away thy selfe.

Ape. So I shall mend mine owne, by th'lacke of thioe

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;

If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'st thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind ; if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, so I haue.

Ape. Heere is no vfe for Gold.

Tim. The best, and truest :

For heere it sleepe, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyest a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's about me.

Where feed'st thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my stomacke findes meate, or rather
where I eate it.

Tim. Would payfon were obedient, & knew my mid

Ape. Where would'st thou send it?

Tim. To fawce thy dishes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer knewest,
but the extremitie of both ends. When thou wast in thy
Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much
Curiositie : in thy Rages thou know'st none, but art de-
spis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'st hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadst hated Medlers sooner, y' should'st
haue loued thy selfe better now. What man didd'st thou
euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who without those meanes thou talk'st of, didst
thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My selfe.

Tim. I vnderstand thee : thou had'st some meanes to
keepe a Dogge.

Ape. What things in the world canst thou necerft
compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women necerft, but men : men are the things
themselues. What would'st thou do with the world *Apemantus*,
if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'st thou haue thy selfe fall in the confu-
sion of men, and remaine a Beast with the Beasts.

Ape. I *Timon*.

Tim. A beastly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt
thee 'tattaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would
beguile thee : if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would
eate thee : if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would suspect
thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Asse :
If thou wert the Asse, thy dulnesse would torment thee ;
and fill thou liu'dst but as a Breakfast to the Wolfe. If
thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedinesse would affright thee,

& oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert
thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound
thee, and make thine owne selfe the conquest of thy fury.
Wert thou a Beare, thou would'st be kill'd by the Horlei
wert thou a Horle, thou would'st be fear'd by the Leo-
pard : wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the
Lion, and the spotted of thy Kindred, were lurors on thy
life. All thy faculty were remotion, and thy defence ab-
sence. What Beast could'st thou bee, that were not sub-
iect to a Beast : and what a Beast art thou already, that
feelt not thy losse in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'st please me
With speaking to me, thou might'st
Haue hit vpon it heere.

The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forrest of Beasts.

Tim. How ha's the Asse broke the wall, that thou art
out of the Citie.

Ape. Vnder comes a Poet and a Painter :

The plague of Company light vpon thee :

I will feare to catch it, and giue way.

Where I know not what elfe to do,

Ile see thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,

Thou shalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggars Dogge,

Then *Apemantus*.

Ape. Thou art the Cap

Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To spit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,

Thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All Villaines

That do stand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leprosie,

But what thou speake'st.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile hate thee ;

But I should infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue

Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou issue of a mangie dogge,

Choller does kill me,

That thou art aliue, I swoond to see thee.

Ape. Would thou would'st burst.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am sorry I shall
lose a stone by thee.

Ape. Beasts.

Tim. Slauers.

Ape. Toads.

Tim. Rogues, Rogues, Rogues.

I am sicke of this fall world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere necessitie vpon't :

Then *Timon* presently prepare thy graue :

Lye where the light Foome of the Sea may beate

Thy graue stone dayly, make thine Epitaph,

That death in me, at others liues may laugh.

O thou sweete King-killier, and deare diuorce

Twixt naturall Sunne and fire : to thou bright defiler

of *Himans* purest bed, thou valiant Mars,

Thou euer, yong, fresh, loued, and delicate wooer,

Whose bludd doth thawe the consecrated Snow

That lyes on Dians lap,

Thou visible God,

That could'st close Impossibilities,

Aod mak'st them kisse ; that speak'st with euerie Tongue

b h 3

To

To ruerie purpose : O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy slave-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding odies, that Beasts
May haue the world in Empire.

Ape. Would 'twere so,
But out till I am dead. He sayth 'haist Gold !
Thou wilt be throng'd too shortly.

Tim. Throng'd too ?

Ape. I.

Tim. Thy backe I prythee.

Ape. Liue, and loose thy misery.

Tim. Long liue so, and so dye. I am quit.

Ape. Mo things like men,
Este *Timon*, and abhorre then.

Exit Apeman.

Enter the Banditti.

1. Where should he haue this Gold ? It is some poore
Fragment, some slender Ort of his remainder : the meere
want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue
him into this Melancholly.

2. It is nois'd
He hath a masse of Treasure.

3. Let vs make the assay vpon him, if he care not for't,
he will supply vs easily : if he couetously refuse it, how
shall's get it ?

2. True : for he beares it not about him :

'Tis hid.

1. Is not this hee ?

All. Where ?

2. 'Tis his description.

3. He ! I know him.

All. Saue thee *Timon*.

Tim. Now Theeues.

All. Soldiers, not Theeues.

Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.

All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.

Tim. Your greatestt want is, you want much of meat :
Why should you want ? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs :
The Oakes beare Maist, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Hufwife Nature, on each bush,
Layes her full Messe before you. Want ? why Want ?

2. We cannot liue on Grasse, on Berries, Water,
As Beasts, and Birds, and Fishes.

3. Nor on the Beasts themselves, the Birds & Fishes,
You must eate men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are Theeues profest : that you worke not
In holier shapcs : For there is boundlesse Theft
In limited Professions. Rascall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, sucke the subtle blood o'th' Grape,
Till the high Fesour seeth your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging. Trust not the Phytian,
His Antidotes are payson, and he slayes
More then you Rob : Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine doo, since you protest to doo't.
Like Workemen, hee example you with Theeuery :
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaine Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, hee snatches from the Sunne.
The Sea a Theefe, whose liquid Surge, resolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a compofute stolne,
From gen'rall excrement : each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your selues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues : to Athens go,
Breake open shoppes, nothing can you steale
But Theeues do loue it : steale lesse, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howeuer : Amen.

3. Has almost charm'd me from my Profession, by per-
swading me to it.

1. 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduises
vs not to haue vs thrise in our mytery.

2. He belecue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.

1. Let vs first see peace in Athens, there is no time so
miserable, but a man may be true. *Exit Theeues.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods !
Is yon'd despis'd and ruinous man my Lord ?
Full of decay and fayling ? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly beflow'd !
What an alteration of Honor has desp'rate want made ?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Nublist mindes, to basest ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guile,
When man was wisht to loue his Enemies :
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Those that would mischeefe me, then those that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will present my honest griefe
vnto him ; and as my Lord, still serue him with my life.
My deereft Master.

Tim. Away : what art thou ?

Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir ?

Tim. Why dost aske that ? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'st, th'art a man.

I haue forgot thee.

Stew. An honest poore seruant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not :
I neuer had honest man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to serue in meate to Villaine s.

Stew. The Gods are witnesse,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep ?
Come neerer, then I looe thee
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim 'st
Flinty mankinde : whose eyes do neuer greepe,
But thorow Lust and Laughter : pittie's sleeping :
Strange times y weepe with laughing, not with weeping.

Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
I accept my greefe, and whil'st this poore wealth lasts,
To entertaine me as your Steward still.

Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, so ioll, and now so comfortable ?
It almost turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face : Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.

Forgiue my generall, and exceptlesse rashnesse
You perpetuall fober Gods. I do proclaime
One honest man : Mistake me not, but ooe :
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How fine would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem 'st thy selfe. But all faue thee,
I sell with Curfes.
Me thinkes thou art more honest now, then wife :
For, by oppressing and betraying mee,

Thou

Thou might'st have sooner got another Service:
For many so arrive at second Masters,
Upon their first Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne're so sure)
Is not thy kindeesse subtle, couetous,
If not a Vsurring kindeesse, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in retorne twenty for one?

Sew. No my most worthy Master, in whose breast
Doubt, and suspect (alas) are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times, when you did Feast.
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heauen knowes, is meerey Loose,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatcht minde;
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleuee it,
My most Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or present, I'de exchange
For this one with, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your selfe.

Tim. Looke thee, 'tis so: thou singly honest man,
Heere take: the Gods out of my miserie
Ha's sent thee Treasure. Go, liue rich and happy,
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men
Hate all, curse all, shew Charity to none,
But let the famisht flesh slide from the Bone,
Ere thou releuee the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyest to men. Let Prisoners swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blasted woods
And may Diseases lick up their false bloods,
And so farewell, and thrive.

Sew. O let me stay, and comfort you, my Master.

Tim. If thou hat'st Curfes
Stay not: I flye, will'st thou art blest and free:
Ne're see thou man, and let me ne're see thee. *Exit*

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's so full of Gold?

Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it: *Phericia* and *Timandyle*
Had Gold of him. He likewise enrich'd
Poore stragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis said, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty summe.

Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's benee but a Try for his Friends?

Painter. Norhing else:
You shall see him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flourish with the highest:
Therefore, 'tis not amisse, we tender our loues
To him, in this suppos'd distresse of his:
It will shew honestly in vs,
And is very likely, to load our purposes
With what they trausille for,
If it be a iust and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.

Poet. What haue you now
To present vnto him?

Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Visitation: oonly I will promise him
An excellent Peece.

Poet. I must ferne him so too;
Tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Painter. Good as the best.

Promising, is the verie Ayre o'th Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acke,
And but in the plainer and simpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vfe.
To Promise, is most Courty and fashionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Testament
Which argues a great sicknesse in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Cane.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canst not paint a man so badde
As this false.

Poet. I am thinking
What I shall say I haue provided for him:
It must be a personation of himselfe:
A Satyre against the fotoesse of Prosperity,
With a Discouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.

Timon. Must thou needs
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do so, I haue Gold for thee.

Poet. Nay let's seeke him,
Then do we sinne against our owne estate,
When we may profit meeke, and come too late.

Painter. True:
When the day serues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. Ile meeete you at the turne:
What a Gods Gold, that he is worshipt
In a baser Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'st the Barke, and plow'st the Fome,
Setlest admired reuerence in a Slave,
To thee be worshipt, and thy Saints for aye:
Be crown'd with Flagets, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Haile worthy Timon.
Pain. Our late Noble Master.
Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To see two honest men?

Poet. Sir:
Hauing usen of your open Bounty tistd,
Hearing you were retr'd, your Friends false off,
Whose thanklesse Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough,
What, to you,
Whose Starre-like Noblenesse gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rap, and cannot cower
Themonstrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any size of words.

Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may see't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best sene, and knowe.

Pain. He, and my selfe
Haue trausill'd in the great showre of your guifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Timon. I, you are honest man.

Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our seruice.

Timon. Most honest men!

Why

Why how shall I requite you?

Can you eat Roots, and drinke cold water, no?

Both. What we can do,

Wee'l do to do you service.

Tim. Y'are honest men,
I have heard that I have Gold,
I am sure you have, speake truth, y'are honest men.

Pain. So it is said my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfet
Beit in all Athens, th'art indeed the best,
Thou counterfet'st most liuely.

Pain. So, so, my Lord.

Tim. Ene so fir as I say. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verbe swels with stiffe so fine and smooth,
That thou art even Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honest Natur'd friends)
I must needs say you have a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monstrous in you, neither with I
You take much paines to mend.

Both. Befeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.

Tim. There's neuer a one of you but trusts a Knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him dissemble,

Know his grosse patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your botome, yet remaine assur'd
That he's a made-up-Villaine.

Pain. I know none such, my Lord.

Port. Nor I.

Tim. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me these Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or stab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.

Both. Name them my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this:

But two in Company:

Each man a part, all single, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keeps him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines shall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'st not decide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye flauers:
You haue worke for me; there's payments, hence,
You are an Alcumid, make Gold of that:
Out Rascall dogges.

Exeunt

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Sen. It is vaine that you would speake with *Timon*:
For he is set so onely to himselfe,
That nothing but himselfe, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1. *Sen.* Bring vs to his Cae.

It is our part and promise to th'Athenians
To speake with *Timon*.

2. *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'twas Time and Greefes

That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may.

Sen. Heere is his Cae:

Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon*, *Timon*,
Looke out, and speake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their most reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon out of his Cae.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister, and each false
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Consuming it with speaking.

1. *Worthy Timon.*

Tim. Of none but such as you,
And you of *Timon*.

1. The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon*.

Tim. I thanke them,
And would send them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1. O forget

What we are fery for our seloes in this:
The Senators, with one consent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On speciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy best vse and wearing.

2. They confesse

Toward thee, forgetfulnesse too generall grosse;
Which now the publike Body, which doth sildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it selfe
A lacke of *Timon* ayde, hath since withall
Of it owne fall, restraining ayde to *Timon*,
And send forth vs, to make their forrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen such heapes and summes of Loue and Wealth,
As shall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe these comforts, worthy Senators.

1. Therefore so please thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allowed with absolute power, and thy good name
Liew with Authoritie: to foonne we shall drive backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too sauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.

2. And shakes his threatening Sword
Against the walles of *Athen*.

1. Therefore *Timon*.

Tim. Well fir, I will: therefore I will fir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. But if hee keepe faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th'Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the flaine
Of contumelious, bestly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* speaks it,

In

In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worst: For their Knives care not,
While you have throats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whittle, in th'various Campe,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend Throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.

Ser. Stay not, all's in vaine.

Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be scene to morrow. My long sicknesse
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still,
Be *Alibiades* your plague; y'his,
And last to long enough.

Ser. We speake in vaine.

Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyes in the common wracke,
As common hruits doth put it.

Ser. That's well spoke.

Tim. Command me to my louing Countrymen.

Ser. These words become your lippes as they passe thro-
row them.

Ser. And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefes,
Their feares of Hostile strokes, their Aches losses,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Vessell doth fulaine
In lifes vncertaina voyage, I will some kindnes do them,
He teach them to prevent wilde *Alibiades* wrath.

Ser. I like this will, he will returne againe.

Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Clofe,
That mine owne vse inuities me to cut downe,
And shortly must I sell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who so please
To stop Affliction, let him take his haffe;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himselfe. I pray you do my greeting.

Ser. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
Finde him.

Tim. Come not to me againe, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his cruelsting Mansion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the Salt Flood,
Who once a day with his embossed Froth
The turbulent Surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my graue-stone be your Oracle;
Lippes, let loure words go by, and Language end;
What is amisse, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.

Exit Timon.

Ser. His discontentes are vnremouably coupled to Na-
ture.

Ser. Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And straine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.

Ser. It requires swift foot.

Exeunt.

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

Ser. Thou hast painfully discouered: are his Files
As full as thy report?

Mef. I haue spoke the least.

Besides his expedition promises present approach.

Ser. We stand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Mef. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friends,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old loue made a particular force,
And made vs speake like Frieods. This man was riding
From *Alibiades* to *Timon* Cause,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowship i'th'cause against your City,
In part for his like moud.

Enter the other Senators.

Ser. Heere come our Brothers.

Ser. No talke of *Timon*, nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearful' scowring
Doth choake the ayre with dust: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Soare. *Exeunt*

Enter a Soldier in the Woods seeking Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake ho. No answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not live a Man,
Dead sure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Charract'rs lie take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's fet downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is. *Exit.*

*Trumpets found. Enter Alibiades with his Powers
before Athens.*

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and lasciuious Towne,
Our terrible approach.

Sounds a Party.

The Senators appeare upon the walls.

Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious measure, making your willes
The scope of lustice. Till now, my selfe and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Haue wander'd with our trauest Armes, and breath'd;
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching Marrow in the beater strong
Cries (of it selfe) no more: Now breathlesse wrong,
Shall sit and pant in your great Chaires of ease,
And purfie Insulence shall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.

Ser. Noble, and young;

When thy first griefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'st power, or we had cause of feare,
We sent to thee, to giue thy rage Baime,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
Above their quantitie.

Ser. So did we wooe

Transformed *Timon*, to our Citties loue
By humble Message, and by promise meanes:
We were not all vnkinde, nor all defere
The common stroke of warre.

Ser. These wallies of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You haue recey'd your grieffe: Nor are they fock,
That these great Towers, Trophies, & Schools should fill
For priuate faults in them.

Ser. Nor are they liuing

Who

Who were the motives that you first went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners spread,
By decimation and a tythed death ;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,
Let dye the spotted.

1 All haue not offended :
For those that were, it is not square to take
On those that are, Reuenge : Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin
Which in the bluffer of thy wrath must fall
With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot
Against our rampyrd gates, and they shall ope :
So thou wilt fend thy gentle heart before,
To say thou't enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour else,
That thou wilt vfe the warres as thy redresse,
And not as our Confusion : All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of *Timon*, and mine owne
Whom you your felues shall set out for reproofe,
Fall and no more ; and to atone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame
Of Regular Iustice in your Cities bounds,
But shall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heauiest answer.

Bob. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Grauestone, this Insculption which
With wax I brought away : whose soft Impression
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alibiades reads the Epitaph.

Here lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name : A Plague consume you, wicked Caitiffs left :
Here lye I *Timon*, who aloue, all liuing men did hate,
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe, and say not here thy gate.
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits :
Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall ; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whose Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vfe the Oliue, with my Sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war, make each
Preferibe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes strike.

Exant.

FINIS.





THE ACTORS NAMES.



TYMON of Athens.

Lucius, And

Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.

Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Poet.

Painter.

Jeweller.

Merchant.

Certaine Senatours.

Certaine Maskers.

Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.

Seruius, another.

Caphis.

Varro.

Philo.

Titus.

Lucius.

Hortensius.

Ventigius, one of Tymons false Friends.

Cupid.

Sempronius.

With diuers other Seruants,

And Attendants.

Seuerall Seruants to Vfurers.





THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Flavius, Marcellus, and certain Commoners
ouer the Stage.*

Flavius.

Hence : home you idle Creatures, get you home :
Is this a Holiday ? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the signe
Of your Profession ? Speake, what Trade art thou ?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule ?
What dost thou with thy best Apparell on ?
You sir, what Trade are you ?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman, I am
but as you would say, a Cobler.

Mar. But what Trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vie, with a false
Conscience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad foules.

Fla. What Trade thou knowest ? Thou naughty knave,
what Trade ?

Cob. Nay I beseech you Sir, be not out with me : yet
if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanst thou by that ? Mend mee, thou
sawcy Fellow ?

Cob. Why sir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou ?

Cob. Truly sir, all that I live by, is with the Aule : I
meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters ;
but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes :
when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper
men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon
my handy-work.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day ?
Why dost thou thus lead these men about the streets ?

Cob. Truly sir, to wear out their shooes, to get my
selfe into more worke. But indeede sir, we make Holiday
to see Cæsar, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mar. Wherefore reioyce ?

What Conquest brings he home ?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheelies ?
You Blockes, you stones, you worke then senseless things :
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey many a time and oft ?
Hauc you climbd vp to Wallies and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes ? Yes, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue sate
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey passe the streets of Rome ;
And when you saw his Chariot best appeare,
Hane you not made an Vniuersall shout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her banks
To heare the replication of your sounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores ?
And do you now put on your best attyre ?
And do you now cull out a Holiday ?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer Pompeys blood ?
Be gone,
Runne to your houses, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Assemble all the poore men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the lowest frame
Do kisse the most exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their basest mettle be not mou'd,
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltinesse !
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I : Disrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ?

You know it is the Feast of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with Cæsars Trophies : Ile about,
And driue away the Vulgar from the streets ;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
These growing Feathers, pluckt from Cæsars wing,
Will make him fyre an ordinary pitch,
Who else would feare about the view of men,
And keepe vs all in ferule fearefulnessse.

Exeunt

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Cato, a Soothsayer after them Marcellus and Flavius.

Cæf. Calpurnia.

Cail. Peace ho, Cæsar speaks.

Cæf. Calpurnia,

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cæf. Stand you directly in Antonia's way,
When he doth run his course. *Antonia.*

Ant. Cæsar, my Lord.

Cæf. Forget not in your speed *Antonia*,
To touch *Calpurnia* : for our Elders say,

k k

The

The Barrell touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their sterile curfe.

Ant. I shall remember,

When *Cæsar* fays, Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.

Sothb. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Ha! Who calles?

Cæs. Bid every noyse be still; peace yet againe.

Cæs. Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?

I heare a Tongue driller then all the Musicks

Cry, *Cæsar*! Speake, *Cæsar* is turn'd to heare.

Sothb. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Br. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What fayst thou to me now? Speak once againe.

Sothb. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.

Sothb. *Exeunt. Marcell' Brut. & Cass.*

Cass. Will you go see the order of the coorse?

Brut. Not I.

Cass. I pray you do,

Brut. I am not Gamefom: I do lacke some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*;
Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;
He leaue you.

Cass. *Brutus*, I do obserue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentleness
And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue it;
You beare too Rubborne, and too strange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that looses you.

Brut. *Cassius,*

Be not decei'd: If I haue vey'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Merely vpon my selfe. Vex'd I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,
Which giue some loyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours;
But let not therefore my good Friends be green'd
(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,
Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.

Cass. Then *Brutus*, I haue much mistook your passion,
By means whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?

Brutus. No *Cassius*!

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,
By some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis iust,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,
That you might see your shadow;
I haue heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal *Cæsar*) speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoke,
Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

Brut. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Cassius*?

That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,
For that which is not in me?

Cæs. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glasfe,
Will modestly discouer to your selfe
That of your selfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vie
To flatter with ordinary Oathes my loue
To every new Proteſter: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after scandle them: Or if you know,
That I proſesse my selfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and Shout.

Brut. What meanes this Showting?

I do feare, the People chooſe *Cæsar*
For their King.

Cass. I, do you feare it?

Then must I thinke you would not haue it so.

Brut. I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well:

But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the generall good,

Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,

And I will looke on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue

The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

Cass. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,

As well as I do know your outward fauour.

Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,

I had as lief not be, as liue to be;

In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.

I was borne free as *Cæsar*, so were you,

We both haue fed as well, and we can both

Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.

For once, vpon a Raue and Gustie day,

The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,

Cæsar saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now

Leape in with me into this angry Flood,

And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,

Accounted as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: so indeede he did.

The Torrent roir'd; and we did buſſet it

With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with bearts of Controuersie.

But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,

Cæsar cri'd, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.

I, as *Antony*, our great Ancestor,

Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder

The old *Anchyses* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber

Did I the tyred *Cæsar*: And this Man,

It now become a God, and *Cassius* is

A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,

If *Cæsar* exalteth but nod on him.

He had a Fever when he was in Spaine,

And when the Fit was on him, I did marke

How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,

His Coward lipps did from their colour flye,

And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,

Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:

I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans

Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,

Alas, it cri'd, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*!

As a sickle Girl : Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the Maiefticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.

Shew.

Flourish.

Bra. Another generall shout?
I do beleue, that these applauses are
For some new Honor, that are hearp'd on Cæsar.

Cæf. Why man, he doth befit the narrow world
Like a Coloffus, and we petty men
Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our felues difhonourable Graues.
Men at fometime, are Mafters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.

Braus and Cæf. What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be found more then yours?
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth awell:
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will start a Spirit as soone as *Cæf.*

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our Cæsar feede,
That he is growne fo great? Age, thou art sham'd.
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
But it was lam'd with more then with one man?
When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompart but one man?
Now is't Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.

O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As easily as a King.

Bra. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me too, I haue fume ayme:
How I haue thought of this, and of these times
I shall recount heereafter. For this present,
I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further mou'd: What you haue said,
I will confider: what you haue to say
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and answer fuch high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himfelfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.

Cæf. I am glad that my weakes words
Haue strucke but thus much fuch of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæf. and his Traines.

Bra. The Games are done,
And *Cæf.* is returning.

Cæf. As they paffe by,
Plucke *Cæf.* by the Sleue,
And he will (after his fower fashion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

Bra. I will do fo: but looke you *Cæf.*,
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæf.*'s brow,
And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine:
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with fuch Ferret, and fuch fiery eyes
As we haue feene him in the Capitoll

Being croft in Conference, by some Senators.

Cæf. *Cæf.* will tell vs what the matter is.

Cæf. Antonio.

Ant. Cæf.

Cæf. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleecke-headed men, and fuch as sleepe a-nights:
Yond *Cæf.* has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much: fuch men are dangerous.

Ant. Feare him not *Cæf.*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

Cæf. Would he were fatter: But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I should auoyd

So foone as that fpare *Cæf.*. He reads much,
He is a great Obferuer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou doft *Ant.*: he heares no Muficke;
Seldome he fmiles, and fmiles in fuch a fort
As if he mock'd himfelfe, and scorn'd his Spirit
That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at heards eafe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themfelves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be feard,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæf.*

Come on my right hand, for this care is deafe,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

Exit Cæf. and his Traines.

Cæf. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you fpeake
with me?

Bra. I *Cæf.*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæf.* lookes fo fad.

Cæf. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bra. I should not then afke *Cæf.* what had chanc'd.

Cæf. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being
offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,
and then the people fell a shouting.

Bra. What was the fecond noyse for?

Cæf. Why for that too.

Cæf. They shouted thrice: what was the laft cry for?

Cæf. Why for that too.

Bra. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cæf. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euarie
time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine
honest Neighbors shouted.

Cæf. Who offer'd him the Crowne?

Cæf. Why *Antony*.

Bra. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Cæf.*.

Cæf. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of
it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I fawe
Mark Antony offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a
Crowne neyther, 'twas one of these Coronets: and as I
told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my think-
ing, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offer'd it to
him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my think-
ing, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then
he offer'd it the third time; hee put it the third time by,
and still as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and
clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vpe their fwate
Night-cappes, and vttered fuch a deale of ftinking
breath, becaufe *Cæf.* refus'd the Crowne, that it had
(almost) choaked *Cæf.*: for hee fwooned, and fell
downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durst not laugh,
for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad
Ayre.

k k a

Cæf.

Cass. But soft I pray you: what, did *Caesar* swoone?

Cas. He fell downe in the Market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechlesse.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling sicknesse.

Cass. No, *Caesar* hath it not: but you, and I, And honest *Cas.*, we haue the Falling sicknesse.

Cas. I know not what you meane by that, but I am sure *Caesar* fell downe. If the ragge people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they vse to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What said he, when he came vnto himselfe?

Cas. Marry, before he fell downe, when he perceio'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cutt; and I had bene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and so hee fell. When he came to himselfe againe, hee said, If hee had done, or said any thing amisse, he desir'd their Workships to thinke it was his Infirmite. Three or foure Wenches where I stood, cryed, Alasse good Soule, and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no need to be taken of them; if *Caesar* had stab'd their Mothers, they would haue done no lesse.

Brut. And after that, he came thus sad away.

Cas. I.

Cass. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cas. I, he spoke Greeke.

Cass. To what effect?

Cas. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th' face againe. But those that vnderstood him, smil'd at one another, and shooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Marcus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfes off *Caesars* Images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you suppe with me to Night, *Cas*?

Cas. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cass. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cas. I, if I be alioe, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good, I will expect you.

Cas. Doe so: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to Schoole.

Cass. So is he now, in execution Of any bold, or Noble Enterprize, How-euer he puts on this tardie forme: This Rudenesse is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which giues men stomacke to digest his words With better Appetite.

Brut. And so it is:

For this time I will leaue you: To morrow, if you please to speake with me, I will come home to you: or if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will doe so: till then, thinke of the World.

Exit Brutus.

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: yet I see, Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet, That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes: For who so firme, that cannot be seduc'd? *Caesar* doth beare me hard, but he loues *Brutus*.

If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*, He should not humer me. I will this Night, In feuerall Hands, in at his Windowes throw, As if they came from feuerall Citizens, Writings, all tending to the great opinion That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obscurely *Caesars* Ambition shall be glanced at. And after this, let *Caesar* test him sure, For wee will shake him, or worse dayes endure.

Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Cas,
and Cicero.

Cic. Good euen, *Cas*: brought you *Caesar* home? Why are you breathlesse, and why flare you so?

Cas. Are not you mow'd, when all the sway of Earth Shakes, like a thing enfiere? O *Cicero*, I haue seene Tempests, when the scolding Winds Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes, and I haue seene Th'ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foame, To be exalted with the threatening Clouds: But nener till to Night, neuer till now, Did I goe through a Tempest-dropping-fire. Eyther there is a Ciuill strife in Heauen, Or else the World, too sawcie with the Gods, Incenstes them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, say you any thing more wonderfull?

Cas. A common flue, you know him well by sight, Held vp his left Hand, which did flame and burne Like twentie Torches ioynd; and yet his Hand, Not sensible of fire, remain'd vnscorch'd. Besides, I ha' not since put vp my Sword, Against the Capitoll: I met a Lyon, Who glaz'd vpon me, and went furly by, Without annoying me. And there were drawne Vpon a heape, a hundred gally Women, Transformed with their fere, who swore, they saw Men, all in fire, walke vp and downe the streets. And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit, Euen at Noone-day, vpon the Market place, Howling, and shreeking. When these Prodiges Doe so conioyntly meet, let not men fay, These are their Reasons, they are Naturall: For I beleue, they are portentous things Vnto the Clymate, that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-dispos'd time: But men may confute things after their fashion, Cleane from the purpose of the things themselves. Comes *Caesar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cas. He doth: for he did bid *Antonie* Send word to you, he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then, *Cas*?

This disturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cas. Farewell *Cicero.*

Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?

Cas. A Roman.

Cass. *Cas*, by your Voice.

Cas. Your Eare is good.

Cass. What Night is this?

Cass. A very pleasing Night to honest men.

Cas. Who euer knew the Heauens menace so?

Cass. Those that haue knowne the Earth so full of faults.

For

For my part, I haue walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced, *Caesar*, as you see,
Haue bar'd my Bosome to the Thunder-stone:
And when the crosse blew Lightning seem'd to open
The Breest of Heauen, I did present my selfe
Euen in the ayme, and very flath of it. (uens?)

Caes. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Hea-
It is the part of men, to feare and tremble,
When the most mightie Gods, by tokens send
Such dreadfull Heraulds, to astonish vs.

Caes. You are dull, *Caes.*:
And those sparkes of Life, that should be in a Roman,
You doe want, or else you vse not.
You looke pale, and gaze, and put on feare,
And cast your selfe in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
Why Birds and Beasts, from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men, Fooles, and Children calculate,
Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
To monstrous qualitie; why you shall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
To make them Instruments of feare, and warning,
Vnto some monstrous State.

Now could I (*Caes.*) name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graues, and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy selfe, or me,
In personall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull as these strange eruptions are.

Caes. 'Tis *Caesar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Caes.*?

Caes. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes, and Limbes, like to their Ancestors;
But woe the while, our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers spirits,
Our yoaake, and sufferance, shew vs Womanish.
Caes. Indeed, they say, the Senators to morrow
Meane to establish *Caesar* as a King:
And he shall wear his Crowne by Sea, and Land,
In every place, saue here in Italy.

Caes. I know where I will wear this Dagger then;
Caes. from Bondage will deliuer *Caes.*:
Therein, yee Gods, you make the weakie most strong;
Therein, yee Gods, you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brasse,
Nor ayre-lesse Dungeon, nor strong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiuie to the strength of spirit:
But Life being wearie of these worldly Barres,
Newer lacks power to dismisse it selfe.
If I know this, know all the World besides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can shake off at pleasure. Thunder still.

Caes. So can I:
So euer Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

Caes. And why should *Caesar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man, I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he sees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon, were not Romans Hindes.
Those that with haile will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weakie Strawes. What trash is Rome?

What Rubbish, and what Offall? when it serues
For the base matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Caesar*. But oh Griefe,
Where hast thou led me? I (perhaps) speake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My answere must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caes. You speake to *Caes.*, and to such a man,
That is no fearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be fustious for redresse of all these Griefes,
And I will set this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes farthest.

Caes. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caes.*, I haue now already
Some certaine of the Noblest minded Romans
To vnder-goe, with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous consequence;
And I doe know by this, they stay for me
In *Pompeys* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streets;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is fauours, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most Moodie, ferie, and most terrible.

Enter *Cinna*.

Caes. Stand close a while, for heere comes one in
haile.

Caes. 'Tis *Cinna*, I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*, where haste you to?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus*
Cymb.?

Caes. No, it is *Caes.*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not stay'd for, *Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.

What a fearefull Night is this?

There's two or three of vs haue seene strange sights.

Caes. Am I not stay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Caes.*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party—

Caes. Be you content. Good *Cinna*, take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it; and throw this
In at his Window; set this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeys* Porch, where you shall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All, but *Metellus Cymb.*, and hee's gone
To seeke you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so beflow these Papers as you bid me.

Caes. That done, repaire to *Pompeys* Theater.
Exit *Cinna*.

Come *Caes.*, and I will yet, ere day,
See *Brutus* at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter, yelds him ours.

Caes. O, he sits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance, like richest Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue, and to Worthinesse.

Caes. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

Exeunt.

k k 3

Atus

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot by the progreſſe of the Starres,
Giue gueſſe how neere to day--*Lucius*, I ſay?
I would it were my fault to ſleepe ſo ſoonly.
When *Lucius*, when? awake, I ſay: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, *Lucius*:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. *Exit.*

Brut. It muſt be by his death: and for my part,
I know no perſonall cauſe, to ſpurne at him;
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that crawls warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a ſting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abufe of Greatneſſe, is, when it diſloyne
Remurſe from Power: And to ſpeake truth of *Cæſar*,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections ſway'd
More then his Reaſon. But 'tis a common proofe,
That Lowlyneſſe is yung Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he nect attains the yppmoſt Round,
He theo vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, forgetting the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may;
Then leaſt he may, prevent. And ſince the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to theſe, and theſe extremities;
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow miſchieuous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Cloſet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus ſeal'd vp, and I am ſure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the firſt of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*

Brut. The exhalations, whizzlog in the ayre,
Giue ſo much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and readeſ.

*Brutus thou ſleepeſt; awake, and ſee thy ſiſter:
Shall Rome, &c. ſpeake ſtrike, redreſſe.
Brutus, thou ſleepeſt; awake.
Such inſtigations haue bene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus muſt I plect it out:
Shall Rome ſtand vnder neth mans awe? What Rome?
My Anceſtors did from the ſtreets of Rome
The *Targuin* drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, ſtrike, redreſſe. Am I entreated*

To ſpeake, and ſtrike? O Rome, I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſſe will follow, thou receiueſt
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is waſted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, ſome body knocks:
Since *Cæſar* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I haue not ſlept.
Betwene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the firſt motion, all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phanſaſma*, or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*, and the mortall Inſtruments
Are then in counsell; and the ſtate of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, ſuffers then
The nature of ſo Inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother *Cæſar* at the Doore,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may diſcouer them,
By any marke of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter.

They are the Faction. O Conſpiracie,
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dangerous Brow by Night,
Whoe euils are moſt free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To make thy murtherous Viſage ſeeke none Conſpiracie,
Hide it ſo Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy native ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

*Enter the Conſpirators, Cæſar, Cinna, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.*

Cæſ. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Reſt:

Good morrow *Brutus*, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I haue bene vp this howre, awake all Night:

Know I theſe men, that come along with you?

Cæſ. Yes, every man of them; and ſo man here
But honors you: and every one doth wiſh,
Yoo had but that opinion of your ſelfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.

This is *Trebonius*.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cæſ. This, *Decius Brutus*.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cæſ. This, *Caius*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus*
Cymbler.

Brut. They are all welcome.

What watchfull Cares doe interpoſe themſelues
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cæſ. Shall I entreat a word? *They withdraw.*

Decius. Here lyes the Eaſt: doth not the Day breake
heere?

Cæſ. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Meſſengers of Day.

Cæſ. You ſhall cooſeſſe, that you are both decei'd:
Heere, as I point my Swerd, the Sunne ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weight-

Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare.
Some two months hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Br. Give me your hands all ouer, one by one.

Ca. And let vs sweare our Resolution.

Brat. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;
If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And every man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-fighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these
(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to Steele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What oecde we any spurre, but our owne cause,
To prick vs to redresse? What other Bond,
Then secret Romans, that haue spake the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honesty to Honesty Inzag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it.

Swear Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carriots, and such suffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine
The euen vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'insuppressible Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When every drop of blood
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a feuerall Bosardie,
If he do breake the smallest Particel
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Ca. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we found him?

I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.

Ca. Let vs not leaue him out.

Cyn. No, by no means.

Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Silver haire
Will purchase vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths, and wildnesse, shall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Gravity.

Br. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.

Ca. Then leaue him out.

Ca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely *Caesar*?

Ca. *Decius* well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belou'd of *Caesar*,
Should out-lie *Caesar*, we shall finde of him
A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improve them, may well stretch so farre
As to anoy vs all: which to prevent,
Let *Antony* and *Caesar* fall together.

Br. Our coule will seeme too bloody, *Caius Casim*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Caesar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all stand vp against the Spirit of *Caesar*,
And in the Spirit of meo, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Caesar* Spirit,
And not dismember *Caesar*! But alas!
Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carve him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carcasse fit for Houndst
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuius.
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Porgers, not Murderers.
And for *Mark Antony*, thinke out of him:
For he can do no more then *Caesar* Arme,
When *Caesar* head is off.

Ca. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Caesar*.

Br. Alas, good *Casim*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Caesar*, all that he can do
Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for *Caesar*,
And that were much he should: for he is giuen
To sports, to wildnesse, and much company.

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Br. Peace, count the Clocke.

Ca. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Ca. But it is doubtfull yet,

Whether *Caesar* will come forth to day, or no:
For he is Superstitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, these apparant Prodigious,
The voacustom'd Terror of this night,
And the perswasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: if he be so resolu'd,
I can ore-sway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Treas,
And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will briog him to the Capitoll.

Ca. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.

Br. By the eight houre, is that the vttermoſt?

Cin. Be that the vttermoſt, and faile not theo.

Mer. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Caesar* hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.

Br. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and lie fashion him.

Ca. The morning comes vpon's:

We'll leaue you *Brutus*,
And Friends disperse your selues; but all remember
What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.

Br. Good Gentlemen, loocke fresh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purposes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyr'd Spirits, and formall Constance,
And so good morrow to you euery one.

Exeunt.

Marche Brutus.

Boy: *Lucius*: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou hast oo Figures, oor no Fantasies,

Which

Which busie care draws, in the braines of men ;
Therefore thou sleepest it so found.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord.

Br. Portia: What means you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have vngently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at Supper
You sodainly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and fighting, with your armes a-crosse:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.

I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp't with your foote:
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry waile of your hand

Gave signe for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor sleepe;
And could it worke so much vpon your shape,
As it hath much preayl'd on your Condition,
I should not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of griefe.

Br. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wife, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.

Br. Why lo I do: good *Portia* go to bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sicke? And is it Physicall

To walke vnbraced, and sucke vp the humours
Of the danke Murning? What, is *Brutus* sicke?
And will he steale out of his whoosome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To aide vnto his sicknesse? No my *Brutus*,
You haue some sicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your selfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had resort to you: for heere haue beene
Some fise or seuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darknesse.

Br. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.

Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.

Br. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy dropes
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,

A Woman well reputed: *Caesars* Daughter.

Thinke you, I am no longer then my Sea
Being so Father'd, and so Husbanded?

Tell me your Counsels, I will not discloase 'em:
I haue made strong proofe of my Constancie,
Giuing my selfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?

Br. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.

Knocke.

Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while,

And by and by thy bofome shall partake

The secrets of my Heart.

All my engagements, I will continue to thee,

All the Charractery of my sad browes:

Leaue me with this.

Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.

Luc. Heere is a sicke man that would speake with you.

Br. *Caio Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caio Ligarius*, how?

Caio. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Br. O what a time haue you chose out braue *Caio*!
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not sicke.

Caio. I am not sicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand

Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.

Br. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,

Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.

Caio. By all the Gods that Romans haue before,

I heere discard my sicknesse. Soule of Rome,

Braue Sonne, deir'd from Honourable Loines,

Thou like an Exorcist, haile coniu'r'd vp

My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,

And I will strue with things impossible;

Yes get the better of them. What's to do?

Br. A peece of worke,

That will make sicke men whole.

Caio. But are not some whole, that we must make sicke?

Br. That must we alio. What it is my *Caio*,

I shall vnfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

Caio. Set on your foote,

And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what; but it sufficeth

That *Brutus* leads me on.

Br. Follow me then.

Thunder.

Exeunt

Thunder & Lightning.

Enter Iulius Caesar in his Night-gowne.

Caesar. Nor Heaven, nor Earth,

Haue bene at peace to night:

Thrice hath *Calpurnia*, in her sleepe cryed out,

Helpe, ho! They murder *Caesar*. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Caes. Go bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord.

Exit

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Caesar*? Think you to walk forth?

You shall not stirre out of your house to day.

Caes. *Caesar* shall forth; the things that threaten'd me,

Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they shall see

The face of *Caesar*, they are vanished.

Calp.

Calp. Caesar, I neuer stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we haue heard and seene,
Recounts most horrid fights seene by the Watch.
A Lionesse hath whelped in the streets,
And Granes haue yawn'd, and yielded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drie'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noise of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horses do neigh, and dying men doe grone,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeale about the streets.
O *Caesar*, these things are beyond all vfe,
And I do feare them.

Caes. What can be sooyd
Whole end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Caesar*.

Calp. When Beggars dye, there are no Comets seen,
The Heauens themselues blase forth the death of Princes
Caes. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taste of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It seemes to me most strange that men should feare,
Seeing that death, a necessary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not haue you to stirre forth to day.
Plucking the Intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beast.

Caes. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardice:
Caesar should be a Beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to day for feare:
No *Caesar* shall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Caesar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons liue in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Caesar* shall go forth.

Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wisedome is confum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keeps you in the house, and not your owne.
Wee'l send *Mark Antony* to the Senate house,
And he shall say, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, perswade in this.

Caes. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Deci. Caesar, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Caesar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate house.

Caes. And you are come in very happy time,
To heare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is false: and that I dare not, falser:
I will not come to day, tell them so *Decius*.

Calp. Say he is sicke.

Caes. Shall *Caesar* send a Lye?
Haue I in Conquest stretcht mine Armes so farre,
To be afraid to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Caesar* will not come.

Deci. Most mighty *Caesar*, let me know some cause,
Left I be laught at when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to satiate the Senate.

But for your priuate satisfaction,
Because I loue you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia heere my wife, slayes me at home:
She dreamt to night, she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to day.

Deci. This Dreame is all amiffe interpreted,
It was a vision, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall sucke
Reuiuing blood, and that great men shall presse
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cognisance.
This by *Calpurnia's* Dreame is signified.

Caes. And this way haue you well expounded it.
Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can say:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Caesar*.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Besides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When *Caesars* wife shall meete with better Dreames.
If *Caesar* hide himselfe, shall they not whisper
Loe Caesar is afraid?

Pardon me *Caesar*, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bid me tell you this:
And reason to my loue is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seeme now *Calpurnia*?
I am ashamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow *Caesar*.

Caes. Welcome *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so carely too?
Good morrow *Caska*: *Cassius Ligarius*,
Caesar was ne're so much your enemy,
As that same *Ague* which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?

Brut. Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

Caes. I thank you for your paines and curtesie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights
Is notwithstanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.

Ant. So to most Noble *Caesar*.

Caes. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I haue an houres talke in store for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Caesar* I will: and so neere will I be,
That your best Friends shall wish I had beene farther.
Caes. Good Friends go in, and taste some wine with me
And we (like Friends) will straight way go together.

Brut. That euery like is not the same, O *Caesar*,
The heart of *Brutus* eernes to thinke vpon. *Exeunt*

Enter Artemidorus.

Caesar, beware of *Brutus*, take heed of *Cassius*; come not
after.

neere Cæsar, have an eye to Cyana, traist not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymbor, Decius Brutus loves thee not: Thou hast wrong'd Cæsar Ligarius. There is but one murther in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar: If thou beest not Immortall, looke about you: Security gives way to Conspiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.

Thy Lover, Artemidorus.

Heere will I stand, till Cæsar passe along,
And as a Sutor will I give him this:
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot live
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O Cæsar, thou mayest live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive.

Exit.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-houle,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there:
O Confrancie, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge Mountain 'twix my Heart and Tongue:
I have a mans minde, but a womans might:
How hard it is for women to keepe counsell.
Art thou heere yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitoll, and nothing else?
And to returne to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what Sutors presse to him.
Heerke Boy, what noyse is that?

Luc. I heare none Madam.

Por. Prythee listen well:

I heard a husling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.

Luc. South Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Southfayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou him?

South. At mine owne house, good Lady.

Por. What is't a clocke?

South. About the ninth houre Lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitoll?

South. Madam not yet, I go to take my stand,
To see him passe on to the Capitoll.

Por. Thou hast come suite to Cæsar, hast thou not?

South. That I have Lady, if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar, as to heare me:

I shall beseech him to befriend himselfe.

Por. Why know'st thou any harme's intended towards him?

South. None that I know will be,

Much that I feare may chance:

Good morrow to you: heere the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heeles,

Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,

Will crowd a feeble man (almost) to death:

He get me to a place more voyd, and there

Speake to great Cæsar as he comes along.

Por. I must go in:

Aye me! How weak a thing

The heart of woman is? O Brutus,

The Heavens speeche thee in thine enterprise.

Sure the Boy heard me: Brutus hath a suite

That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint:

Run Lucius, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Flourish.

Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cæsar, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cyana, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Publius, and the Southfayer.

Cæf. The Ides of March are come.

South. I Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Haile Cæsar: Read this Scedule.

Deci. Trebonius doth desire you to ore-read

(At your best leisure) this his humble suite.

Art. O Cæsar, reade mine first: for mine's a suite

That touches Cæsar neerer. Read it great Cæsar.

Cæf. What touches vs our selfe, shall be last seru'd.

Art. Delay not Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cæf. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirra, give place.

Cæf. What, urge you your Petitions in the Street?

Come to the Capitoll.

Popul. I with your enterprise to day may thrive.

Cæf. What enterprise Popilius?

Popul. Fare you well.

Brut. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæf. He wist to day our enterprise might thrive:

I feare our purpose is discovered.

Brut. Looke how he makes to Cæsar: marke him.

Cæf. Cæsar be sodaine, for we feare prevention.

Brutus what shall be done? If this be knowne,

Cassius or Cæsar neuer shall turne backe,

For I will slay my selfe.

Brut. Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes,

For looke he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæf. Trebonius knows his time: for look you Brutus

He drawes Mark Antony out of the way.

Deci. Where is Metellus Cymbor, let him go,

And presently preferre his suite to Cæsar.

Brut. He is addrest: presse neerer, and second him.

Cæf. Cæsar, you are the first that reares your hand.

Cæf. Are we all ready? What is now amisse,

That Cæsar and his Senate must redresse?

Metel. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar

Metellus Cymbor throws before thy Seate

An homble heart.

Cæf. I must prevent thee Cymbor:

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turne pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,

Into the line of Children. Be not fond,

To thinke that Cæsar beares such Rebell blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth Fooles, I meane sweet words,

Low-crooked-curties, and hase Spaniell fawning:

Thy Brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawne for him,

I spurne thee like a Curie out of my way:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To

To sound more sweetly in great *Caesars* ears,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru. I kisse thy hand, but not to flattery *Caesar* :
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Have an immediate freedome of repaile.

Caes. What *Brutus*?

Caes. Pardon *Caesar* : *Caesar* pardon :
As lowe as to thy foot doth *Caesius* fall,
To begge enfranchisement for *Publius Cymber*.

Caes. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me :
But I am constant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whose true fixt, and reeling quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.

The Skies are painted with vnnombr'd sparkes,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine :
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So, in the World ; 'Tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Fleish and Blood, and apprehensue ;
Yet in the number, I do know but One

That vnassailable holds on his Rank,
Vnthus'd of Motion : and that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, euen in this :

That I was constant *Cymber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remaine to keepe him so.

Cinna. O *Caesar*.

Caes. Hence : Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?

Decius. Great *Caesar*.

Caes. Doth not *Brutus* bootlesse kneele?

Caes. Speake hands for me.

They flab Caesar.

Caes. Et Tu *Brutus*? — I then fall *Caesar*.

Dye

Cin. Liberty, Freedome ; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.

Caes. Some to the common Pulpit, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted :

Fly not, stand still : Ambitious debt is paid.

Caes. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Caesius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, least some Friend of *Caesars*
Should chance —

Bru. Talke not of standing. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : fo tell them *Publius*.

Caes. And leaue vs *Publius*, lest that the people
Rushing on vs, should do your Age some mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Caes. Where is *Antony*?

Treb. Fleed to his House amaz'd :
Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomesday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures :
That we shall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men stand vpon.

Caes. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off so many yeares of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit :

So are we *Caesars* Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, stoope,
And let vs butcher oor hands in *Caesars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and besmeare our Swords :

Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And wasing our red Weapons o'r our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.

Caes. Stoop then, and walke. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?

Bru. How many times shall *Caesar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompeys* Basis lye along,
No worthier then the dust?

Caes. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Caes. I, every man away.

Brutus shall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the most boldest, and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.

Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Master bid me korele ;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me bid me downe,
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say :

Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant, and Honest ;
Caesar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing ;
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd *Caesar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.

If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolu'd
How *Caesar* hath deferr'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, shall not loue *Caesar* dead
So well as *Brutus* liuing ; but will follow

The Fortunes and Affaires of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this vtrod State,
With all true Faith. So sayes my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a Wise and Valiant Roman,
I neuer thought him worse :

Tell him, so please him come vnto this place
He shall be satisfied : and by my Honor
Depart vntouch'd.

Ser. Ile fetch him presently.

Exit Seruant.

Bru. I know that we shall haue him well to Friend.

Caes. I wish we may : But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much : and my misguing still
Falles shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes *Antony* :

Welcome *Mark Antony*.

Ant. O mighty *Caesar* ! Dost thou lye so lowe?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Measure? Fare thee well.

I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is ranke :
If I my selfe, there is no hour so fit

As *Caesars* deaths hour ; nor no Instrumnt
Of halfe that worth, as those your Swords ; made rich
With the most Noble blood of all this World.

I do beseech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil't your purpled hands do recke and smoeake,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand yeeres,
I shall not finde my selfe so apt to dye.

No place will please me so, no meane of death,
As heere by *Caesar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Master Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony* ! Begge not your death of vs :
Though now we must appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our present Acte
You see we do : Yet see you but our hands,

And

And this, the bleeding bofinesse they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pittifull:
And pittie to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire drives out fire, so pittie, pittie
Hath done this deed on *Caesar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden points *Mark Antony*:
Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reuerence.

Cass. Your voyce shall be as strong as any mans,
In the disposing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we have appeald
The Multitude, beside themselves with feare,
And then, we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Caesar* when I strooke him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
First *Marcus Brutus* will I shake with you;
Next *Cassius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Coke*, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what shall I say,
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

That I did love thee *Caesar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greeue thee deeper then thy death,
To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Most Noble, in the presence of thy Corle,
Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they streame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to elose
In termes of Friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Julius*, heere was't thou bay'd brave Hart,
Heere did'st thou fall, and heere thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crim'on'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou wast the Forrest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, stroken by many Princes,
Dost thou heere lye?

Cass. *Mark Antony*.
Ant. Pardon me *Cassius*:
The Enemies of *Caesar*, shall I say this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modestie.

Cass. I blame you not for praising *Caesar* so,
But what compact meant you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Caesar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Vpon this hope, that you shall giue me Reasons,
Why, and wherein, *Caesar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a base Spectacle:
Our Reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Caesar*,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I feele,
And am moreover sutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You shall *Mark Antony*.

Cass. *Brutus*, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not consent
That *Antony* speake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my selfe into the Pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our *Caesars* death.
What *Antony* shall speake, I will protest
He speakes by leuue, and by permission:
And that we are contented *Caesar* shall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It shall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Cass. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Caesars* body:
You shall not in your Funerall speach blame vs,
But speake all good you can devise of *Caesar*,
And say you doe't by our permission:
Else shall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you shall speake
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so:

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*

Mark Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Noblest man
That euer liued in the Tied of Times.
Woe to the hand that fed this costly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Prophesie,
(Which like dumbe mouths do open their Rnby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curse shall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domesticke Fury, and fierce Choll, strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in vfe,
And dreadfull Obiects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pittie chok'd with custome of fell deeds,
And *Caesars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ace* by his side, come hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confinnes, with a Monarques voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let slip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, shall smell aboue the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serue *Octavius Caesar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Caesar* did write for him to come to Rome.
Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth——
O *Caesar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Passion I see is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing those Beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lies to night within seven Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post backe with speede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for *Octavius* yett,
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a-while,

Thou

Thou shalt not backe, till I haue borne this course
Into the Market place: There shall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell issue of these bloody men,
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To yong *Octavius*, of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

Exeunt

Enter *Brutus* and goes into the Pulpit, and *Cassius*,
with the *Plébeians*.

Plé. We will be satisfied: let vs be satisfied.

Brus. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Cassius go you into the other streete,
And part the Numbers:
Those that will heare me speake, let 'em stay heere;
Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,
And publike Reasons shall be rendered
Of *Caesar's* death.

1. *Plé.* I will heare *Brutus* speake.

2. I will heare *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons,
When severally we heare them rendered.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Brus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Louers, heare mee for my
cause, and be silent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for
mine Honor, and haue respect to mine Honor, that you
may beleeue. Censure me in your Wisedom, and awake
your Senses, that you may the better lodge. If there bee
any in this Assembly, any deere Friend of *Caesar's*, to him
I say, that *Brutus* loue to *Caesar*, was no lesse then his. If
then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Caesar*,
this is my answer: Not that I lou'd *Caesar* lesse, but
that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Caesar* were li-
uing, and dye all Slaves; then that *Caesar* were dead, to
liue all Free-men? As *Caesar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him;
as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I
honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There
is Treason, for his Loue: Joy, for his Fortune: Honor, for
his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere
so base, that would be a Bondman? If any, speake, for him
haue I offended. Who is heere so rude, that would not
be a Roman? If any, speake, for him haue I offended. Who
is heere so vile, that will not loue his Country? If any,
speake, for him haue I offended. I pause for a Reply.

All. None *Brutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no
more to *Caesar*, then you shall do to *Brutus*. The Quest-
ion of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory
not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-
forced, for which he suffered death.

Enter *Mark Antony*, with *Caesar's* body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*, who
though he had no hand in his death, shall recieue the be-
nefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealt, as which
of you shall not. With this I depart, that as I slew my
best Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the same Dagger
for my selfe, when it shall please my Country to need
my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his house.

2. Giue him a Statue with his Ancestors.

3. Let him be *Caesar*.

4. *Caesar's* better parts,

Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'll bring him to his Hoofe,
With Showts and Clamors.

Brus. My Country-men.

2. Peace, silence, *Brutus* speakes.

1. Peace ho.

Brus. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my sake) stay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Caesar's* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Caesar's* Glories, which *Mark Antony*
(By our permission) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* haue spoke.

Exit

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,

Wee'll heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant. For *Brutus* sake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 He sayes, for *Brutus* sake

He findes himselfe beholding to vs all.

4 'Twere best he speake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1 This *Caesar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

All. Peace hee, let vs heare him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:

I come to bury *Caesar*, not to praise him:

The euill that men do, liues after them,

The good is oft enterred with their bones,

So let it be with *Caesar*. The Noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you *Caesar* was Ambitious:

If it were so, it was a greuous Fault,

And greuously hath *Caesar* answer'd it.

Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the rest

(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,

So are they all; all Honourable men)

Come I to speake in *Caesar's* Funerall.

He was my Friend, faithfull, and iust to me;

But *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious,

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,

Whose Ransoms, did the generall Coffers fill:

Did this in *Caesar* seeme Ambitious?

When that the poore haue cry'd, *Caesar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuffe,

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.

You all did see, that on the *Lupercall*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crowne,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet *Brutus* sayes, he was Ambitious:

And sure he is an Honourable man.

I speake not to disproue what *Brutus* spoke,

But heere I come, to speake what I do know;

You all did loue him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then, to mourne for him?

O Iudgement! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men haue lost their Reason. Beare with me,

My heart is in the Coffin there with *Caesar*,

And I must pawle, till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Caesar ha's had great wrong.

(his place.

3 Ha's hee Masters? I feare there will a worle come in

4 Marke

4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take y^e Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.

1. If it be found so, some will deere abide it.
2. Poore foule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony*.
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to speake.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of *Caesar* might
Haue stood against the World: Now lies he there,
And none so poore to dy him reuerence.
O Masters! If I were dispos'd to stirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my selfe and you,
Then I will wrong such Honourable men.

But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Caesar*,
I found it in his Cloſet, 'tis his Will:

Let but the Commons heare this Testament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kisse dead *Caesars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequesting it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their issue.

4. Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Caesars* Will.

Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.

It is not meete you know how *Caesar* lou'd you:

You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:

And being men, hearing the Will of *Caesar*,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad;

'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,

For if you should, O what would come of it?

4. Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony*:

You shall reade vs the Will, *Caesars* Will.

Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you stay a-while?

I haue o're-shot my selfe to tell you of it,

I feare I wrong the Honourable men,

Whose Daggers haue stabbd *Caesar*: I do feare it.

4. They were Traitors: Honourable men?

All. The Will, the Testament.

2. They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.

Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:

Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Caesar*,

And let me shew you him that made the Will:

Shall I defend? And will you giue me leaue?

All. Come downe.

2. Descend.

3. You shall haue leaue.

4. A Ring, stand round.

1. Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2. Roome for *Antony*, most Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Nay preſſe not vs vpon me, stand farre off.

All. Stand backe: roome, beaue backe.

Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember

The first time euer *Caesar* put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,

That day he ouercame the *Neray*.

Looke, in this place ran *Cassius* Dagger through:

See what a rent the enuious *Cassius* made:

Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* stabbd,

And as he pluck'd his curst Steele away:

Marke how the blood of *Caesar* followed it,

As rushing out of doores, to be reſol'd

If *Brutus* to vnkindly knock'd, or no:

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Caesars* Angel.

Iudge, O you Gods, how deere *Caesar* lou'd him:

This was the most vnkindeſt cut of all.

For when the Noble *Caesar* ſaw him ſlab,

Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,

Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,

And in his Mantle, muſſing vp his face,

Euen at the Base of *Pompeys* Statue

(Which all the while ran blood) great *Caesar* fell.

O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?

Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,

Whilſt bloody Treſon flouriſh'd ouer vs.

O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele

The dint of pittie: Theſe are gracious dropes.

Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold

Our *Caesars* Vulture wounded? Lookke you heere,

Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.

1. O pittieus ſpectacle!

2. O Noble *Caesar*!

3. O woſull day!

4. O Traitors, Villaines!

1. O moſt bloody fight!

2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge

About, ſeeke, burne, ſire, kill, ſlay,

Let not a Traitor liue.

Ant. Stay Country-men.

1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony*.

2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.

Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre

To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:

They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.

What priuate griefes they haue, alſa I know not,

That made them do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,

And will no doubt with Reaſons answer you.

I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But (as you know me alſa) a plaine blunt man

That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,

That gaue me publike leaue to ſpeake of him:

For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor Vicerage, nor the power of Speech,

To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:

I tell you that, which you your ſelues do know,

Shew you ſweet *Caesars* wounds, poor poor dum mouthes

And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus* *Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In every Wound of *Caesar*, that ſhould moue

The ſtones of Rome, to rile and Mutiny.

All. Wee'l Mutiny.

1. Wee'l burne the houſe of *Brutus*.

3. Away then, come, ſeeke the Conſpirators.

Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me ſpeake

All. Peace heere, heare *Antony*, muſt Noble *Antony*.

Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath *Caesar* thus deſeru'd your loues?

Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:

You haue forgot the Will I told you of.

All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſlay and heare the Will.

Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Caesars* Seale:

To euery Roman Citizen he giues,

To euery ſeuall man, ſeuenty ſiue Drachmaes.

2. *Pl.*

2. *Pls.* Must Noble Cæsar, wee'l reuenge his death.

3. *Pls.* O Royall Cæsar.

Ant. Heare me with patience.

All. Peace hee

Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this side Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your beys for euer : common pleasures
To walke abroad, and recreate your selues.
Heere was a Cæsar : when comes such another ?

1. *Pls.* Neuer, neuer : come, away, away :

Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houses.
Take vp the body.

2. *Pls.* Go fetch fire.

3. *Pls.* Plucke downe Benches.

4. *Pls.* Plucke downe Farnes, Windnwes, any thing.

Exit Plebeians.

Ant. Now let it worke : Mischeefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.
How now Fellow ?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Sir, *Othanius* is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is hee ?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him :

He comes vpon a with. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Othanius.* *Exeunt*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dremst to night, that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things vnluckily charge my Fantasie :
I haue no will to wander forth of doores,
Yet something leads me fourth.

1. What is your name ?

2. Whether are you going ?

3. Where do you dwell ?

4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor ?

2. Answer every man directly.

1. I, and briefly.

4. I, and wisely.

3. I, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name ? Whether am I going ? Where
do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a Batchellor ? Then
to answer every man, directly and briefly, wisely and
truly : wisely I say, I am a Batchellor.

2. That's as much as to say, they are fooles that mar-
rie : you'll beare me a bang for that I feare : proceede di-
rectly.

Cinna. Directly I am going to Cæsar's Funerall.

1. As a Friend, or an Enemy ?

Cinna. As a friend.

2. That matter is answered directly.

4. For your dwelling : briefly.

Cinna. Briefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.

3. Your name directly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conspirator.

Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Pnet.

4. Teare him for his bad verses, teare him for his bad
Verses.

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*, plucke but his
name out of his heart, and turne him going.

3. Teare him, tear him ; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands :
to *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius* Houle,
and faine to *Calpurnia* ; faine to *Ligarius* : Away, go.

Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Othanius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die, their names are prickt

Oth. Your Brother too must dye : consent you *Lepidus* ?

Lep. I do consent.

Oth. Pricke him downe *Antony*.

Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* shall not lue,

Who is your Sisters sonne, *Marke Antony*.

Ant. He shall not lue ; looke, with a spot I dam him.

But *Lepidus*, giue you to Cæsar's house :

Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine

How to cut off some charge in Legacies.

Lep. What ? shall I finde you here ?

Oth. Or heere, or at the Capitoll.

Exit Lepidus

Ant. This is a slight vnderstandable man,

Meet to be sent on Errands : is it fit

The three-fold World diuided, he should stand,

One of the three to share it ?

Oth. So you thought him,

And tooke his voyce when should be prickt to dye

In our blacke Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Othanius*, I haue seene more dayes then you,

And though we lay these Honours on this man,

To ease our selues of diuers stand'rous loads,

He shall not beare them, as the Ass beares Gold,

To groane and sweate vnder the Burthenesse,

Either led or driuen, as we point the way :

And hauing brought our Treasure, where we will,

Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off

(Like to the empty Ass) to shake his eares,

And graze in Commons.

Oth. You may do your will :

But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.

Ant. So is my Horse *Othanius*, and for that

I do appoint him store of Proudner.

It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

To winde, to stop, to run directly on :

His corporall Motion, gneru'd by my Spirit,

And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but in :

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :

A barren Spirited Fellow ; one that feeds

On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.

Which out of use, and fall'd by other men

Begin his fashion. Do not talke of him,

But as a property : and now *Othanius*,

Listen great things. *Brutus* and *Cassius*

Are leuying Powers ; We must straight make head :

Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,

Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht,

And let vs presently go sit in Councell,

How euert matters may be best disclos'd,

And open Perils surest answered.

Oth. Let vs do so : for we are at the stake,

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smlle haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Mischeefes.

Exeunt

*Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius
and Pindarus meete them.*

Brus. Stand he,

Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.

Brus. What now *Lucillius*, is *Cassius* neree?

Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you salutation from his Master.

Brus. He greets me well. Your Master *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me some worthy cause to with
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pis. I do not doubt

But that my Noble Master will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.

Brus. He is not doubt'd. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiu'd you: let me be resolu'd.

Lucil. With courtesie, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.

Brus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
When Loue begins to ficken and decay
It vseth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and simple Faith:
Not hollow men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle:

Low March within.

But when they should endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Crests, and like deceitfull Isles
Sink in the Trench. Comes his Army on?

Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horse in generall
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and his Powers.

Brus. Hearke, he is arriv'd:
March gently on to meete him.

Cassil. Stand he.

Brus. Stand he, speake the word slong.

Stand.

Stand.

Stand.

Cassil. Most Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.
Brus. Judge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother.

Cassil. *Brutus*, this sober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them—

Brus. *Cassius*, be content,
Speake your griefes softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which should perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Griefes,
And I will giue you Audience.

Cassil. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.

Brus. *Lucillius*, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Moues Brutus and Cassius.

Exeunt

Cassil. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man was slighted off.

Brus. You wrong'd your selfe to write in such a case.

Cassil. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should beare his Comment.

Brus. Let me tell you *Cassius*, you your selfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To fell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeseruers.

Cassil. I, an itching Palme?

You know that you are *Brutus* that speakes this,
Or by the Gods, this speech were else your last.

Brus. The name of *Cassius* Honors this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassil. Chastisement?

Brus. Remember March, the Ides of March remember:
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Iustice sake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for Iustice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That stricke the Formost man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers, shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large Honors
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moune,
Then such a Roman.

Cassil. *Brutus*, balte not me,
He not indore it: you forget your selfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your selfe
To make Conditions.

Brus. Go too: you are not *Cassius*.

Cassil. I am,

Brus. I say, you are not.

Cassil. Vnge me no more, I shall forget my selfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.

Brus. Away slight man.

Cassil. Is't possible?

Brus. Hearke me, for I will speake.
Must I giue way, and room to your rash Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cassil. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Must I endure all this?

Brus. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go shew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I bouge?
Must I obserue you? Must I stand and crouch
Vnder your Trefle Humour? By the Gods,
You shall digest the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Spill you. For, from this day forth,
He vie you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Wasplish.

Cassil. Is it come to this?

Brus. You say, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine owne part,
I shall be glad to learne of Noble men.

Cassil. You wrong me every way:

You wrong me *Brutus*:
I saide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better,
Did I say Better?

Brus. If you did, I care not.

Cassil. When *Cæsar* liu'd, he durst not thus haue mock'd me.
Brus. Peace, peace, you durst not so haue tempted him.

Cassil.

Cass. I durst not.

Bru. No.

Cass. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cass. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror *Cassius* in your threats:

For I am Arm'd so strong in Honesty,

That they passe by me, as the idle winds,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certaine summes of Gold, which you deny'd me,

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,

And drop my blood for Drachmes, then to wring

From the hard hands of Peasants, their vile trash

By any indirection. I did send

To you for Gold to pay my Legions,

Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Cassius*?

Should I have answer'd *Cassius* so?

When *Marius Brutus* grows so Couetous,

To locke such Raskall Counters from his Friends,

Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,

Dash him to peeces.

Cass. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cass. I did not. He was but a Foole

That brought my answer back: *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:

A Friend should beare his Friends infirmities;

But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cass. You loue me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could neuer see such faults.

Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octavius* come,

Revenge your selues alone on *Cassius*,

For *Cassius* is a-weary of the World:

Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,

Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obseru'd,

Set in a Note-booke, learn'd and con'd by rote

To cast into my Teeth. O I could weepe

My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,

And heere my naked Breast: Within, a Heart

Deerer then *Plutus*'s Mine, Richer then Gold:

If that thou bee't a Roman, take it forth.

I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:

Strike as thou did'st at *Caesar*: For I know,

When thou did'st hate him worst, y' loued'st him better

Then euer thou loued'st *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall haue scope:

Do what you will, Dishonor, shall be Humour.

O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lambe

That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,

Who much inforced, shewes a hottie Sparke,

And fraite is cold agen.

Cass. Hath *Cassius* liu'd

To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,

When griefe and blood ill temper'd, seareth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill temper'd too.

Cass. Do you confesse so much? Giue me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cass. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cass. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that rash humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.

Bru. Yes *Cassius*, and from henceforth

When you are ouer-earnest with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you so.

Enter a Post.

Post. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge betwene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.

Lucil. You shall not come to them.

Post. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Post. For shame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two such men should be,

For I haue seene more yeeres I'me sure than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha, how wildly doth this Cynicke rime?

Bru. Get you hence first: Sawcy Fellow, hence.

Cas. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

Bru. He know his humor, when he knows his time:
What should the Warres do with these liggling Fooles?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away be gone.

Exit Post

Bru. *Lucillius* and *Tullius* hid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.

Cas. And come your selues, & bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to vs.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowle of Wine.

Cas. I did not thinke you could haue him so angry.

Bru. O *Cassius*, I am sicke of many griefes.

Cas. Of your Philophy you make no vie,
If you giue place to accidental eulls.

Bru. No man beares sorrow better. *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How escap'd I killing, when I crost you so?
O insupportable, and touching losse!

Vpon what sicknesse?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And griefe, that yong *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themselues so strong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this she fell diuine,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Euen so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no word of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindnesse *Cassius*. *Drinke*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-swell the Cup:

I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter *Tullius* and *Messala*.

Brutus. Come in *Tullius*:

Welcome good *Messala*:

Now fit we close about this Taper heere,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. *Portia*, art thou gone?

Bru. No more I pray you.

Messala. I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mess. My selfe haue Letters of the selfe-same Tenure.

Bru. With what Addition.

Mess. That by proscription, and billes of Outlawrie, Octauus, Antony, and Lepidus, Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree : Mine speake of seuentie Senators, that dy'de By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cass. Cicero one ?

Mess. Cicero is dead, and by that order of proscription Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord ?

Bru. No *Messala*.

Mess. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing *Messala*.

Mess. That me thinkes is strange.

Bru. Why aske you ?

Hearc you ought of her, in yours ?

Mess. No my Lord.

Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell, For certaine he is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why farewell *Portia* : We must die *Messala* : With meditating that the must dye once, I haue the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Euen so great men, great losses shold indure.

Cass. I haue as much of this in Art as you, But yet my Nature could not beare it so.

Bru. Well, to our worke aloue. What do you thinke Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cass. I do not thinke it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cass. This it is :

'Tis better that the Eemie seeke vs, So shall he waite his meane, weary his Souldiers, Doing himselfe offence, whil'st we lying still, Are full of rest, defence, and nimblenesse.

Bru. Good reasons must of force giue place to better :

The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground Do stand but in a forc'd affection :

For they haue grudg'd vs Contribution.

The Enemy, marching along by them,

By them shall make a fuller number vp,

Come on refreshed, new added, and encourag'd :

From which aduantage shall we cut him off.

If at *Philippi* we do face him there,

These people at our backe.

Cass. Hearc me good Brother.

Bru. Vnder your pardon. You must note beside,

That we haue trade the vtmost of our Friends :

Our Legions are brim full, our cause is ripe,

The Enemy encerseth euery day,

We at the height, are ready to decline.

There is a Tide in the affayres of men,

Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune :

Omitted, all the voyage of their life,

Is bound in Shallows, and in Miferies.

On such a full Sea are we now a float,

And we must take the current when it serues,

Or loose our Ventures.

Cass. Then with your will go on : we'll along

Our felues, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,

And Nature must obey Necessitie,

Which we will nigard with a little rest :

There is no more to say.

Cass. No more, good night,

Early to morrow will we rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Messala*,

Good night *Tullius* : Noble, Noble *Cassius*,

Good night, and good repose.

Cass. O my deere Brother :

This was an ill beginning of the night :

Neuer come such diuision 'twene our soules :

Let it not *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well.

Cass. Good night my Lord.

Bru. Good night good Brother.

Tit. Mess. Good night Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. 'Farwell euery one.

Exeunt.

Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Instrument ?

Luc. Heerein the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.

Call *Claudius*, and some other of my men,

Ile haue them sleepe on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudius*.

Enter Varrus and Claudius.

Varr. Call my Lord ?

Bru. I pray you sir, lye in my Tent and sleepe,

It may be I shall raile you by and by

On businesse to my Brother *Cassius*.

Varr. So please you, we will stand,

And watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will it not haue it so : Lye downe good sir,

It may be I shall otherwise bethinke me.

Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I sought for so :

I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not giue it me.

Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.

Canst thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,

And touch thy Instrument a straine or two.

Luc. I my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does my Boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty Sir.

Bru. I should not vrge thy duty past thy might,

I know yong bloods looke for a time of rest.

Luc. I haue slept my Lord already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleepe againe :

I will not hold thee long. If I do luse,

I will be good to thee.

Musicke, and a Song.

This is a sleepe Tune : O Mord'rous Humble !

Layest thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,

That playes thee Musicke ? Gentle knaue good night :

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :

If thou do'st nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.

Let me see, let me see, is not the Leade turn'd downe

Where I left reading ? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha ! Who comes heere ?

I thinke it is the weaknesse of mine eyes

That shapeth this monstrous Apparition.

It comes vpon me : Art thou any thing ?

Art thou some God, some Angell, or some Diuell,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my haire to stare ?

Speake to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy euill Spirit *Brutus* ?

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost.

Gibb. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Brut. Well: then I shall see thee againe?

Gibb. I, at *Philippi*.

Brut. Why I will see thee at *Philippi* then:

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:

Claudio.

Luc. The shrings my Lord, are false.

Brut. He thinks he kill is at his Instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My Lord.

Brut. Didst thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou so cryedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Brut. Yea that thou didst: Didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing my Lord.

Brut. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow, Thou: Awake.

Var. My Lord.

Cla. My Lord.

Brut. Why did you so cry out sir, in your sleepe?

Botb. Did we my Lord?

Brut. I: saw you any thing?

Var. No my Lord, I saw nothing.

Cla. Nor I my Lord.

Brut. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*: Bid him set on his Powres betimes before, And we will follow.

Botb. It shall be done my Lord.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are answered, You said the Enemy would not come downe, But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions: It proves not so: their battailes are at hand, They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere: Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut I am in their bosomes, and I know Wherefore they do it: They could be content To visit other places, and come downe With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face To fatten in our thoughts that they haue Courage; Bot 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals, The Enemy comes on in gallant shew: Their bloody signe of Battell is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, leade your Battaille softly on Vpon the left hand of the coen Field.

Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.

Ant. Why do you erosse me in this exigent.

Octa. I do not erosse you: bot I will do so. *March.*

Dram. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, & their Army.*

Brut. They stand, and would haue parley.

Cass. Stand fast *Titinius*, we must out and talke.

Octa. Mark *Antony*, shall we giue signe of Battaille?

Ant. No *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.

Make forth, the Generals would haue some words.

Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall.

Brut. Words before blowes: is it so Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we loose words better, as you do.

Brut. Good words are better then bad strokes *Octavius*.

Ant. In your had strokes *Brutus*, you giue good words Witnesse the hole you made in *Caesar*'s heart, Crying long liue, Haile *Caesar*.

Cass. *Antony*,

The posture of your blowes are yet vnknowne; But for your words, they rob the *Hible Bees*, And leaue them Hony-lesse.

Ant. Not finglelesse too.

Brut. O yes, and foundlesse too:

For you haue stolne their buzzing *Antony*, And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains: you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hackt one another in the sides of *Caesar*:

You shew'd your teethes like Apes,

And fawn'd like Hoands,

And bow'd like Bondsmen, kissing *Caesar*'s feete;

Whil't damnd *Caesar*, like a Curie, behinde

Strooke *Caesar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.

Cass. Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your selfe,

This tongue had not offended so to day,

If *Cassius* might haue rol'd.

Octa. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make vs sweet,

The prooue of it will turne to redder drops:

Looke, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,

When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?

Neuer till *Caesar* three and thirtie wounds

Be well sueng'd; or till another *Caesar*

Haue added slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Brut. *Caesar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors hands,

Vnlesse thou bring't them with thee.

Octa. So I hope:

I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.

Brut. O if thou wer't the Noblest of thy Straine,

Yong-man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.

Cass. A pessiile School-boy, worthes of such Honor Ioynd with a Masker, and a Reueller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* kill.

Octa. Come *Antony*: away!

Defiance Traitors, horle we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;

If not, wheo you haue stomacks.

Exit Octavius, Antony, and Army

Cass. Why now blow winde, swell Billow,

And swimme Barke:

The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.

Brut. Ho *Lucilius*, hearken, a word with you.

Lucilius and Messala stand forth.

Luc. My Lord.

Cass. *Messala*.

Messala. What sayes my Generall?

Cass. *Messala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day Was *Cassius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Messala*:

Be thou my witnesse, that against my will

(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to fet

Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.

You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,

And partly eredit things that do preface.

Commeng from *Sardis*, on our former Ensigne

Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

Who

Who to *Philippi* heere comforted vs :
This Morning ere they fled away, and gone,
And in their fleeds, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were sickly prey ; their shadowes seeme
A Canopy most fatal, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghost.

Meffia. Beleue not so.

Cass. I but beleue it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolu'd
To meete all perils, very constantly.

Bra. Euen so *Lucilius*.

Cass. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day stand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But since the essayes of men refts still incertaine,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this Battaine, then is this
The very last time we shall speake together :

What ere you then determined to do ?
Bra. Euen by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Caes*, for the death
Which he did giue himselfe, I know not how :
But I do finde it Cowardly, end vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to preuent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the prouidence of some high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.

Cass. Then, if we lose this Battaine,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the streets of Rome.

Bra. No *Cassius*, no :
Thinke not thou Noble *Romane*,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too greut a minde. But this same day
Must end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we shall meete againe, I know not :
Therefore our euertlasting farewell take :
For euer, end for euer, farewell *Cassius*,
If we do meete againe, why we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cass. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus* :
If we do meete againe, we'll smile indeede ;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bra. Why then leade on. O that e man might know
The end of this dayes businesse, ere it come :
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bra. Ride, ride *Messala*, ride end giue these Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other side.

Lowd Alarum.

Let them set on at once : for I perceiue
But cold demeanor on *Octavius's* wing :
And sodaine puls giues them the ouerthrow :
Ride, ride *Messala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cass. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye :
My selfe heue to mine owne turn'd Enemy :
This Ensigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I flew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Titin. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* geue the word too early,

Who hauing some aduantage on *Octavius*,
Tooke it too eagerly : his Soldiers sell to *Spoyle*,
Whil't we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord : flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord :
Flye therefore Noble *Cassius*, flye faste off.

Cass. This Hill is farr enough. Looke, looke *Titinius*
Are those my Tents where I perceiue the fire ?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cass. *Titinius*, if thou louest me,
Mount thou my horse, end hide thy spores in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond Troopes, ere Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*

Cass. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My sight was euer thicke : regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not't about the Field.
This day I breathed first, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My life is run his compasse. Sirra, what newes ?

Pind. Above. O my Lord.

Cass. What newes ?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Sporre,
Yet he spurres on. Now they are almost on him :
Now *Titinius*. Now some light : O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Shout.*

And hearken, they shout for ioy,
Cassius. Come downe, behold no more :
O Coward that I am, to lue fo long,
To see my best Friend tane before my face.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Come hither sirrah : In *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, feuing of thy life,
That whosoever I did bid thee do,
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
Thet ran through *Caesars* bowels, search this bofome.
Stand not to answer : Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my fece is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword——*Caesar*, thou ert reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.

Pind. So, I am free,

Yet would not so haue bene
Durst I haue done my will. O *Cassius*,
Ferre from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where neuer Roman shall take note of him.

Enter *Titinius* and *Messala*.

Mess. It is but chenge, *Titinius* : for *Octavius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Titin. These tydings will well comfort *Cassius*.
Mess. Where did you leaue him.

Titin. All disconsolate,

With *Pindarus* his Bondmen, on this Hill.
Mess. Is not thet he that lyes vpon the ground ?
Titin. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart !
Mess. Is not that hee ?

Titin. No, this was he *Messala*,
But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sunne :
As in thy red Ryes thou dost snake to night ;

So in his red blood *Caesar* day is set.

The Sonne of Rome is set. Our day is gone,
Clouds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Mistrust of my successe hath done this deed.

Meffula. Mistrust of good successe hath done this deed.
O heftful Error, Melancholies Childe:

Why do'st thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error loose concey'd,
Thou neuer com'st vnto a happy birth,
But kil'st the Mother that engendered thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?

Meffula. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his eares; I may say thrusting it:
For piercing Steele, and Dart inuennomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you *Meffula*,

And I will seeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'st thou send me forth braue *Caesar*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Pot on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me give it thee? Did'st thou not heare their
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing. (shows)
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And see how I regarded *Colus Caesar*:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Caesar* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart.

Exit

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Meffula*, *Cato*,
Strato, *Volumnius*, and *Lucilius*.

Brus. Where, where *Meffula*, doth his body lye?

Meffula. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Brus. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is flaine.

Brus. O *Julius Caesar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our owne proper Entrails. *Low Alarums*.

Cato. Braue *Titinius*,

Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Caesar*.

Brus. Are yet two Romans liuing such as these?

The last of all the Romans, far thee well:

It is impossible, that euer Rome

Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe no teares

To this dead man, then you shall see me pay.

I shall finde time, *Caesar*: I shall finde time.

Come therefore, and to *Tharjans* send his body,

His Funerals shall not be in our Campe,

Least it discomfort vs. *Lucilius* come,

And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,

Labio and *Fluuius* set our Battalions on:

'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,

We shall try Fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Meffula*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*,
and *Fluuius*.

Brus. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the Field.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hee.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.

I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hee.

Enter *Soldiers*, and fight.

And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,

Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?

Why now thou dyest, as brauely as *Titinius*,

And may't be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.

Sold. Yeld, or thou dyest.

Luc. Only I yeld to dye:

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight:

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

Sold. We must not: a Noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

2. *Sold*. Rooome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.

1. *Sold*. He tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,

Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.

Ant. Where is hee?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough:

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy

Shall euer take aliuie the Noble *Brutus*:

The Gods defend him from so great a shame,

When you do finde him, or aliuie, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himselfe.

Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I assure you,

A prize no lesse in worth; keepe this man safe,

Giue him all kindeesse. I had rather haue

Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,

And see where *Brutus* be aliuie or dead,

And bring vs word, vnto *Officius* Tent:

How euer thy thing is chanc'd.

Exeunt.

Enter *Brutus*, *Dardanius*, *Clitus*, *Strato*,
and *Volumnius*.

Brus. Come poore remaines of friends, rest on this
Rocke.

Clit. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord

He came not backe: he is or tane, or flaine.

Brus. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: slaying is the word,

It is a deed in fashion. Hearken thee, *Clitus*.

Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Brus. Peace then, no words.

Clit. He rather kill my selfe.

Brus. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.

Dard. Shall I doe such a deed?

Clit. O *Dardanius*.

Dard. O *Clitus*.

Clit. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dard. To kill him. *Clitus*: looke he meditates.

Clit. Now is that Noble Veffell full of griefe,

That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.

Brus. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Volum. What sayes my Lord?

Brus. Why this, *Volumnius*:

The Ghost of *Caesar* hath appear'd to me

Two seuerall times by Night: at *Sardis*, once;

And this last Night, here in *Philippi* fields:

I know my houre is come.

Volum. Not so, my Lord.

Brus. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou feelt the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes, *Low Alarums*.

Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit:

It is more worthy, to leape in our selues,

Then tarry till they pull vs. Good *Volumnius*,

Thou know'st, that we two went to Schoole together:

Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee

Hold thou my Sword hilt, whilst I runne on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.

Alarum still.

Clit. Fly,

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volunnius.*
Strato, thou hast bio all this while sleepe:
 Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymeo:
 My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
 I found oo man, but he was true to me.
 I shall haue glory by this loofing day
 More then *Octavius*, and *Marke Antony*,
 By this vile Conquest shall attaine vnto.
 So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
 Hath almost eoded his liues History:
 Night haogs vpon mine eyes, my Booes would rest,
 That haue but labour'd, to attaioc this houre.

Alarum. Cry witbin, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.

Bru. Hence: I will follow:
 I prythee *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,
 Thou art a Fellow of a good respect:
 Thy life hath had some smatch of Honor in it,
 Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
 While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?

Strato. Giue me your hand first. Fare you wel my Lord.

Bru. Farewell good *Strato*. ——— *Cæsar*, now be still,
 I kill'd not thee with halfe so good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*,
Lucilius, and the Army.

Octo. What man is that?

Messala. My Masters man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Strato. Free from the Bondage you are in *Messala*,
 The Conquerors cao but make a fire of him:

For *Brutus* onely ouercame himselfe,
 And no man else hath Honor by his death.

Lucil. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
 That thou hast prou'd *Lucilius* saying true,

Octo. All that seru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strato. I, if *Messala* will preferre me to you.

Octo. Do so, good *Messala*.

Messala. How dyed my Master *Strato*?

Strato. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Messala. *Octavius*, theo take him to follow thee,
 That did the latest seruice to my Master.

Ant. This was the Noblist Roman of them all:

All the Conspirators saue oonly hee,
 Did that they did, in eooy of great *Cæsar*:
 He, onely io a generall honest thought,
 And common good to all, made one of them.
 His life was gentle, and the Elements
 So mixt in him, that Nature might stand vp,
 And say to all the world; This was a man.

Octo. According to his Vertue, let vs vse him
 Withall Respect, and Rites of Buriall.
 Within my Tent his bones to night shall ly,
 Most like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
 So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
 To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.





THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1.  Hen shall we three meet again?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaille's lost, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the set of Sunne.
1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth*.
1. I come, *Grey-Malkin*.

*All. Paddock calls anon: faire is foole, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie syre. Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarm within. Enter King Malcolm, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the Serient,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainst my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didst leaue it.

Cap. Doubtfull it flood,
As two speot Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercilesse *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebelle, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe swarme vpon him) from the Westerne Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowgrosles is supply'd,
And Fortune on his dammed Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebelle Whore: but all's too weake;
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deserves that Name)
Disfyning Fortune, with his brandisht Steele,
Which smok'd him with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) car'd out his passage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r shooke hands, not bad farwell to him,
Till he vnscam'd him from the Naue to th' Chop,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.

King. O valiant Coulin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shilpwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No sooner Iustice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, surueying vantage,
With furbusht Armes, and new suppliyes of men,
Began a fresh assault.

King. Difmay'd not this our Capitaines, *Macbeth* and
'*Bangash*?

Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons over-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled stroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Galgutha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gashes cry for helpe.

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They inake of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roffe and Angus.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Roffe.
Lenox. What a haffe lookes through his eyes?
So should hee looke, that seemes to speake things strange.

Roffe. God saue the King.
King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane*?
Roffe. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flout the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.

Norway himselfe, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a dimall Conflict,
Till that *'Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with selfe-comparisons,
Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme,
Curbing his lawfull spirit: and to conclude,
The Victor fell on vs.

King. Great happinesse.
Roffe. That now, *Sweete*, the Norweyan King,
Craves composition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till hee disburied, at Saint Colmes yench,
Ten thousand Dollars, to our generall use.

King. No

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor shall deceive
Our Bosome interrest: Goe pronounce his present death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. Ile see it done.

King. What he hath lost, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where hast thou beene, Sister?

2. Killing Swine.

3. Sister, where thou?

1. A Saylor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.

Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Master o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a Syue Ile thither sayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.

2. Ile gie thee a Winde.

1. Th'art kinde.

3. And I another.

1. I my selfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.

Ile dreynie him drie as Hay:
Sleepe shall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-house Lid:
He shall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu' nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-toft.
Looke what I haue.

2. Shew me, shew me.

1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weyward Sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charmes's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul, and faire a day I haue not seene.

Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Sorie? What are these,
So wither'd, and so wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th' Earth,
And yet are on't? Lieue you, or are you aught
That man may question? You seeme to vnderstand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?

1. All hail *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.

2. All hail *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.

3. All hail *Macbeth*, that shalt be King hereafter.

Banq. Good Sir, why doe you start, and seeme to feare
Things that doe sound so faire? 'tch' name of truth
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My Noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great predifion
Of Noble haueing, and of Royall hope,
That he seemes wrapt withall: to me you speake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And say, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauours, nor your hate.

1. Haile.

2. Haile.

3. Haile.

1. Lesser then *Macbeth*, and greater.

2. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all hail *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.

1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.

Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A prosperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the prospect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blasted Heatch you stop our way
With such Prophetique greeting?

Speake, I charge you. *Witches vanish.*

Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish?

Macb. Into the Ayre: and what seem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had stay'd.

Banq. Were such things here, as we doe speake about?
Or haue we eaten on the infante Root,
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Macb. Your Children shall be Kings.

Banq. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banq. Toth' selfe-same tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth*,
The newes of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayfes doe contend,
Which should be thine, or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the rest o'th' selfe-same day,
He findes thee in the stout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing asfear'd of what thy selfe didst make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can post with post, and euery one did beare
Thy prayfis in his Kingdome's great defence,
And pow'r'd them downe before him.

Ang. Wee are sent,
To giue thee from our Royall Master thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In which addition, haile most worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.

Bang. What, can the Devil speake true?

Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:

Why doe you dreffe me in borrowed Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deferues to loofe.

Whether he was combin'd with thofe of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treasons Capitall, confels'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.

Macb. Gismys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greateft is behinde. Thanks for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children fhall be Kings,
When thofe that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leffe to them.

Bang. That trull'd home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Besides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Inftruments of Darknesse tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honest Trifles, to betray's
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the fwelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thank you Gentlemen:
This fupernaturall folliciting
Cannot be ill: cannot be good.

If ill? why hath it giuen me earnest of fuccesse,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yield to that fuffegion,
Whofe horrid Image doth vnfix my Heire,
And make my fested Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Against the vfe of Nature? Preſent Fears
Are leffe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whofe Murther yet is but fancifull,
Shakes fo my fingle ftate of Man,
That Functiō is fmother'd in fuffmife,
And nothing is, but what is not.

Bang. Looke how our Partner's rapt.

Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my ftirre.

Bang. New Honors come vpon him
Like our ftrange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vfe.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the rougheft Day.

Bang. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee ftay vpon your ley-
fore.

Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My doll Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are registred,
Where every day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.

Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: aod at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs ſpeake
Our free Hearts each to other.

Bang. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Flourish. Enter King, *Lenox*, *Malcolme*,
Donalbaine, and *Attendants*.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor?
Or not thofe in Commiffion yet: return'd?

Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue ſpoke with one that ſaw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confels'd his Treafons, implor'd your Highneffe Pardon,
And fet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leaſing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had bene ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleffe Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute Truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roffe, and Angus.

O worthyſt Couſin,
The finne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heaue on me. Thou art ſo farre before,
That ſwiftſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow,
To oerſtake thee. Would thou haſt leſſe deſeru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payement,
Might haue bene mine: onely I haue left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.

Macb. The fruition, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it ſelfe.
Your Highneffe part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they ſhould,
By doing every thing fafe toward your Loue
And Honor.

King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſſe deſeru'd, nor muſt be knowne
No leſſe to haue done ſo: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Bang. There if I grow,
The Harueſt is your owne.

King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulſeefe, ſeek to hide themſelues
In drops of ſorrow. Sonnes, Kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate vpon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muſt
Not vnaccompanyed, inueſt him onely,
But ſignes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres, ſhall ſhine
On all deſeruers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.

Macb. The Reſt is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
He be my ſelfe the Herberger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*.

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall downe, or elſe o're-leape,

m m

For

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light see my black and deepe desires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to seee. *Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peerlesse Kintman. *Flourish. Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of successe: and I have
learn'd by the perfect'st report, they haue more in them, then
mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them
farther, they made themselves Ayres, into which they vanisht.
While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came Missives from
the King, who all-bail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which Title
before, these wayward Sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to
the coming on of time, with haile King that shoul'd be. This
banc I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of
Greatnesse) that thou might'st not lose the dues of reioysing
by being ignorant of what Greatnesse is promi'd thee. Lay
it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promi'd: yet do I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindnesse,
To catch the necrest way. Thou would'st be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illnesse should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly winne.

Thou'd'st haue great Glamys, that which cries,
Thus thou must doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'st feare to doe,
Then wisest should be undone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chafte with the valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphysicall ayde both seeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Messenger.*
What are your tidings?

Meff. The King comes here to Night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.
Is not thy Master with him? who, wer't fo,
Would haue inform'd vs for preparation.

Meff. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who almost dead for breath, had fearefully
Then would make vs his Message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Messenger.*
The Raen himselfe is hoarse,
That croakes the fatal entrance of Duncan
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direfull Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'access, and passage to Remorse,
That no companionous visitings of Nature

Shake my fell purpose, nor keepe peace betwene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breasts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you mouth'ring Ministers,
Where-euer, in your fightlike Substances,
You wait on Natures Mischiefe. Come thick Night,
And pull thee in the dunest smoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife see not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feele now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. O neuer,

Shall Sunne that Morrow see.

Your Face, my Thane, is as a Booke, where men
May reade strange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This Nights great Businesse into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our Nightes, and Dayes to come,
Gie solely foueraigne way, and Maisterdome.

Macb. We will speake further.

Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:

To alter fauor, euer is to feare:

Leaue all the rest to me. *Exit.*

Scena Sexta.

*Hoboyes and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm,
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Ross, Angus, and Attendants.*

King. This Castle hath a pleasant feat,
The ayre nimble and sweetly recommends it selfe
Vnto our gentle senses.

Banq. This Guest of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does aprone,
By his loued Mansony, that the Heauens breath
Smells woefully here: no luttie frieze,
Buttrice, nor Colgne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they must breed, and haunt: I haue olden'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*

King. See, see, our honor'd Hostesse:
The Lowe that followes vs, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.

Lady. All our seruice,
In enery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and single Businesse, to contend
Against those Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maiestie loades our House:
For those of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we rest your Ermites.

King. Where's

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We court him at the heele, and had a purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love (tharpe as his Spurre) hath help him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hostesse
We are your guest to night.

La. Your Seruants euer,
Haueth theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highnesse pleasure,
Still to retorne your owne.

King. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Host: we loue him highly,
And shall continue our Graces towards him.
By your leave Hostesse.

Exeunt

Scena Septima.

Ho-boys. Torch.

*Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Dishes and Seruice
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.*

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly: If th' Affiliation
Could trammell vp the Consequence, and catch
With his fureace, Success: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'd iumpe the life to come. But in these Calcs,
We still haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Instructions, which being taught, retorne
To plague th' Inuentor. This euil-handed Iustice
Commends th' Ingreddence of our payson'd Chalice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double trust;
First, as I am his Kinsman, and his Subiect,
Strong both against the Deed: Then, as his Host,
Who should against his Murderer shut the doore,
Not beare the knife my selfe. Besides, this Daneane
Hath borne his Faculties so meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will please like Angels, Trumpet-tongue'd against
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blatt, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the fightlesse Curriers of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That teares shall drowne the wonder. I haue no Spurre
To prick the fides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it selfe,
And falls on th' other.

Enter Lady.

How now? What Newes?

La. He has almost sup: why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Businesse:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their newest glosses,
Not cast aside so soone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dress your selfe? Heth it slept since?
And wakes it now to looke so greene, and pale,
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou affraid
To be the same in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou haue that

Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Esteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th' Adage.

Macb. Prythee peace!

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.

La. What Beast wast then

That made you breake this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themselves, and that their finesse now
Do's vnmake you. I haue given Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was smyling in my Face,
Hane pluckt my Nipple from his Bonelesse Gummies,
And darst the Braines out, had I so sworne
As you haue done to this.

Macb. If we should faile?

Lady. We faile?

But ferre your course to the sticking place,
And wee'le not faile: when *Duncan* is asleepe,
(Where to the rather shall his dayes hard Iourney
Soudly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waffell, so conuance,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Recit of Reason
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swinish sleepe,
Their drenched Nature lyes as in a Death,
Whet cannot you and I performe vpon
Th' vnguarded *Duncan*? Whet not put vpon
His spongie Officers? who shall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.

Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle should compell
Nothing but Males. Will it not be recei'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood those sleepe two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?

Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we shall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?

Macb. I am fettle'd, and bend vp
Eech corporal Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show,
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.*

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?

Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the
Clock.

Banq. And she goes downe at Twelue.

Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Banq. Hold, take my Sword:

There's Husbandry in Heaven,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

m 2

A

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not sleepe:
Mercifull Powers, refraine io me the curfd thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repofe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

Macb. A Friend.

Bang. What Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a bed.
He hath bene in vnusuall Pleasure,
And sent forth great Largesse to your Offices.
This Diamond he greets your Wife withall,
By the name of most kind Hollesse,
And shut vp in measurelesse content.

Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the seruant to defect,
Which else should free haue wrought.

Bang. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three weyward Sisters:
To you they haue shew'd some truth.

Macb. I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houre to serue,
We would spend it in some words vpon that Businesse,
If you would graunt the time.

Bang. At your kind'st leysure.

Macb. If you shall cleaue to my consent,
When 'tis, it shall make Honor for you.

Bang. So I lose oone,

In seeking to augment it, but still keepe
My Bosome franchis'd, and Allegiance cleare,
I shall be counsaill'd.

Macb. Good repofe the while.

Bang. Thanks Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

Macb. Goe bid thy Mistresse, when my drinke is ready,
She strike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*

Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not fatall Vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a false Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Braine?
I see thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to vie.
Mine Eyes are made the foolies o'th' other Seeces,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still,
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody Businesse, which informs
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature seemes dead, and wicked Dremes abuse
The Curtain'd sleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's Offerings: and wither'd Mother,
Alarm'd by the Centinell, the Wolfe,
Whose howle's his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquins robbing fides, towards his designe
Moues like a Ghost. Thou furre and firme-fet Earth
Heare not my steps, which they may walke, for feare
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the prett horror from the time,
Which now futes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.

A Bell rings.

I goe, and it is done: the Bell iuities me.
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

La. That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that shriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the stern'th good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the fureted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Puffets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue, or dye.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho?

Lady. Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearken: I say'd their Daggers ready,
He could not misse 'em. Had he not remembred
My Father as he slept, I had don't.

My Husband?

Macb. I haue done the deed:

Didst thou not heare a noyse?

Lady. I heard the Owle screeame, and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speake?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. I.

Macb. Hearke, who lyes i'th' second Chamber?

Lady. *Dunbaine.*

Mac. This is a sorry sight.

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh i'o's sleepe,
And one cry'd Murth'ring, that they did wake each other:
I flood, and heard them: But they did say their Prayers,
And addrest them againe to sleepe.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd God blesse vs, and Amen the other,
As they had scene me with these Hangmans bandes:
Lifting their feare, I could not say Amen,
When they did say God blesse vs.

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought

After these wayes: in, it will make vs mad.

Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep oo more:
Macb. does murder Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the ravel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life, fore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Natures second Courfe,
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lady. What doe you meane?

Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the House:
Glami hath murder'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall sleepe no more: *Macbeth* shall sleepe no more.

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnband your Noble strength, to thinke
So braine-sickly of things: Goe get some Water,

And

And with this filthy Witneffe from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the place?
They must lye there: goe carry them, and smear
The sleepe Groomes with blood.

Macb. Ile go no more:
I am afraid, to thinke what I have done:
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

Lady. Infringe of purpose:
Give me the Daggers: the sleepeing, and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Devill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it must seeme their Guilt.

Exit.

Knocke within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noyse appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great Neptunes Ocean wash this blood
Cleane from my Hand? not this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one, Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I shame
To weare a Heart so white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How easie is it then? your Conscience
Hath left you vnstedded. *Knocke.*
Hearke, more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne, least occasion call vs,
And shew vs to be Watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere best not know my selfe.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking:
I would thou could'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.

Knocke within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were
Porter of Hell Gate, hee should haue old turning the
Key. *Knock.* Knock, Knock, Knock. Who's there
i'th' name of Belzebub? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd
himselfe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue
Napkins enow about you, here you'll sweate for't. *Knock.*
Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Devils Name?
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could sweare in both
the Scales against eyther Scale, who committed Treason
enough for Gods sake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-
uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock,
Knock, Knock. Who's there? Faith here's an English
Taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French Hole:
Come in Taylor, here you may roste your Goose. *Knock.*
Knock, Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Duvill-Porter it no further:
I had thought to haue let in of all Professions, that
goe the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire. *Knock.*
Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye so late?

Port. Faith Sir, we were carowling till the second Cock:
And Drinke, Sir, is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke especially
prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Nose-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine.
Lecherie, Sir, it prouokes, and vnprouokes: it prouokes
the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore
much Drinke may be said to be an Equiuocator with Le-
cherie: it makes him, and it marres him; it sets him on,
and it takes him off; it perfwades him, and dis-heartens
him; makes him stand too, and not stand too: in conclu-
sion, equiuocates him in a sleepe, and giuing him the Lye,
leaues him.

Macd. I beleue, Drinke gaued thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I
requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke) being too strong
for him, though he tooke vp my Legges sometime, yet I
made a Shift to call him.

Enter Macbeth.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.

Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almost slipt the houre.

Macb. Ile bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a loyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, Physicks paine:
This is the Doore.

Macd. Ile make so bold to call, for'tis my limited
seruice. *Exit Macduffe.*

Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint fo.

Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruly:
Where we lay, our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they say) lamentings heard i'th' Ayre
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying, with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combustion, and confus'd Eucents,
New hatch'd to'th' wofull time.
The obscure Bird clamor'd the lye-long Night.
Some say, the Earth was seuerous,
And did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Lenox. My young remembrance cannot parallell
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue, nor name thee.

Macb. And *Lenox.* What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-peece:
Most sacrilegious Murder hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple, and stole thence
The Life o'th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say, the Life?

Lenox. Meane you his Maiestie?

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Doe not bid me speake:
m m 3

See,

See, and then speake your felices : awake, awake,

Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.

Ring the Alarm Bell : Murder, and Treason,
Banquo, and Donalbaine : Malcolme awake,
Shake off this Downey sleepe, Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it selfe : vp, vp, and see
The great Doomes Image : Malcolme, Banquo,
As from your Graues rise vp, and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.

Bell rings. Enter Lady.

Lady. What's the Businesse ?
That such a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the House ? speake, speake.

Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can speake :
The repetition in a Womens eare,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, Our Royall Master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas !
What, in our House ?

Ban. Too cruell, say where.
Deare Duff, I prythee contradict thy selfe,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a blessed time : for from this instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortallitie :
All is but Toys : Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne, and the meere Lees
Is left this Vassil, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amisse ?

Macb. You are, and doe not know't :
The Spring, the Head, the Fountaine of your Blood
Is stopp'd, the very Source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your Royall Father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom ?

Lenox. Those of his Chamber, as it seem'd, had don't :
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Diggers, which vnwip'd, we found
Vpon their Pillowes they flar'd, and were distract'd,
No mans Life was to be truist with them.

Macb. O, yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so ?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, tempestrate, & furious,
Loyall, and Neutral, in a moment ? No man !
Th' expedition of my violent Love
Out-run the pawler Reason. Here say Duncan,
His Silver skinne, lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gash'd Stabs, look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines wastfull entrance : there the Murderers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade ; their Daggers
Vnmanly breech'd with gore : who could reframe,
That had a heart to loue ; and in that heart,
Courage, to make the loue knowne ?

Lady. Helpe me hence, ho.

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That most may cloyne this argument for ours ?

Donal. What should be spoken here,

Where our Fate hid in an augere hole,
May ruth, and seize vs ? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.

Banq. Look to the Lady :
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure ; let vs meet,
And question this most bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and scruples shake vs :
In the great Hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the vndiul'd pretence, I fight
Of Treasonous Mallice.

Macd. And so doe I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on masly readinesse,
And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

Exeunt.

Malc. What will you doe ?
Let's not comfort with them :
To shew an vnselfe Sorrow, in an Office
Which the false man doe's ease.
He to England.

Duc. To Ireland, I :

Our separated fortune shall keepe vs both the safer :
Where we are, there's Daggers in mens Smiles ;
The neere in blood, the neerer bloody.

Malc. This murderous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted : and our safest way,
Is to auoid the ayne. Therefore to Horie,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But fluit away : there's warrant in that Theft,
Which steals it selfe, when there's no meric left.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Ross, with an Old man.

Old man. Threecore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I haue scene
Houres dreadfull, and things strange : this fore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ha, good Father,
Thou seest the Heauens, as troubled with mans AQ,
Threatens his bloody Stage : byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night strangles the trausiling Lampe :
Is't Nights predominance, or the Dayes shame,
That Darknesse does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light should kisse it ?

Old man. 'Tis vnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done : On Tuesday last,
A Faulcon towing in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowing Owle hawk't at, and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan Horles,
(A thing most strange, and certaine)
Heuious, and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature, broke their stalla, flong out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make Warre with Mankind.

Old man. 'Tis said, they eate each other.

Ross. They did so :

To th'amusement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.

Enter Macduffe.

Heere comes the good Macduffe.

How goes the world Sir, now?

Macd. Why see you not?

Roff. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slaine.

Roff. Alas the day,

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were lubbered,

Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are stolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Roff. 'Gainst Nature still,
Thrittleffe Ambition, that will rauen vp
Thine owne flues meanes: Then 'tis most like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inuested.

Roff. Where is *Duncans* body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,

The Sacred Store-house of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Roff. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No Cofin, Ile to Fife.

Roff. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well may you see things weel done there: Adieu
Least our old Robes fit eafter then our new.

Roff. Farewell, Father.

Old M. Gods benylen go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.

Banq. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the wayward Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou play'd'st most lowly for't: yet it was faile
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that my selfe should be the Roote, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches shine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me vp in hope? But hush, no more.

Senit founded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,

Roffe, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Guest.

La. If he had bene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feast,
And all thing vnbecomming.

Macb. To night we hold a solemne Supper fir,
And Ile request your presence.

Banq. Let your Highnesse
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For euer knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoone?

Ban. I, my good Lord.

Macb. We should haue else desir'd your good aduice

(Which still hath bene both graue, and prosperous)
In this dayes Councell: but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?

Ban. As farre, my Lord, as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this, and Supper. Goe not my Horie the better,
I must become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre, or twaine.

Macb. Faile not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We heare our bloody Cosens are besfow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confusing
Their cruell Parricide, filling their hearers
With strange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall, we shall haue cause of State,
Crauing vs loyntly. Hye you to Horie:
Adieu, till you returne at Night.

Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. I, my good Lord: our time does call vpon's.

Macb. I with your Hories swift, and sure of foot:
And so I doe commend you to their backs.

Farewell.

Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time,

Till seven at Night, to make societie

The sweeter welcome:

We will keepe our selfe till Supper time alone:

While then, God be with you.

Exeunt Lords.

Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men

Our pleasure?

Servant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace
Gate.

Macb. Bring them before vs.

Exit Seruant.

To be thus, is nothing, but to be safely thus:

Our feares in *Banquo* sicke drepe,

And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that

Which would be feard'. 'Tis much he dares,

And to that dauntlesse temper of his Minde,

He hath a Wifdome, that doth guide his Valour,

To act in safetie. There is none but he,

Whose being I doe feare: and vnder him,

My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Anthony was by *Cesar*. He chid the Sisters,

When first they put the Name of King vpon me,

And bad them speake to him. Then Prophet-like,

They hay'd him Father to a Line of Kings.

Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitlesse Crowne,

And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,

Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,

No Sonne of mine succeeding: it's be so,

For *Banquo's* Issue haue I fir'd my Minde,

For them, the gracious *Duncan* haue I murder'd,

Put Rancours in the Vessell of my Peace

Onely for them, and mine eternall Iewell

Given to the common Enemie of Man,

To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.

Rather then so, come Fate into the Lyft,

And champion me to th' utterance.

Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murderers.

Now goe to the Doore, and stay there till we call.

Exit Seruant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Marth. It was, so please your Highnesse.

Macb. Well then,

Now haue you consider'd of my speeches:

Know,

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe.
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion criss'd,
Say, Thua did 'Banquo.

1. *Macb.* You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting.
Doe you finde your patience so predominant,
In your nature, that you can let this go?
Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,
And for his Issue, whose false hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?

1. *Macb.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Shoughes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clapt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the gift, which boonteous Nature
Hath in him clov'd: whereby hee does receive
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a station in the file,
Not i'th' worst ranke of Manhood, lay't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bolomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart; and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Macb.* I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To fight the World.

1. *Macb.* And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know 'Banquo was your Enemy.

Macb. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'th' of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Mising the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Macb.* We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. *Macb.* Though our Lives--

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you.
Within this houre, at most,
I will aduise you where to plant your felues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'n' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearnesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleane, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolute your felues apart,
Ile come to you anon.

Macb. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. Ile call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: 'Banquo, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madam, but returns againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will.

Exit.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful ioy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorriest Fancies your Companions making,
Ving those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'lle close, and be her selfe, whilst our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things discloynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gaine our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restlesse extasie.

Duncan is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feare, hee sleepest well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domesticke, forraie Lewie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnlesse the while, that wee must leaue
Our Honors in these flattering steames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleane* liues.

Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet they are affaileable,
Then be thou iocund : ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyster'd flight, ere to black Hecate summons
The third-borne Beetle, with his drowie home,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There shall be done a deed of dreadfull note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed : Come, feeling Night,
Sharke vp the tender Eye of pitifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuisible Hand
Cancell and seare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth Rookie Wood :
Good things of Day begin to droope, and drowle,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowle.
Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still,
Things had begun, make strong themselves by ill :
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murderers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs ?

3. *Macbeth.*

2. He needes not our mistrust, since he deliueus
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iust.

1. Then stand with vs :

The West yet glimmers with some streakes of Day.
Now spurs the later Traveller apace,
To gayne the timely lunc, and neere approaches
The subiect of our Watch.

3. Hearke, I heare Horses.

Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there, ho.

2. 'Then 'tis hee !

The rest, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadye are i'th' Court.

1. His Horses goe about.

3. Almost a mile : but he does vsually,
So all men doe, from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.

3. 'Tis hee.

1. Stand too't.

Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.

1. Let it come downe.

Ban. O, Trecherie !

Flye good Fleance, flye, flye, flye,

Thou may'st revenge. O Slaue !

3. Who did strike out the Light ?

1. Was't not the way ?

3. There's bot one downe: the Sonne is fled.

2. We haue loft

Best halie of our Affaire.

1. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

*Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Ross, Lenox,
Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe :
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,
And play the homble Host :
Our Hostesse keeps her State, bot in best time
We will require her welcome.

La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both sides are euen : heere ile sit i'th' mid'le,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'l drinke a Measure.
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he dispatch'd ?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats.

Yet hee's good that did the like for Fleance :
If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-parleill.

Mur. Most Royall Sir

Fleance is escap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe :

I had else bene perfect ;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocks,
As broad, and general, as the casing Ayre :
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawy doubts, and feares. But Banquo's life ?

Mur. I, my good Lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that :

There the growne Serpent lyes, the worrne that's fled
Hath Nature that io time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our feloes againe. *Exit Murderer.*

Lady. My Royall Lord,

You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making :
'Tis giuen, with welcome : to feede were best at home :
From thence, the swiue to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer
Now good digestion waite on Appetite,
And health goe both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present :
Who, may I rather challenge for vakindnesse,
Then pittie for Mischance.

Ross. His absence (Sir)
Lays blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse
To grace vs with your Royall Company ?

Macb.

Macb. The Table's full.

Lenx. Heere is a place referu'd Sir.

Macb. Where?

Lenx. Heere my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highnesse?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: neuer shake Thy goary lockes at me.

Raffe. Gentlemen friends, his Highnesse is not well.

Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus, And hath bene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat, The fit is momentary, vpon a thought He will againe be well. If much you note him You shall offend him, and extend his Passion, Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that Which might appall the Diuell.

La. O proper Ruffe!

This is the very painting of your feare:

This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you said

Led you to *Dunee*. O, the flames and flarts

(Impostors to true feare) would well become

A womans story, at a Winters fire

Authoriz'd by her Grandam: shame it selfe,

Why do you make such faces? When all's done

You looke but on a floole.

Macb. Prythee see there:

Behold, looke, loe, how say you:

Why what care I, if thou canst nod, speake too.

If Charnell houfes, and our Graues must send

Those that we bury, backe; our Monuments

Shall be the Waves of Kyles.

La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.

Macb. If I stand heere, I saw him.

La. Lie for shame.

Macb. Blood hath bene shed ere now, i'th'olden time

Ere homane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:

I, and since too, Murthers haue bene perform'd

Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,

That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,

And there an end: But now they rife againe

With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,

And push vs from our flooles. This is more strange

Then such a murder is.

La. My worthy Lord

Your Noble Friends do lacke you.

Macb. I do forget:

Do not mufe at me my most worthy Friends,

I haue a strange infirmity, which is nothing

To those that know me. Come, loue and health to all,

Then lie fit downe: Giue me some Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghost.

I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,

And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we misse:

Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirst,

And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Auant, & quit my sight, let the earth hide thee:

Thy bones are marrowlesse, thy blood is cold:

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes

Which thou dost glare with.

La. Think of this good Peeres'

But as a thing of Custom: 'Tis no other,

Onely it spoyles the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Ruffian Beare,

The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,

Take any shape but that, and my firme Nerues

Shall neuer tremble. Or be alius againe,

And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword:

If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee

The Baby of a Gille. Hence horrible shadow,

Vnreal mock'ry hence. Why so, being gone

I am a man againe: pray you sit still.

La. You haue displac'd the mirth,

Broke the good meeting, with most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,

And overcome vs like a Summers Cloud,

Without our speciall wonder? You make me strange

Euen to the disposition that I owe,

When now I thinke you can behold such sights,

And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,

When mine is blanch'd with feare.

Raffe. What fights, my Lord?

La. I pray you speake not: he growes worse & worse

Question enrages him: at once, goodnight.

Stand not vpon the order of your going,

But go at once.

La. Good night, and better health

Attend his Maiesty.

Exit Lords.

Macb. It will haue blood they say:

Blood will haue Blood:

Stones haue bene knowne to moue, & Trees to speake:

Augures, and vnderthod Relations, haue

By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth

The secret't man of Blood. What is the night?

La. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou that *Macduff* denies his person

At our great bidding.

La. Did you send to him Sir?

Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will send:

There's not a one of them but in his house

I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow

(And betimes I will) to the weyard Sisters.

More shall they speake: for now I am bent to know

By the worst means, the worst, for mine owne good,

All causes shall giue way. I am in blood

Stept in so farre, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go ore:

Strange things I haue in head, that will to haod,

Which must be acted, ere they may be scand.

La. You lacke the season of all Natures, sleepe.

Macb. Come, wee'l to sleepe: My strange & self-abuse

Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vie:

We are yet but young iodeed.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now Hecat, you looke angerly?

Hec. Haue I not reason (Belidams) as you are?

Sawey, and ouer-bold, how did you dare

To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Mistris of your Charmes,
The clofe contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or shew the glory of our Art?
And which is worse, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Merte me i'th' Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Definie.
Your Vessels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and eury thing belide;
I am for th' Ayre: This night Ile spend
Vnto a dismall, and a Fatali end.
Great businesse must be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that disill'd by Magicke slights,
Shall raise such Artificiall Sprights,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his Confusion.
He shall spurne Fate, scorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'bout Wisedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefest Enemy.

Musicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit see
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and staves for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make haſt, theſe ſooner be
Backe againe.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Hane bot hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I say
Things haue bin strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pittied of Macbeth: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant Banquo walk'd too late,
Whom you may say (if't please you) Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: Men must not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbaine
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Faſt,
How it did greeue Macbeth? Did he not straight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralls of sleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wisely too:
For 'twould hane anger'd any heart alive
To heare the men deny't. So that I say,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he Duncan's Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't please Heauen he shall not) they should finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should Fleance.
But peace: for from broad words, and cause he say'd
His presence at the Tyrants Feast, I heare
Macduffe liues in disgrace. Sir, can you tell

Where he bestowes himselfe?

Lord. The Sonnes of Duncan

(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Lies in the English Court, and is recey'd
Of the most Pious Edward, with such grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Taken from his high respect. Thither Macduffe
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Seyward,
That by the helpe of these (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, sleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feasts, and Banquets bloody knives;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate their King, that hee
Prepares for some attempt of Warre.

Len. Sent he to Macduffe?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute Sir, not I
The cloudy Messenger turnes me his backe,
And hams; as who should say, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Answer.

Lenox. And that well might

Adulfe him to a Caution, chold what distance
His wisedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soone returne to this our suffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.

Lord. Ile send my Prayers with him.

Exeunt

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the payfond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold stone,
Dyes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Sweltred Venom sleepeing got,
Boyle thou first i'th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
1 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powerfull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummy, Mawe, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd fait Sea Sharke:
Roots of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th' darke:
Liuer of Blaspheeming lew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sluer'd in the Moones Eclipse:

Not

Nose of Turke, and Tartars lips :

Finger of Birth-brangled Babe,

Ditch-deliver'd by a Drab,

Make the Grewell thicke, and flab.

Add thereto a Tigers Chawdron,

For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.

All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,

Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.

2. Coole it with a Baboones blood,

Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecet, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,

And every one shall share i'th'gaines:

And now about the Cauldron sing

Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,

Enchanting all that you put in.

Musicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.

2. By the pricking of my Thimbles,

Something wicked this way comes:

Open Lockes, who euer knockes.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now yon secret, black, & midnight Hag?

What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name,

Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Professe,

(How ere you come to know it) answer me:

Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight

Against the Churches: Though the yefy Waues

Confound and swallow Navigation vp:

Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,

Though Castles topple on their Warders heads:

Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do slope

Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treasure

Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,

Euen till destructionicken: Answer me

To what I aske you.

1. Sprake.

2. Demand.

3. Wee'l answer.

1. Say, if th'hadst rather heare it from our mouthes,

Or from our Masters.

Macb. Call'em: let me see 'em.

1. Powre in Sownes blood, that hath eaten

Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's hatched

From the Murderers Gibbet, throw

Into the Flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy Selfe and Office deasly thow.

Thunder.

1. Apparition, an Armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou vknowne power.

1. He knowes thy thought:

Heare his speech, but say thou nought.

1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:

Beware Macduffe,

Beware the Thane of Fife: dismisie me. Enough.

He Descends.

Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caucion, thanks

Thou hast harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.

1. He will not be commanded: heere's another

More potent then the first.

Thunder.

2. Apparition, a Bloody Child.

1. Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.

Macb. Had I three eares, I'd heare thee.

2. Appar. Be bloody, bold, & resolute:

Laugh to scorn

The powre of man: For none of woman borne

Shall harme Macbeth.

Descends.

Mac. Then lie Macduffe: what need I feare of thee?

But yet lie make assurance: double sure,

And take a Bond of Fate: thou shalt not lie,

That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;

And sleepe in spite of 'I' hunder.

Thunder

3. Apparition, a Child Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.

What is this, that rides like the issue of a King,

And weares vpon his baby-brow, the round

And top of Soueraignty?

All. Liffen, but speake not too't.

3. Appar. Be Lyon metted, proud, and take no care:

Who chafes, who frets, or where Conspirers are:

Macbeth shall neuer vanquish'd be, vnill

Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunsmaine Hill

Shall come against him.

Descend.

Macb. That will neuer bee:

Who can imprefic the Forrest, bid the Tree

Vntie his earth-bound Root? Sweet bodiments, good:

Rebellious dead, rise neuer till the Wood

Of Byrnam rise, and our high plac'd Macbeth

Shall lue the Lease of Nature, pay his breath

To time, and mortall Calumne. Yet my Hart

Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art

Can tell so much: Shall Banquo's issue euer

Reigne in this Kingdom?

All. Seeke to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,

And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know.

Why finkes that Caldron? & what noice is this? *Hecyres*

1. Shew.

2. Shew.

3. Shew.

All. Shew his Eyes, and greene his Hart,

Come like shadowes, so depart.

A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand.

Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of Banquo: Down:

Thy Crowne do's feare mine Eye-balls. And thy haire

Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the first:

A third, is like the former. Filthy Haggas,

Why do you shew me this? — A fourth? Start eyes!

What will the Line stretch out to th'cracke of Doome?

Another yet? A fountenth? He feare no more:

And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glasse,

Which shewes me many more, and some I see,

That two-fold Balles, and treble Scepters carry.

Horrible fight: Now I see 'tis true,

For the Blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles vpon me,

And points at them for his. What? is this fo?

1. I Sir, all this is fo. But why

Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheere we vp his sprights,

And shew the best of our delights.

He Charme the Ayre to giue a found,

While you performe your Antique round:

That this great King may kindly fay,

Our duties, did his welcome pay.

Musicke.

The Witches Dance, and vanish.

Macb. Where are they? Gone?

Let this pernicious houre,

Stand aye accursed in the Kalender.

Come in, without there.

Enter Lenax.

Lenax. What's your Graces will.

Macb.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Sisters?

Lenox. No my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Lenox. No indeed my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them. I did heare
The galloping of Horfe. Who was't came by?

Len. Tus two or three my Lord, that bring you word:

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. I, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpoe neuer is o're-tooke
Vnlesse the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firilings of my heart shall be
The firilings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thought & done:
The Cutle of *Macduff*, I will surprize,
Seize vpon *Fife*, giue to th'edge o'th Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Sooles
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpoe coole,
But no more fights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are.

Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffs Wife, her Son, and Raffe.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Raffe. You must haue pitience *Madam*.

Wife. He had none:

His fight was make nefe: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.

Raffe. You know not

Whether it was his wisedome, or his feare.

Wife. Wisedome? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Manfon, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himselfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The most diminutive of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Nest, against the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wisedome, where the flight
So runnes against all reason.

Raffe. My deereft Coos,
I pray you schoole your selfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wife, Iudicious, and best knowes
The fits o'th Season. I dare not speake much further,
But truell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our felues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worlt will cease, or else climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Couine,
Blessing vpon you.

Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-lesse.

Raffe. I am so much a Foole, should I stay longer
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leaue at once.

Exit Raffe.

Wife. Sierra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?

Sen. As Birds do Mother.

Wife. What with Wormes, and Flies?

Sen. With what I get I meane, and so do they.

Wife. Poore Bird,

Thou d'st neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.

Sen. Why should I Mother?

Poore Birds they are not fit for:

My Father is not dead for all your Lying:

Wife. Yes, he is dead:

How wilt thou do for a Father?

Sen. Nay how will you do for a Husband?

Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Sen. Then you'll be 'em to sell againe.

Wife. Thou speak'st it withall thy wit,

And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.

Sen. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

Wife. I, that he was.

Sen. What is a Traitor?

Wife. Why one that sweares, and lyes.

Sen. And be all Traitors, that do so.

Wife. Every one that do's so, is a Traitor,

And must be hang'd.

Sen. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lye?

Wife. Every one.

Sen. Who must hang them?

Wife. Why, the honest men.

Sen. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there
are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honest men,
and hang vp them.

Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:

But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Sen. If he were dead, you'd weepe for him: if you
would not, it were a good signe, that I should quickly
haue a new Father.

Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'st?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Blesse you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your Rate of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt some danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fight you thus. Me thinks I am too sauage:
To do worlt to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your person. Heauen preserue you,
I dare abide no longer.

Exit Messenger

Wife. Whether should I flye?

I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To say I haue done no harme?
What are these feares?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

Wife. I hope in no place so vnfortified,
Where such as thou may'st finde him.

Mur. He's a Traitor.

Sen. Thou ly'st thou flagge-ear'd Villaine.

Mur. What you Egge?

Yong fry of Treachery?

Sen. He ha's kill'd me Mother,

Run away I pray you.

Exit crying Murder.

N n

Scene

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there Weepe our sad bowfomes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men, Bestride our dowefall Birthdome: each new Morne, New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes Strike heauen on the face, that it refounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleuee, Ile waile; What know, beleuee; and what I can redresse, As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil. What you haue fpoke, it may be so perchance. This Tyrant, whole fole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well, He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young, but fomething You may difcerne of him through me, and wifedome To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe T'appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recouley In an Imperial charge. But I shall craue your pardon: That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranfpoze; Angels are bright fill, though the brightest fell. Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace Yet Grace must fill lookes fo.

Macd. I haue loft my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance euen there Where I did finde my doubts. Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Child? Those precious Motiues, thuse strong knots of Loue, Without leaue-taking. I pray you, Let not my lealoudies, be your Dithonors, But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iult, What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country, Great Tyranny, lay thou thy bafis fure, For goodnesse dare not check thee: wra't thy wrongs, The Title, is affer'd. Far thee well Lord, I would not be the Villaine that thou thinke'st, For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe, And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I fpeake not as in absolute feare of you: I thinke our Country finkes beneath the yoske, It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall, There would be hands vplift in my right: And here from gracious England haue I offer Of goodly thousands. But for all this, When I shall tread vpon the Tyrants head, Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country Shall haue more vices then it had before, More foffer, and more fadry wayes then euer, By him that shall fuccede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my felfe I meane: in whom I know All the particulars of Vice fo grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth Will feeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd With my confinelesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody, Luxurious, Auaricious, Falfe, Deceitfull, Sodaine, Maitious, fmalcking of euery Sinne That ha's a name. But there's no bottom, none In my Voluptuousnesse: Your Wines, your Daughters, Your Marrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp The Cellerne of my Luſt, and my Defire All continet Impediments would ore-beare That did oppoſe my will. Better Macbeth, Then fuch an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne, And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet To take vpon you what is yours: you may Conuey your pleasures in a fpacious plenty, And yet feeme cold. The time you may fo hoodwinke: We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be That Vulture in you, to deuoure fo many As will to Greatnesse dedicate themſelues, Finding it fo inclinde.

Mal. With this, there grows In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, fuch A ftanchlesse Auarice, that were I King, I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands, Defire his Iewels, and this others Houſe, And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce. To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge Quarrels vnluft againſt the Good and Loyall, Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Auarice Sickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote Then Summer-leeving Luſt: and it bath bin The Sword of our flaine Kings: yet do not feare, Scotland hath Foyfuns, to fill vp your will Ot your meere Owne. All theſe are portable, With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue nooe. The King-becoming Graces, As Iuftice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stablenesse, Bounty, Perſeuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse, Dewotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude, I haue no reliſh of them, but abound In the diuifion of each feuerall Crime, Aſking it many wayes. Nay, had I power, I ſhould Poure the ſweet Milke of Concord, into Hell, Vpote the vniuerſall peace, confound All vnity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland. *Mal.* If ſuch a one be fit to gouerne, ſpeake: I am as I haue ſpoken.

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Natio miſerable! With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred, When ſhalt thou ſee thy whoſome dayes againe? Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne By his owne Interdiſtion hands accuſt, And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royall Father Was a moſt Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee, Ofner vpon her knees, then on her ſeet, Dy'de euery day ſhe liu'd. Fare thee well,

Theſe

These Evils thoo repeat't vpon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Breth,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macdoff, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scarpes, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelliſh *Macbeth*,
By many of these traines, hath fought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wifedome pluckes me
From over-credulous haſt: but God aboute
Deale betwene thee and me; For euen now
I put my ſelfe to thy Direction, and
Vnſpeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my ſelfe,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forſworne,
Scarſely haue coueted what was mine owne.
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No leſſe in truth then life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this vpon my ſelfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old *Seynard* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting forth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodneſſe
Be like our warrant Quarrrell. Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comen the King forth
I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady conuincen
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heſoen giuen his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thanke you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he meſoes?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Enill.

A moſt myraculous worke in this good King,
Which oft ſince my heere remaine in England,
I haue ſeene him do: How he ſolicites heauen
Himſelfe beſt knowes: bot ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Vicerous, pitifull to the eye,
The meere diſpaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heauenly giſt of Propheſie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeake him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Roſſe. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Roſſe. Alas poore Countrey,

Almoſt afraid to know it ſelfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once ſcene to ſmile:
Where ſighes, and groanes, and ſhricks that rent the ayre

Are made, oot mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeemes
A Moderne extaſie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there ſcarſe ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.

Macd. Oh Relations, too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newſt griefe?

Roſſe. That of an houres age, doth hiſſe the ſpeaker,
Each minot teemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Roſſe. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Roſſe. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Roſſe. No, they were well at peace, when I did leaue 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How go't?

Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witneſſe the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doſſe their dire diſtreſſes.

Mal. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seynard*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Chriſtendome giues out.

Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert ayre,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cauſe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to ſome ſingle breth?

Roſſe. No minde that's honeſt
Bot in it ſhares ſome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Roſſe. Let not your cares diſpile my tongue for euer,
Which ſhall poſſeſſe them with the heauieſt ſound
That euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I gueſſe at it.

Roſſe. Your Caltie is ſurpris'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely laugh't: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murder'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heauen:

What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue ſorrow words; the griefe that do's not ſpeake,
Whiſpers the o're-ſought heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kill'd too?

Roſſe. I haue ſaid.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell ſwoope?

Mal. Diſpute it like a man.

Macd. I ſhall do ſo:

But I most also feele it as a man ;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me : Did Heuſen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macdoff*,
They were all ſtrooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell slaughter on their ſoules: Heuſen reſt them now.

Mal. Be this the Whetſtone of your ſword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heuſena,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my ſelfe
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape
Heuſen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Inſtruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor ſf Phyſicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

Doſt. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can
perceiue no truth in your report. When was it thee laſt
walk'd?

Gen. Since his Maieſty went into the Field, I haue
ſene her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown
vpon her, vnlocke her Cloſſet, take fourth paper, ſolde it,
write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe re-
turne to bed; yet all this while in a moſt ſaſt ſleepe.

Doſt. A great perturbation in Nature, to receiue at
once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching.
In this ſlumbr agitation, beſides her walking, and other
ſuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard
her ſay?

Gen. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doſt. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gen. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witneſſe
to confirme my ſpeech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.*

Lo you, heere ſhe comes: This is her very gaffe, and vpon
my life ſaſt aſleepe: obſerue her, ſtand cloſe.

Doſt. How came ſhe by that light?

Gen. Why it flood by her: ſhe ha's light by her con-
tinually, 'tis her command.

Doſt. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gen. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doſt. What is it ſhe do's now?

Looke how ſhe rubbes her hands.

Gen. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeeme
that waſhing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in
this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a ſpot.

Doſt. Heare, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet downe what comes
from her, to ſatiſſie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out diſmied ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why
then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, ſee,
a Sculdrie, and aſſeard? what need we feare? who knowes
it, when none can call out powre to accompt: yet who

would haue thought the olde man to haue had ſo much
blood in him.

Doſt. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is ſhe now?
What will theſe hands nere be cleane? No more o'that
my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this ſtat-
ting.

Doſt. Go too, go too:

You haue knowne what you ſhould not.

Gen. She ha's ſpoke what ſhee ſhould not, I am ſure
of that: Heuſen knowes what ſhe ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the per-
formes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh.

Doſt. What a ſigh is there? The hart is forcibly charg'd.
Gen. I would not haue ſuch a heart in my boſome,
for the dignity of the whole body.

Doſt. Well, well, well.

Gen. Pray God it be fir.

Doſt. This diſeaſe is beyond my praſtiſe: yet I haue
knowne thoſe which haue walkt in their ſleep, who haue
dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on yout Night-Gowne,
looke not ſo pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo's* buried;
he cannot come out on's graue.

Doſt. Euen ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate:
Come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's
done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

Exit Lady.

Doſt. Will he go now to bed?

Gen. Directly.

Doſt. Foule whilp'ings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillows will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needs the Diuine, than the Phyſician:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyauce,
And ſtill keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde the ha's mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I thinke, but dare not ſpeake.

Gen. Good night good Doctor.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Drum and Colours. Enter Macbeth, Caibnes,
Angus, Lenox, Soldiers,*

Mac. The Engliſh powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macdoff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for theſe deere cauſes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood

Shall we well meet them, that way are they cmming.

Carb. Who knowes if *Donalbaine* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seyward's* Sonne,
And many vnruſſe youths, that euen now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.

Mac. What do's the Tyrant.

Carb. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies:
Some ſay hee's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, hot for certaine

He

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel
His secret Murthers flicking on his hands,
Now minutely Revolve vpon his Faith-breach:
Thofe he commands, moore onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfish Thiefe.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His peiter'd Senfes to recoyle, and start,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It selfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the sickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countreys purge,
Each drop of vs.

Lenex. Or so much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrmane wood remoue to Dunfinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Consequencies, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures,
The minde I sway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer fagge with doubt, nor shake with feare.

Enter Seruant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'st thou that Goose-look?

Ser. There is ten thousand.

Macb. Geefe Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go prick the face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Dooth thy Soule, those Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counsaillers to feare. What Soldiers Why-face?

Ser. The English Force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am sick at heart,
When I behold *Seyton*, I say, this poth
Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life
Is false into the Sear, the yellow Lease,
And that which should accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I must not looke to haue: but in their stead,
Corres, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faime deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. He fight, till from my bones, my flesh be hackt.

Giue me my Armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. He put it on:

Send out mee Horfes, skirre the Country roond,
Hang those that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick: my Lord,
As he is troubled with thicke-coming Fancies
That keepe her from her rest.

Macb. Cure of that:

Can'st thou not Minister to a minde diseas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with some sweet Oblitious Antidote
Cleanse the stuffe bosome, of that perillous stuffe
Which weighe vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient

Must minister to himselfe.

Macb. Throw Physicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.

Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, lend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come fir, dispatch. If thou could'st Doctor, cast
The Water of my Land, finde her Disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud againe. Pull't off I say,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgative drugges
Would scowre these English hence: hear'st y of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare something.

Macb. Bring it after me:

I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birname Forrest come to Dunfinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe should hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter *Malcolme*, *Seyward*, *Macdaffe*,
Seywards Sonne, *Monteth*, *Cathinet*, *Angus*,
and *Soldiers* Marching.

Male. Cousins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Seyw. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birname.

Male. Let every Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And beart before him, thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discourey
Erre in report of vs.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes still in Dunfinane, and will indure
Our setting downe before't.

Male. 'Tis his maine hope:

For where there is advantage to be giuen,
Both more and lesse haue giuen him the Revolt,
And none serue with him, but contrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our iost Centures

Attend the true event, and put we on

nn 3

Indutrious

Industrious Souldierſhip.

Sy. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make vs know
What we ſhall ſay we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculative, their vſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, brookes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Macbeth, Seytes, & Souldiers, with
Drum and Colours.*

Macb. Hang ont our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siege to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, heard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyſe?

A Cry within of Women.

Sy. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſts of Feares:
The time ha's bene, my ſences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhrike, and my Fell of haire
Would at a dimall Treſtle rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſuſt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sy. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.

Macb. She ſhould haue dy'd heereafter;
There would haue bene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yelderdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by ſo Ideot, full of found and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Thou com'ſt to vie thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.

Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.

Macb. Well, ſay ſir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrname, and anon me thought
The Wood began to mooue.

Macb. Lyrar, and Slaue.

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Withio this three Mile may you ſee it comming.
I ſay, a moaing Greoue.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt ſhlie,
Vpon the next Tree ſhall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare oot, till Byrname Wood
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood

Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And with th'eflate o'th'world were now vndoo.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaſt we'll dye with Harnelle on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Dramme and Colours.

*Enter Malcolm, Seyward, Macduff, and their Army,
with Drumes.*

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leaſy Skreenes throw dowee,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Coſin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firſt Battell. Worthy Macduff, and wee
Shall take vpon's what eſſe remains to do,
According to our order.

Sy. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, giue th' all breath
Thoſe elamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt
Alarums continued.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or oone.

Enter young Seyward.

Y. Sy. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to heare it.

Y. Sy. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hotter name
Then any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Y. Sy. The diuell himſelfe could not pronouoce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.

Macb. No: nor more fearefull.

Y. Sy. Thou lyſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.

Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.

Macb. Thou waſt borne of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyraot ſhew thy face,
If thou beſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wiſe and Childrens Ghoults will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou Macbeth,
Or elfe my Sword with an vnattered edge
I ſleath againe vndeoded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt oote

Scenes

Seemas bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit.*

Alarums.

Enter Malcolm and Seyward.

Sy. This way my Lord, the Castles gently rendred :
The Tyrants people, on both sides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almost is fellic profecies yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We haue met with Foes
That strike beside vs.

Sy. Enter Sir, the Castle. *Exeunt.*

Alarum

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne sword? whiles I see liues, the gathes
Do better vpon them.

Enter Macduffe.

Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.

Macb. Of all men else I haue auoyded thee ;
But get thee backe, my foule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then termes can giue thee out. *Fight : Alarum*

Macb. Thou loofest labour,

As easie may't thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impresse, as make me bleed :
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Crests,
I beare a charmed Life, which must not yield
To one of woman borne.

Macd. Dispaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou still hast seru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.

Macb. Accur'd be that tongue that tels mee so ;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man :
And be these Iugling Fiends no more beleue'd,
That palter with vs in a double fence,
That keepe the word of promise to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And lue to be the shew, and gaze n'th' time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monst'ers are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I will not yeeld

To kisse the ground before yongg *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curse.
Though Byrname wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being no woman borne,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield : Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that first cries hold, enough.

Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Raffe, Thane, & Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the Friends we misse, were safe arriu'd-
Sy. Some must go off : and yet by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduffe* is missing, and your Noble Sonne.
Raffe. Your Inn my Lord, ha's paid a souldiers dabit,
He onely slu'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his Prinsesse confirm'd
In the vnshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.

Sy. Then he is dead?

Raffe. I, and brought off the field : your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Sy. Had he his hurts before?

Raffe. I, on the Front.

Sy. Why then, Gods Souldier be he :
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haire,
I would not with them to a fairer death:
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. Hee's worth more sorrow,
And that Ile spend for him.

Sy. He's worth no more,

They say be parted well, and paid his score,
And so God be with him. Here comes newe comfort.

Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.

Macd. Haile King, for so thou art.
Behold where stands

Th' Vsurpers curld head : the time is free :
I see thee compass'd with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That speake my salutation in their minds :
Whiles voyces I desire aloud with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.

All. Haile King of Scotland.

Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your severall Iues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earles, the first that euer Scotland
In such an Honour nam'd : What's more to do,
Which would be plant'd newly with the time,
As calling home one exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene ;
Who (as 'tis thought) by selfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull else
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in measure, time, and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to see vs Crown'd at Scone.

Flourish.

Exeunt Owners.

FINIS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.



Barnardo.

Ho's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
your selfe.

Bor. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bor. He.

Fran. Yoo come most carefully vpon your houre.

Bor. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Bor. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Bor. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haile.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo*.

Bor. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Mar. A peece of him.

Bor. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night.

Bor. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreeded fight, twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bor. Sit downe a-while,

And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bor. Last night of all,

When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Pease, breake thee off:

Enter the Ghost.

Looke where it comes againe.

Bor. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio*.

Bor. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Bor. It would be spoke too.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,

Together with that Faire and Warlike forme

In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bor. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bor. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:

Is not this something more then Fantasie?

What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleefe

Without the sensible and true souch

Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,

Such was the very Armour he had on,

When th'Ambitious Norwey combated:

So frown'd he oore, when in an angry parle

He smot the flegged Pollax on the Ice.

'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,

With Martiell halke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:

But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,

This bodas some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes

Why this same fiend and most obseruat Watch,

So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,

And why such dayly Call of Brason Cannon

And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:

Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taskes

Do's oot diuide the Sunday from the weeke,

What might be toward, that this sweaty haile

Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:

Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At

At least the whisper goes so : Our last King,
Whose Image even but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dare'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras* : who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror :
Against the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King : which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now fir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, but and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a Lift of Landleesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't : which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those forfeit Lands
So by his Father lost : and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Source of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold : Lo, where it comes againe !
He crosses it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion :
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me ; speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may soyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast in the tombe of Earth,
Extorted Treasure from the wombe of Earth,
(For which, then say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus* !

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, heing so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, inuulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpoo a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day : and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hies
To his Confinde. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long !
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The oughts are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme :

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruffet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breakes our our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty ?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
phelia, Lords Attendant.*

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene : and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as twene, with a defected ioy,
With one Auspicious, and one Drooping eye,
With mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife ; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaile along, for all our Thanks.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth ;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,
Collegued with the dreame of his Advantage ;
He hath not say'd to pesser vs with Meffage,
Importing the Irreuerder of those Lands
Lost by his Father : with all Bonds of Law
To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltmand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuiet,
The Lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect : and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltmand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow !
Farewell and let your haft commend you duty.

Felt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltmand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you ?

You

You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes* ?
 You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
 And looke your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, nor thy Asking ?
 The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
 Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
 What would'st thou haue *Laertes* ?

Laer. Dread my Lord,
 Your leave and fauour to returne to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
 To shew my duty in your Coronation,
 Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leave ?
 What sayes *Polonius* ?

Pol. He hath my Lord;
 I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
 But now my Cōin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne ?

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you ?
Ham. Not fo my Lord, I am too much i'th Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
 And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
 Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
 Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust ;
 Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
 Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. It is ;

Why seemes it so particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is : I know not Seemes:
 'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
 Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
 Nor windy suppiration of forc'd breath,
 No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
 Nor the delected haviour of the Village,
 Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
 That can denoue me truly. These indeed Seeme,
 For they are actions that a man might play :
 But I haue that Within, which passeth show ;
 These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
 In your Nature *Hamlet*,
 To giue these mourning duties to your Fathers:
 But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
 That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound
 In filiall Obligation, for some terme
 To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perueer
 In obstinate Condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly griefe,
 It shewes a will most incorred to Heauen,
 A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
 An Vnderstanding simple, and vnchool'd:
 For, what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
 Why should we in our peeuish Opposition
 Take it to heart? Fyr, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
 A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whole common Theisme
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Course, till he that dyed to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
 As of a Father ; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,
 Then that which deereft Father beares his Sonne,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire :

And we beseech you, bend you to remaue
 Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
 Our cheereft Courtier Cōin, and our Sonne.

Q. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet* :
 I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my beft
 Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
 Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
 This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sitts smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,
 No locond health that Denmarke drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rouse, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Monet Hamlet.
Ham. Oh that this too solid Fleish, would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew :
 Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
 His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
 Seemes to me all the vses of this world ?
 Fie on't ? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
 That growes to Seed : Things rank, and grosse in Nature
 Possesse it meereely. That it should come to this :
 But two monthes dead : Nay, not so much ; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyre : so louing to my Mother,
 That he might not betwene the winde of heauen
 Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
 Must I remember : why the would hang on him,
 As if encase of Appetite had growne
 By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ?
 Let me not thinke on't : Frality, thy name is woman.
 A little Mooth, or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she followed my poore Fathers body
 Like Niobe, all teares. Why she, even she.
 (O Heauen ! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
 Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
 My Fathers Brother : but no more like my Father,
 Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth ?
 Ere yet the salt of most vnwholesome Teares
 Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to Inceffuous sheets :
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordship.
Ham. I am glad to see you well :
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
 He change that name with you :
 And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio* ?

Mar-

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.

But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;

Nor shall you doe mine care that violence,

To make it truer of your owne report

Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:

But what is your affaire in *Elseneur*?

We'll teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)

I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatius*: the Funerall Bakt-meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;

Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,

Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatius*.

My father, me thinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord?

Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatius*)

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all;

I shall not look vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent care; till I may deliuer

Vpon the witness of these Gentlemen,

This marvell to you.

Ham. For Heuens loue let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen

(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch

In the dead waile and middle of the night

Beene thus encountered. A figure like your Father,

Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cop a Pe*,

Appeares before them, and with sollemne march

Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,

By their opposit and feare-surprized eyes,

Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestill'd

Almost to lelly with the Aft of feare,

Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,

And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,

Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,

Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did adresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;

And at the sound it thrunk in haile away,

And vanish from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;

And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to Night?

Bath. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Bath. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Bath. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had bene there.

Hor. It would haue much amas'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like: staid it long? (dred.

Hor. While one with moderate haile might tell a hun-

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisy? no.

Hor. It was, as I haue seene it in his life,

A Sable Silver'd. (gaine.

Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Fathers person,

Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you haue hitherto conceid this sight;

Let it bee treble in your silence till!

And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,

Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;

I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well:

Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,

Ile visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.

My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:

I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;

Till then sit still my soule; foule dreeds will rise,

Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are imbrak't; Farewell:

And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,

And Conuoy is assilant; doe not sleepe,

But let me heare from you.

Ophel. Doe you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fauours,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in Blond;

A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;

Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting

The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophel. No more but fo.

Laer. Thinke it no mure:

For nature crellant does not grow alone,

In theues and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,

The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule

Growes wide withall. Perhaps he looes you now,

And now no soule nor caustell doth besmerch

The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

His

What does this meane my Lord ?

(rouse,

Ham. The King duth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waffels and the swaggering vspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custome ?

Ham. I marry it ;

And to my mind, though I am native heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Minifters of Grace defend vs ;
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blafts from Hell,
Be thy euent wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will fpeake to thee. Ile call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royall Dane : Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance ; but tell
Why thy Canonis'd bones Heir'd in death,
Hauē burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we faw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble lawes,
To cft thee vp againe ? What may this meane ?
That thou dead Corfe againe in compleat Steele,
Reuifits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our difpofition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what fhould we doe?

Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it fome impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteouſeſſion
It waits you to a more remoued ground ;
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not ſpeake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the feare?

I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortal as it ſelfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his bafe into the Sea,
And there affumes ſome other horrible forme,
Which might deprive your Soueraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe thinke of it?

Ham. It waits me till: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I ſay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet. (ther.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; Ile go no fur-
Gho. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My bowler is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes dune in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-Houſe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blaſon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and blood; liſt Hamlet, oh liſt,
If thou diſt euer thy deare Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Reuenge his foule and muſt vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Gho. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foule, ſtrange, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haſt, haſt me to know it,
That with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May ſweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghoſt. I finde thee apt,

And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rots it ſelfe in eaſe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this. Now Hamlet heare:
It's giuen out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eaſe of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Prophetick ſoule: mine Vncle?

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous gifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to ſeduce? Won to this blamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whoſe loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whoſe Naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer will be moued,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen:
So Luſt, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will ſate it ſelfe in a Celeſtiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

O o

But

Bot soft, me thinks I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be : Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My cosume alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my secure hower they Vncle stole
With iuice of curied Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leasperous Disfilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a foudaine vigour it doth possiet
And curd, like Ayre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholsome blood : so did it mine ;
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome cruell,
All my smooth Body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhoozied, disappointed, vnaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy Soule contriue
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to heauen,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme shewes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire
Aduce, adue, *Hamlet* : remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you host of Heauen ! Oh Earth; what els?
And shall I couple Hell ? Oh fie : hold my heart;
And you my sinewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely vp : Remember thee ?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe : Remember thee ?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,
That youth and obseruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen :
Oh most pernicious woman !
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine !
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vncle there you are : now to my word;
It is; Aduce, Aduce, Remember me : I haue sworn't.

Her. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord,
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Her. Heauen secure him.

Mar. So be it.

Her. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.

Mar. How ill't my Noble Lord ?

Her. What newes, my Lord ?

Ham. Oh wonderfull !

Her. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you't reueale it.

Her. Not I, my Lord, by Heaouen.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it)

*Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once
But you'll be feeret ?*

Borb. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.

*Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.*

*Her. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.*

*Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your busines and desires shall point you;
For every man ha's businesse and desire,
Such as it is : and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.*

Her. There are but wild and horling wordes, my Lord.

*Ham. I'm forry they offend you heartily;
Yes faith, heartily.*

Her. There's no offence my Lord.

*Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere :
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request.*

Her. What is't my Lord ? we will.

Ham. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

Borb. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Her. Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord : in faith.

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Marcell. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, vpon my sword, indeed.

Gbo. Swear, Ghost cries vnder the Stage.
*Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
penny ? Come one you here this fellow in the felleridge
Consent to swear.*

Her. Propose the Oath my Lord.

*Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue scene.
Swear by my sword.*

Gbo. Swear.

*Ham. Hic & tunc ? Then we'll shift for ground,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard :
Swear by my Sword.*

Gbo. Swear.

*Ham. Well said old Mole, can't worke i'th' ground so
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.*

Her. Oh day and night; but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.

There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio,*
Then are dream't of in our Philosophie But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on :)
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake ; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,

That

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:
Swear.

Gloſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my love I doe commend me to you;
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his love and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And fill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curſed ſight,
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay, come let's goe together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Polon. Giue him his money, and theſe notes *Reynaldo*.
Reynald. I will my Lord.

Polon. You ſhall doe maruells wiſely; good *Reynaldo*,
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.

Reynald. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well ſaid;
Very well ſaid. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me firſt what Danakers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe;
What company, at what expence; and finding
By this encompaſſement and dritt of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Reynald. I, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſual ſlips,
As are Companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reynald. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may goe ſo farre.

Reynald. My Lord that would diſhonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning; but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty;
The fault and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A ſuagenes in vneclaim'd bloud of generall aſſault.

Reynald. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?

Reynald. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I beleeue it is a fetch of warrant;
You laying theſe ſlight ſulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working: (ſound,
Marke you your party in conuerſe; him you would
Hauing euer ſcene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this confeſſion:
Good ſir, or ſo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynald. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething: where did I leaue?

Reynald. At cloſes in the confeſſion:
At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman.

Polon. At cloſes in the confeſſion, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retook in's Roſe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſaile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your bait of falſhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wiſedom and of reach
With windleſſes, and with aſſaies of Biaz,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynald. My Lord I haue.

Polon. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynald. Good my Lord.

Polon. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.

Reynald. I ſhall my Lord.

Polon. And let him ply his Muſicke.

Reynald. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell;

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

Oph. Alas my Lord, I haue bene ſo affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?

Oph. My Lord, as I was ſlowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockings ſoul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pitiouſ in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeake of horrors: he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Loue?

Oph. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Polon. What ſaid he?

Oph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He ſaies to ſuch perſuall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rain'd a ſigh, ſo pitiouſ and profound,
That it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being. 'T hat done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For ont adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Polon. Goe with me, I will goe ſeek the King,
This is the very extaſie of Loue,
Whole violent property foredoes it ſelfe,

And

And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heaueo,
That does afflict our Natures. I am forrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am forrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but bestraw my ieaiousie:
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger sort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, & being kept close might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrance, and Guilden-
sterne Comelys.*

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne*.
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
Our hable sending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformatio: so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Remembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time: so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may glean,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qe. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rufe. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Gnil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks *Rosincrance*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qe. Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosincrance*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.

Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Gnil. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Affure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure
As I haue v'd to do: that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

King. Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my sweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and fourle of all your Sonnes dilemper.

Qe. I doubt it is oo other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Volrmand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall list him. Welcome good Friends:
Say *Volrmand*, what from our Brother Norway?

Vol. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.

Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephewes Lewies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, wherest greeced,)

That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.

Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,
Gives him three thousand Crownes in Annual Fee,
And his Commission to employ those Soldiers
So lenied as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well:

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night we'll Feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

Pol. This businesse is very well ended.

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie lathe Soule of Wit,
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourish,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Qe. More matter, with lesse Art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.

Mad

Mad let vs grant him thee : and now remains
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: base, whil't she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and formite.

The Letter.

To the Celsiual, and my Sweete Idoll, the most beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde Phrase: but you shall heere thefe in her excellent white beosome, thefe.

Qu. Came this from Hamlet to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,

Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue :

Doubt Truth to be a Lier,

But neuer Doubt, I luee.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I luee thee best, oh most Best beteeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whil't this

Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me :

And more about hath his solliciting,

As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,

All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath the receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I would faine proue so. But what might you thinke?

When I had fene this hot loue on the wiog,
As I perceiu'd it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me what might you
Or my deere Maistie your Queene heere, thinke,
If I had play'd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruits of my Advice,
And he repulst. A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene such a time, I'de faine know that,
That I haue possitively said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes

He walkes foure houres together, heere

In the Lobby.

Qu. So be ha's indeed.

Pol. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason false thereon;
Let me be Assisitant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,

Ile boord him presently. Exit King & Quene.

Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion——

Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne: Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
looke too't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter:
yet he knew me out at first; he said I was a Fishmonger:
he is farr gone, farr gone: and truly in my youth,
I suffred much extremity for loue: very neere this. Ile
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slauie saies here,
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled:
their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
Gumme: and that they haue a plentiful locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
most powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it
not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.

Pol. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the syre my Lord?

Ham. Into my Graue?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:

How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on,
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.

I will leaue him,
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Polon. His tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Refractor and Guildenstern.

Refra. God save you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Refra. My most deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'th thou *Guildenstern*? Ob, *Refractor*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Refra. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Refra. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waste, or in the middle of her favour?

Guild. Faith, her priories, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Refra. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.

Ham. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deferred at the hands of Fortune, that the sends you to Prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my Lord?

Refra. Denmark's a Prison.

Ham. The World's one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confiners, Wards, and Dungeons; *Dismark* being one o'th' worst.

Refra. We thinke not so my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Refra. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be boorded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guild. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is merely the shadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Refra. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggars Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court! for, by my fcy I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship. What make you at *Elisouner*?

Refra. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfe penny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,

deale iostly with me: come, come; nay speake.

Guild. What should we say my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confelion in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to colour, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

Refra. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consaninity of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preferred loue, and by what more deare, a better propuler could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Refra. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guild. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why: so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery of your secretie to the King and Queene: I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all cuitome of exercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposition; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a sterill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appears no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expresse and admirable! in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Refra. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Refra. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight shall vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in pence: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' fere: and the Lady shall fcy her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall haue for't: what Players are they?

Refra. Euen those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chanceth it they traualle? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Refra. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innoation?

Ham. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Refra. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Refra. Nay, their indeauour keeps in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yafes, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't: these are now the fash-

fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goode-quits, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they educated? Will they pursue the Quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players (as it is like most if their means are not better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Refia. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, vlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's bene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Refia. I that they do my Lord. *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducats a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Natural, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guild. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfsnowers* your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, left my extant to the Player (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are decei'd.

Guild. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke for a Hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildensterns*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Refia. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

When *Refia* an Actor in Rome—

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Affe—

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastoral: Pastoral-Comical: Historical-Pastoral: Tragicall-Historical: Tragicall-Comical-Historical-Pastoral: Scene indubie, or Poem vnilimited. *Senecca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Wit, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephia* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,

The which he looed passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephia*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephia* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Polon. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pentateuch* will then you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fve Players.

You're welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olds Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistress? Byrlasly your Ladihip is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcomer we'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, fie at any thing we see we'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not about once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Casare* to the Generall: but it was (as I recei'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Science, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sa-uoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefly lou'd, 'twas *Casare* Tale to *Didi*, and thereof it especially, where he speaks of *Prims* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrbus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrbus* The rugged *Pyrbus*, he whose Sable Armes Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble When he lay couched in the Ominous Horie, Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smeared With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote Now is he to take Geulles, horribly Trick'd With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes, Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets, That lend a tyrannous, and damned light To their wilde Murthers, rosted in wrath and fire, And thus o're-fired with congaule gore, VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrbus* Old Grandfire *Prims* seckes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. Player. Anon he findes him,

Striking too short at Greekes. His antieque Sword, Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falls Repugnant to command: vnequall match, *Pyrbus* at *Prims* drives, in Rage strikes wide: But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword, Th'vnnerved Father falls. Then senselesse Ilium, Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top Stoops to his Base, and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner *Pyrbus* eare. For loe, his Sword Which was declining on the Milkie head Of Reuerend *Prims*, seem'd i'th' Ayre to flie: &

So

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* flood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some forme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windees speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A rowfed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armour, furd' for proofe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now fallies on *Prism*.
Out, out, thus *Strumpet-Fortune*, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And houle the round Nave downe the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbarus, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a lisse, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
sleepes. Say on; who, to *Hecla*.

i. Play. But who, O who, ha' been the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

i. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,

Threatning the flame

With Biffon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem flood, and fur a Robe
About her lanke and all ure-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had scene, with tongue in Venome sleep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Borst of Clamour that the made
(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made michie the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
flow'd. Du ye heare, let them be well w'd: for they are the
Abstrads and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
sart.

Ham. Gods bodykins min, better. Vse coerie min
after his desert, and who should scape whipping: vse
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come first.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-
row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of *Gismage*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of fume dosen or sixteen lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him out. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
you are welcome to *Eljousner*?

Reyn. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. I fo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.

Oh what a Rogue and Pefant slau am I?
Is it not murtherous that this Player heere,
But in a Fxion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecla*?

What's *Hecla* to him, or he to *Hecla*,
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze Indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and mddy-mettled Rascall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreamies, vnpragmatic of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whole property, and much deere life,
A damn'd dekeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breaks my pate a-crosse?
Pinckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Twelkes me by th'No'e? giues me the Lye i'th Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liue'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloody: yea a Bawdy villaine,
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Affe am I? I sure, this is most braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) vnspacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curling like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Hae by the very cunning of the Scene,
Bene shooke fu to the foule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake
Vpon something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. He obserue his lookes,
He tent him to the quick: if he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue scene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.

Exit

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-
sincerance, Guildenstern, and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Refo. He does confesse he feelles himselfe distressed,
But from what coule he will by no meanes speake.

Gaild. Nor do we finde him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepe cloose;
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true fate.

Re. Did he receive you well?

Refo. Most like a Gentleman.

Gaild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Refo. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Re. Did you essay him to any pastime?

Refo. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, end it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Gie him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.

Refo. We shall my Lord. Exeunt.

King. Sweet Gertrude leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawfull espials)
Will so beflow our selues, that seeing vsence
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Re. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wildnesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I with it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracions so pleese ye
We will beflow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Devotions visage,
And pious Action, we do furge o're
The diuill himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How imort a lish that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Heron Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing he helpe it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slinges and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; end by a sleepe, to fye end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall Shocks

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a confummation
Devoutly to be with'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreaune; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, whet dreames may come,
When we heue ourselfe off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurres
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his Quier make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt end sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puaels the will,
And makes vs rather beere those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Native hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprises of great pith end moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Actiō. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembered.

Ophe. Good my Lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gave you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.

Ham. He, he: Are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest end faire, your Honesty
shold admit no discolour to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, heue better Comette
then your Honesty?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
transforme Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, then
the force of Honesty can translate Beautie into his likeness.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
prooffe, I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeued me. For vertue
cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish
of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiu'd.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunneie. Why would'st thou
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better
my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud,
reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I heue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
them shape, or time to act them in. What should such
Fel-

Fellowes as I do, crawling betwene Heauen and Earth.
We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy
wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
play the Foole no way, but in't owne houle. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow,
thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
for Wife men know well enough, what monsters you make
of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Far-
well.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratings too wel enough.
God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe an-
other: you gidge, you amble, and you lipe, and nickname
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ig-
norance. Go too, Ile no more on't. It hath made me mad.
I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are
married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep
as they are. To a Nunnery. go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'eschansonie and Role of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
Hauc I of Ladies most delect and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musike Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels langed out of tune, and harsh,
That vnwatch'd Forme and feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with catasie. Oh woe is me,
Th'haue scene what I haue scene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly fits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclosure
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I haue in quicke determination

Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Sea and Countreys different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something fetted matter in his heart:

Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashon of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I beleue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophe*?

You neede not tell vs, what Lord Hamlet saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England fend him: Or confine him where
Your wisdoms best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:

Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Crier
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
your hand thus, but vie all gently: for in the verie Tor-
rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirl-winde of
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
to see a rebolitious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi-
on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of
nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could
haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
out-Herod's Herod. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your owne
Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word,
the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance:
That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature: for any
thing so ouer-done, is fro the purpose of Playing, whole
end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold at twer
the Mirrour vp to Nature: to shew Vertue her owne
Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and
Bodie of the Time, his forme and preffure. Now, this
ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnkil-
full laugh, cannot but make the ludicious greeue: The
ensuere of the which One, must in your allowance o're-
way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players
that I haue scene Play, and heard others praise, and that
highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neither hauing
the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan,
or Norman, haue so strutted and belowed, that I haue
thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made meo,
and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so ab-
hominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with
vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let those that
play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for
them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh,
to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh
too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question
of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, &
shewes a most pitifull Ambition in the Foole that vies
it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Reynsance, and Guiderons.

How now my Lord,

Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haft. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to haften them?

Bois. We will my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?

Hor. Heere sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art eene as iust a man

As ere my Conseruation cou'd withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:

For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennue haſt, but thy good ſpirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,
And cooke the pregnant Hindes of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choysfe,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath tane with equall Thanks. And beist are thofe,
Whofe Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To found what stop the please. Giue me that man,
That is not Paffions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acle a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obferue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue feene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will ruet to his Face:
And after we will both our Iudgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whilft this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Refinance,
Guildefierne, and other Lords attendant, with
the Guard carrying Torches. Danijb
March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are coming to the Play: I must be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer Hamlet, these
words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaide once
i'th'Vniuersity, you say?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
Aour.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol:
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a buisite part of him, to kill so Capitall a
Caife there. Be the Players ready?

Refin. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely legge-maker: what should
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully
my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two
Houres.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,
for Ile haue a suite of Subles. Oh Heauens! dye two mo-
neths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
great mans Memorie, may out-live his life halfe a yeare:
But byradye he must build Churches then: or else shall
he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsle, whole
Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horsle is forgot.

Hobbes play. The dumbe shew enters.

*Enter a King and Queene, very lovingly; the Queene embrac-
ing him. She kisses, and makes shew of Protestation vnto
him. He takes her up, and declines his head vpon her neck.
Lays him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him
a-sleepe, leaues him. Ann comes in a Fellow, takes off his
Crown, kisses it, and powres poison in the Kings eares, and
Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and
makes passionate Action. The Playfouer, with some two or
three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her.
The dead body is carried away. The Playfouer Wooes the
Queene with Gifts, she seems loath and unwilling awhile,
but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt*

Oph. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching Malicibo, that meanes
Mithcheefe.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the
Play?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players
cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?

Ham. I, or any shew that you'll shew him. Bee not
you asham'd to shew, hee'll not shame to tell you what it
meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the
Play.

Enter Prologue.

*For vs, and for our Tragedies,
Heere sleeping to your Clemencie
We begge your bearing Patientlie.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poefie of a Ring?

Oph. 'Tis breuife my Lord.

Ham. As womens loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wads, and Tellur Orb'd ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties bene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Ithym* did our hands
Vnite comutall, in most sacred Bands.

Qu. So many iourneys may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme fiate,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In neither ought, nor in extremity :

Now what my loue is, prooue hath made you know,
And as my Loue is his, my Feare is so.

King. Feith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too :
My sperant Powers my Functions leaue to do :
And thou shalt lise in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou—

Rep. Oh confound the rift :
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest :
In second Husband, let me be assur'd,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Rep. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak :
But what we do determine, oft we breake :
Purpose is but the slave to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie—

Which now like Fruite varipe flickes on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt :

What to our selues in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,

Their owne enauiours with themselves destroy :

Where Ioy must Reuels, Greefe doth most lament ;

Greefe Ioyes, Ioy grieues on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange

That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.

For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,

Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.

The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,

The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies :

And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,

For who nnt needs, shall neuer lacke a Friend :

And who in want e hallow Friend doth try,

Directly scasons him his Enemie.

But orderly to end, where I begun,

Our Willes and Fates do in contrary run,

Thet our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.

So thinke e thou wilt on second Husband wed.

But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Rep. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,

Sport and repose locke from me day and night :

Each opposite that blinkes the face of Ioy,

Meet what I would haue well, end it destroy :

Both heere, end hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If once a Widow, euer I will be Wife.

Ham. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworne :

Sweet, leaue me heere e while,

My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile

The tedious day with sleepe.

Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine,

And neuer come mischance betwene vs twaine.

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play ?

Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.

Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
fence in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poison in iest, no Of-

fence i'th'world.

King. What do you call the Play ?

Ham. The Moule-trap : I Marry how ? Tropically :
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Venice*: *Gon-
nago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Reyola* : you shall see
ann : 'tis a knowith peece of worke : But what o'that ?
Your Maiestie, and weet that heere free foules, it touchee
vs not : let the gell idie winch: our withers are wrang.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betwene you and your loue :
if I could fee the Puppets dellying.

Ophe. You ere keene my Lord, you ere keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groening, to teke off my
edge.

Ophe. Still better and worfe.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Re-
uenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hends ept,

Drugges fit, end Time agreeing :

Confederate treason, elfe, no Creature fering :

Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,

With Hexam Ban, thrice blessed, thrice infected,

Thy naturall Magicke, end dire propertie,

On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.

Powers the poison in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate : His
name's *Gonago* : the Story is extant and writ in ehoysie
Italian. You shall see enow how the Murderer gets the
loue of *Gonago's* wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord ?

Pol. Giue n're the Play.

King. Giue me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

March Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the shucken Deere go weepe,

The Hart vnghalld play :

For some must wetch, while some must sleepe ;

So runnes the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
Roses on my rasc'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players fir.

Hor. Halfe e there.

Ham. A whole nne I,

For thou dost know : Oh *Damen* deere,

This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,

And now reigne heere.

A vegie verie Paiocke.

Hor. You might heue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, He teke the Ghnits word for
a thousand pound. Didst perceiue ?

Hor. Verie well my Lord.

Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning ?

Hor. I did verie well note him.

Enter Reynowance and Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha ? Come some Musick. Come y' Recorders :

For if the King like not the Comedie,

Why then belike he likes it nat perdie.

Come some Musicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, fir.

Ham. I fir, what of him ?

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir ?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start out so wildly from my asseyre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courttesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whole some answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer: my wits decreased. But fir, such answers as I can make, you shall command: or rather you say, my Mother: therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heels of this Mothers admiration ?

Rosin. She desires to speake with you in her Closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with vs ?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of discontent ? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liberty, if you deny your greets to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke ?

Ham. I, but while the grasse growes, the Proverbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the wide of mee, as if you would drue me into a toyse ?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmanly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe ?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick. Look you, these are the stoppes.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing

you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mylerie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easie to be plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would speake with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Weasell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weasell.

Ham. Or like a Whale ?

Polon. Verlie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Lesue me Friends:

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drinke hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature: let not euer
The Soule of Nere, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnatural;
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guildensterns.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selues provide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.

Rosin. The fingle

And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from annoyance: by much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a masse wheele
Fixt on the Sommet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adioyn'd: which when it falls,
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Roine. Neuer alone
Did the King arme, but with a generall grone.

King. Agree you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

P P

Which

Which now goes too free-footed.

Borb. We will haue vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closet :
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant thee'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speeche of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect ; what if this curst hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heaueens
To wash it white as Snow ? Wherefore serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence ?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe ? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne ? Forgive me my foule Murther :
That cannot be, since I am still posses'd
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene :
May one be pardon'd, and yett retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prais it selfe
Buies out the Law ; but 'tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the Aſſion iell'd
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then ? What rests ?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
Oh wretched state ! Oh bosome, blacke as death !
Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd : Helpe Angels, make assay :
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strokes of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd : that would be scann'd,
A Villaine kills my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
to heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallary, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knows, save Heauen !
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauie with him : and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke asleepe : or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no reliſh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother styes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly days. *Exit.*
King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight :
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath scree'd, and stood betwene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ne heere :
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.

Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter ?

Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now ?

Qu. Haue you forgot me ?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so :
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile fit those to you that can speake.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge :

You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you ?

Qu. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?
Helpe, helpe, ho.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat ? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slain. *Kills Polonius.*

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done ?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King ?

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this ?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King ?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word,
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too buſie, is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe ;
If damned Custome haue not bra'd it so,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue,
In noſe so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an AQ

That blurs the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blither there. Makes marriage vowe
As false as Dicen Oathes. Oh such a deed,

As from the body of Contradiction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapisie of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this fluidity and compound masse,
With triffull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-ficke at the act.

Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was fested on his Brow,
Hyperion curls, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-killing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where every God did seeme to fet his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.

This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell wa't,
That thus hath coufend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellion Hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire, Proclume no shame,
When the compulsiue Ardore giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as a seldome doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O Hamlet, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very foule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an enfeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making Ioue
Ouer the nasty Syle.

Qu. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slane, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Catpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a shellie, the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of threds and patches.
Saue me; and honour o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important sacking of your deead command? Oh Lay.

Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.

Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peepe,
And at the sleeping Soldiours in th' Alarme,
You bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy dissembler
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittous action you conuert,
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchanse for blood.

Qu. To who do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Qu. No, nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,

Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodiless Creation extasie is very conning in.

Ham. Extasie?
My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for Ioue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespass, but my madnesse speaks:
It will but skin and filme the Vicerous place,
Whil't ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vncience. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,
And do not spred the Composit of the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of this purfite times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea coub, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Qu. Oh Hamlet,
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of esfinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gaue him: so againe, good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behinde.

Qu. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheekes, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reeckie kisses,

Or padding in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauen all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wife,
Would from e Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concerning hide, Who would do fo,
No in delphight of Senic and Secrecie,
Vapeage the Basket on the houses top !
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Q. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life : I have no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that ?

Q. Alacke I had forgot : 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall let me packing :

He luge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, end most graoe,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue,
Come fir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Murther.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes.

These profound heaues

You must translate ; 'Tis fit we vnderstand them.

Where is your Sonne ?

Q. Ah my good Lord, what haue I feene to night ?

King. What *Gertrude* ? How do's *Hamlet* ?

Q. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed :

It had bin so with vs had we beene there :

His Liberty is full of threats to all,

To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered ?

It will be laide to vs, whose providence

Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad yong man. But so much was our loose,

We would not vnderstand what was most fit,

But like the Owner of a foule disease,

To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede

Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Q. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minereall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away :

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,

But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,

We must with all our Maiesty and Skill

Both countenance, and excuse.

Enter Ros. & Guild.

Ho Guildenstern :

Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde :

Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,

And from his Mother Closetts hath he drag'd him.

Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body

Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this.

Exit Gent.

Come *Gertrude*, wee'll call vp our wisest friends,

To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My soule is full of discord and difmay.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stow'd.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, *Lard Hamlet*.

Ham. What noise ? Who calls on *Hamlet* ?

Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildenstern.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body ?

Ham. Compoوند it with doth, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Rosin. Beleeue what ?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
owne. Besides, to be demended of a Spundge, what re-
plication should be made by the Sonne of e King.

Rosin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord ?

Ham. I fir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
best seruice in the end. He keepees them like an Ape in
the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be list (swallowed,
when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squee-
sing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosin. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knauish speech sleepees in e
foolish eare.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King, is e thing ———

Guild. A thing my Lord ?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
after.

Exeunt

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie :

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose :

Yet must not we put the strong Law on him :

Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their iudgment, but their eyes :

And where 'tis lo, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd

But neuer the offence : to beare all smooth, and euen,

This sodaine sending him away, must seeme

Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,

By desperate appliance are reuicced,

Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrance.

How now ? What hath befallne ?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your
pleasure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildenstern* ? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
taine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm
is your onely Emperor for diet. We eat all creatures else
to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King,
and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,
but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this ?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Prograffe through the guts of a Baggard.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Massenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place you saie: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall finde him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety Which wa do tender, as we decreed greue For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fierie Quicknassie. Therefore prepara thy selfe, Tha Burke is ready, and tha winde at halpe, Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet*.

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote, Tempt him with speed aboard: Delay it not, Ile haue him hance to night. Away, for every thing is Seal'd and dooe That alse leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make hast. And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought, As my great power therof may giue thee sence, Since yat thy Citiazins looke raw and red After the Danish Sword, and thy frea awe Payes homage to vs; that thou maist not coldly fat Our Soueraigne Proccesse, which imports at full By Letters coniuring to that effect. The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England, For lika the Hedlicks in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done, How ere my happes, my ioyes we ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras* Claimes the conuoyance of a promia'd March Ouer his Kingdom. You know the Rendezuous: If that his Maiesty would ought with vs, We shall expresse our dutie in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will doe't, my Lord.

For. Go safely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moods will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would the haue?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; saies the hears Thera's trickes i'th'world, and hama, and beats her heart, Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speaks things in doubt, That carry bot halfe sence: Her speech is nothing, Yat the vnshaped vfe of it doth moue Tha hearers to Collection; they ayms at it, And boeth the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,

Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought, Though nothing were, yet much vnhappy.

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,

For the may strew dangerous conceiturs

In ill breadding minds. Let her come in.

To my sickle soule (as sinas true Nature is)

Each toy fermes Prologue, to some great amisse,

So full of Artlissa ielousie is guilt,

It spill's it selfe, in feare to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beaustous Maistey of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia*?

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one?

By his Cockle hat and fluffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Qu. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? Nay pray you marke.

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,

At his bead a grassie-green Turfe, at his heeles a shoue.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke.

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers:

Which wept in the grave did not go,

With true-loue flowers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Oph. Wall, God dil'd you. Thy fay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Tabla.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Oph. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when thay aske you what it means, say you this:

To morrow is *S. Valentines day*, all in the morning betime,

And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine,

Then up he rife, O' d'nd his cleiue, O' dapt the chamber dore,

Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeed I' without an oath Ile make an end ont.

By gi, and by *S. Charity*,

Alacke, and fe for shame!

Young men will doe't, if they come too't,

By Cocke they are too blame.

Quoth she before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to Wed:

So would I ha done by yonder Sonne,

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath the bin this?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, Ladies: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her clofe,

Giue her good watch I pray you:

Oh this is the poylon of deepe greife, it springs

All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,

When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,

But in Battalies. First, her Father slaine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Aothor

Of his owne iust remoua: the people muddiad,

Thiacke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whipsars

For good *Polonius* death: and wa haue dona bot greasy

In hugger magger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*

Diuidad from her selfe, and her faire lodgement,

Without the which we are Pictures, or meer Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keeps on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not Bussers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessity of matter Beggar'd,
Will nothing sticke oor perious to Arraigne
In care and care. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death.

A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Q. Alaske, what noyse is this?

King. Where are my *Switzers*?

Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?

M. Saue your selfe, my Lord.

The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)

Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste

Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,

Ore-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,

And as the world were now but to begio,

Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,

The Ratifiers and props of euery word,

They cry choofe we? *Laertes* shall be King,

Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Q. How cheerfully on the false Traile they cry,

Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sir? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you giue me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you: Keepe the doore.

Oh thou wilde King, giue me my Father.

Q. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes

Proclaimes me Bassard:

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot

Euen heere betwene the chaste vnsmirched brow

Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,

That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?

Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:

There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,

That Treson can but peepe to what it would,

As a little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,

Why thou art thus incens'd? Let him go *Gertrude*.

Speake man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Q. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? He not be luggel'd with.

To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.

Confience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.

I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,

That both the worlds I giue to negligence,

Let come what comes: onely He be reueng'd

Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,

And for my meanes, He husband them so well,

They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certaintie

Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,

That Soup-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,

Winner and Looker.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:

And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,

Repaist them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake

Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.

That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death;

And am most feasible in grieffe for it,

It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce

As day do's to your eye.

A Noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noyse is that?

Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares feuen times falt,

Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.

By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,

Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,

Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:

Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,

Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of it selfe

After the thing it loues.

Oph. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:

And on his graue raines many a teare,

Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.

Oph. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more than matter.

Oph. There's the Rosemary, that's for Remembrance.

Pray loue remember: and there is Paeonies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennell for you, and Columbine: ther's Rew for you, and heere's fume for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundais: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daylie, I would giue you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny facet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe: She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

Oph. And will be come againe,

And will be come againe:

No, no, he is dead, go in thy Death-bed,

He neuer will come againe.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All Flawes was his Pole:

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moue,

Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophelia

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I most common with your grieffe,

Or you deny me right: go bot apart,

[Make

Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twiue you and me;
If by direct or by Colateral hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His meues of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hera. What are they that would speake with me?

Ser. Saylorers sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God blesse you Sir,

Hor. Let him blesse thee too.

Say. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadours that was
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

*H*Oratio, When thou shalt haue overlooked this, giue these
Fellowes some meane to the King: They haue Letters
for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very
Warlike appointment came vs Chase. Finding our felues too
slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I
boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so
I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like
Thoumes of Mercy, but they know what they did. I am to doe
a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue
sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldst
fly death. I haue much to speake in your eare, will make thee
dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter.
These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rofincarnate
and Guildenstern, bold their course for England. Of them
I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must you conscience my acquaintance feal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,

You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnfinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lies almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniuinctiue to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great losse the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyes to Graces. So that my Arrows
Too slightly timbered for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister diuinen into desperate termes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that,
You must not thinke
That we are made of stiffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it paffime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What News?

Mef. Letters my Lord from Hamlet. This to your
Majesty: this to the Queene.

King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Mef. Saylorers my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by *Clawdin*, he receiue'd them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them:

Lesue vs.

Exit Messenger

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly
Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon for my
reuerent th'Occasions of my fadaine, and more strange returns.*

Hamlet.

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlets Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him of his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If so you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be neuer return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now-ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not choofe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vnchange the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue scene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant

Had

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horfe,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, fo farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapcs and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman wa't?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamsund*.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brouch indeed,
And Iemne of all our Nation.

Kin. Hee mad confession of you,
And gawe you such a Maisterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, 't'would be a fight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* to envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing doe but with and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know *Loe* is begun by Time;
And that I see in Passages of prooffe,
Time qualifys the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers soune indeed,
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gawe you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choofe
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laer. I will doe't.

And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thine from death,
That is but scratch withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
I may be death.

Kin. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shapc, if this should faile;
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blasp in prooffe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a folemne wager on your commings,

I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he call for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd fluck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet *Queene*.

Enter Queens.

Queen. One wee doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'll follow: your Sifter's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growes astant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leanes in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayies, and long Purples,
That liberrall Shepherds giue a groffer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an eniuous sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes fresh wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one Incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Natue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious huy,
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore *Opbelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our trickes, Nature her custome holds,
Let flame say what it will; when theie are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faime would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:

How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
wilfully feedes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
straight, the Crowner hath fate on her, and finds it Christian
buriall.

Cl. How can that be, vlesse she drowned her selfe in
her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Cl. It must be & offendends, it cannot bee else: for
heere lies the point; if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues
an Aâ: and an Aâ hath three branches. It is an
Aâ to doe and to performe; argall the drown'd her selfe
wittingly.

Other. Nay but heere you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good:
heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne
him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
gilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Cl. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other.

Ober. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not bene e Gentlewoman, shee should haue benee buried out of Christian Buriall.

Cl. Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christi-en. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profession.

Ober. Was he a Gentleman?

Cl. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Ober. Why he had none.

Cl. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? He put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe —

Ober. Go too.

Cl. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Ober. The Gallows maker; for that Frame outlives a thousand Teantos.

Cl. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger then the Church: Argell, the Gallows may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Ober. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Cl. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Ober. Merry, now I can tell.

Cl. Too't.

Ober. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a furra off.

Cl. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Ass'e will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this question next, say e Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomsday; go, get thee to *Taughan*, fetch me a shoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

*In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete;*

To contraiſt O the time for a my bebooue,

O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. He's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings et Graue-making?

Her. Custom hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath the daintier sense.

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps

hath caught me in his clutches

And hath shipped me in ill the Land,

as if I had neuer benee such.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowers it to th' ground, as if it were *Caines* law-bone, that did the first murder: it might be the Pate of a Politician which this Ass'e o're Offences: one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Her. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of e Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such e ones *Horie*, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleffe, and knockt about the Mezerd with a Seasons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if we had the trickes to see't. Did these bones eate no more the breeding, but to play at *Loggets* with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade.

for and a forwarding-Sherit;

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillits? his Cafes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with e dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognisances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length end breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Caloe-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Caloes that seek out affluance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

Cl. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,

for such a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed; for thou liest in't.

Cl. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours for my pert, I doe not lye in't; end yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Cl. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What men dost thou digge it for?

Cl. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Cl. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Cl. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so pick'd, that the toe of the Pefant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hath thou been a Graue-maker?

Cl. Of all the dayes I'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'became *Forinbrus*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Cl. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: it was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was med, and sent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he sent into England?

Cl. Why, because he was med; hee shall recouer his wits there; or if he doe not, it's no great metter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clu. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clu. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clu. Faith 'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clu. Why heere in Denmark: I haue bin fixteene beere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 't'he earth ere he rot?

Clu. If he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarces now adays, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will last you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clu. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a fore Decayer of your horion dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scull, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clu. A whoreson mad Fellowe it was;

Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clu. A pcellence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings lesser.

Ham. This?

Clu. E'ne that.

Ham. Let me fee. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Iest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lipps, that I haue kiss'd I know not how oft. VVhere be your ribs now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own leering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour the must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ne so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'ne so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base vices we may returne *Horatio*. Why may't Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider it to cursorily to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a lot. But to follow him thither with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust, the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereeto he was conuerted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell? Imperiall *Cesar*, dead and torn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, 'c'p'ell the winters flaw. But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendent.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as furre enlarg'd.

As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swai'es the order,
She should in ground vn sanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable priest,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be thro wne on her:
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden firements, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and soch rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Opbellia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not 't'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depri'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Leaps in the graue.

Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy soole.

Ham. Thou prai'st not well:

I praythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spicenuous, and rish,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wifenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,
Vntill my eieballs will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. I lou'd *Opbellia*; forshe thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loe)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Epile*, este a Crocodile?

He doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in his Grace?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt smooth,
He rant as well as thou.

Kia. This is mere Madnesse:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Dose,
When that her golden Coplet are disclos'd;
His silence will fit dropping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reason that you vfe me thus?
I lood' you ever; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may.
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

Kia. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l pot the matter to the present pash:
Good *Gertrude* let some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a hiling Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,
You doe remember all the Circumstaunce.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worfe then the minnes in the Bilboes, knowly,
(And praise be rathesse for it) let vs rathly,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapeth our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarf about me in the darke,
Crop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knaury! An exact command,
Larded with many feuerell sorts of reason;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life;
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Aze,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I fate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A balensse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should fill her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,
And many such like Affis of great charge,
That on the view and knowe of these Contents,
Without debatement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not thrusting time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau'th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this employment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:

'Tis dangerous, when the safer nature comes
Betwene the paffe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkest thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Poet in betwene th' election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short.

'The interim' mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to fly one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Canse, I see
The Portraiture of his; He count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Tearing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Ofriocke. (marke.)

Of. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to
know him: he hath moche Land, and fertile; let a Beaf
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-
session of dirt.

Of. Sweet Lord, if your frieodship were at leysure,
I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put
your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Of. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleue mee 'tis very cold, the winds is
Northerly.

Of. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinks it is very foultry, and hot for my
Complexion.

Ofriocke.

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heavens to Earth,
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin,
And you the Judges beare a wary eye.

Ham. Come on fir.

Laer. Come on fir.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well; againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke.

Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the enp,

Trumpets found, and first goes off.

Ham. He play this bout first, let by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

King. Our Sooe shall win.

Q. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowies to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrude, do not drinke.

Q. I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.

Q. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, he hit him now.

King. I do not thinke't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

In scuffling they change Rapiers.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, againe.

Ofr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Ofr. How is't Laertes?

Laer. Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Speiidge, Ofrick,

I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She founds to see them bleed.

Q. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere Hamlet, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyson'd.

Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.

Laer. It is heere Hamlet.

Hamlet, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can doe thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe so hoore of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Vnbad and envenom'd: the foule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,

Neerer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,

Then venome to thy worke.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hort.

Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murder,

Damned Dane,

Drinke off this Poyson: Is thy Vnion heere?

Follow my Mother.

King Dyes.

Laer. He is iustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'ed by himselfe:

Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble Hamlet;

Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Dyes.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.

I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene adieu,

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:

Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death

Is strik'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.

But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,

Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right

To the vnatisfis'd.

Hor. Neuer beleuee it.

I am more an Antike Roman than a Dane:

Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup.

Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.

Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,

(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall line behind me.

If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,

Abset thee from felicitie awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,

To tell my Storie.

March afarre off, and shout within.

What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come fro Poland
To th'Ambassadors of England gives this warlike volly.

Ham. O I dye Horatio:

The potent poyson bite ore-erows my spirit,

I cannot liue to quote the Newes from England;

But I do prophesie th'election lights

On Fortinbras, he's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,

Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. Dyes

Here. Now cracke a Noble heart:

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with Drumme,
Colours, and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it ye would see;

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.

That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,

So bloodily hast strooke.

Amb. The light is dimm'd,

And our affaires from Englooe come too late,

The eares are senselesse that should giue vs bearing,

To tell bim his commandment is fulfill'd,

q q

That



THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent.

I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany, then Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seeme so to vs : But now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it appears not which of the Duket hee vales most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of either moiety.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord ?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue so often blash'd to acknowledge him, that now I am bras'd too't.

Kent. I caonot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could ; wherevoo she grew roud womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault ?

Kent. I caonot with the fault vadone, the issue of it, being so proper.

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this ; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came something lawcilly to the world before he was sent for : yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horson must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond* ?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent :

Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deferring.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Generill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster.

Glou. I shall, my Lord.

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose. Gise me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided In three our Kingdome : and 'tis our fast intent, To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age, Confering them on yonger strengths, while we Voborthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall, And you our no lesse louing Sonne of Albany,

We haue this houre a constant will to publish Our daughters seuerall Dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The Princes, *France & Burgundy*, Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue, Long in our Court, haue made their amorous sojourn, And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters (Since now we will diuest vs both of Rule, Interest of Territory, Cares of State) Which of you shall we lay doth loue vs most, That we, our largest bountie may extend Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Generill*, Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gen. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild ; matter, Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie, Beyond what can be valed, rich or rare, No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor : As much as Childre ere lou'd, or Father foud. A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable, Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake ? Loue, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds euen from this Liue, to this, With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanys* issues Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter ? Our deereft *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall* ?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister, And prize me at her worth. In my true heart, I finde the names my very deede of loue : Onely she comes too short, that I profess My selfe an enemy to all other loyes, Which the most precious square of sense professeth, And finde I am alone felicitate In your deere Highnesse loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*, And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer, Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome, No lesse in space, validite, and pleasure Then that conferr'd on *Generill*. Now our Ioy, Although our last and least ; to whose yong loue, The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie, Strive to be interest. What can you say, to draw A third, more opulent then your Sisters' speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing ?

q q 2

Cor.

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, speake againe.

Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heare
My heart into my mouth: I loue your Maiesty
According to my bond, no more nor lesse.

Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your speech a little,
Least you may marre your Fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,

You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me,
I returne those duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and most Honour you.
Why haue my Sisters Husbands, if they say
They loue you all? Happily when I shall wed,
That Lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I shall neuer marry like my Sisters.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. I my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and so vtender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dowre:

For by the sacred radiance of the Suone,
The miseries of *Hecate* and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exist, and easte to be,
Heere I disclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for cuer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releue'd,
As thou my sometime Daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*,

Come not betwene the Dragoon and his wrath,
I lou'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who stirs?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digest the third,
Let pride, which she calls plainnesse, marry her:
I doe inueit you ioyntly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maiesty. Our selfe by Monthly course,
With reuereration of an hundred Knights,
By you be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turne, soeely we shall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennew, Execution of the rest,
Beloued Soones be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwene you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,

Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Master follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my prayers.

Lear. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmanly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that derie shall haue dreed to speake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainnesse honour's bound,
When Maiesty falls to folly, referre thy state,
And in thy best consideration checke

This hideous rashnesse, answere my life, my iudgement:
Thy youngest Daughter do's not looe thee least,
Nor are those empty hearted, whose low founds
Ruerbe no hollownesse.

Lear. *Kent*, so thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawns
To wage against thine enemies, nere feare to looke it,
Thy safety being motiue.

Lear. Out of my sight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me still remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Kent. Now by *Apello*,

Lear. Now by *Apello*, King
Thou swear'st thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. O Vassall! Miscreant.

Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbear.

Kent. Kill thy Phisition, and thy fee bestow
Vpon the foule discafe, reuoke thy gift,
Or whilst I can voyt clamour from my throat,
Ile tell thee thou dost euill.

Lear. Heare me recant, on thine allegiance heare me;
That thou hast fought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durst neuer yet; and with train'd pride,
To come betwixt our seetenes, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our pottence made good, take thy reward.
Five dayes we do allot thee for prouision,
To shield thee from disasters of the world,
And on the first to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdomes; if on the tenth day following,
Thy banisht trunk be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Jupiter*,
This shall not be reuok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well King, fith thou wilt appeare,
Freedomes liues hence, and banishment is here;
The Gods to their deere shelter take thee Maid,
That iustly thioke'st, and hast most rightly said:
And your large speeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may spring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l shape his old course, in a Countrey new. *Exit.*

Flourish. Enter *Gloster* with *France*, and *Burgundy*, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.

Lear. My Lord of *Burgundy*,
We first address to you, who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the least
Will you require in present Dower with her,
Or cease your quest of Loue?

Bar. Most Royall Maiesty,
I craue no more then hath your Highnesse offer'd,
Nor will you tender lesse?

Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When she was deare to vs, we did hold her so,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there she stands,
If ought within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and she is yours.

Bar. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you with those infirmities the owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'd with our curie, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leave her.

Bar. Par-

Bar. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vs in such conditions.
L. Then leaue her fir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great Kings,
I would not from your loue make such a stry,
To match you where I hate, therefore beseech you
T'suert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is adham'd
Almoſt t'acknowledge hers.

Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,
That ſhe whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praife, baine of your age,
The beſt, the deereſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of fauour: ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch vnaturall degree,
That monſters it: Or your fore-vocht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleefe of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your Maieſty,
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
He do't before I ſpeake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſſe,
No vnchaſte adion, or diſhonoured ſtep
That hath depriv'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ſill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou had'ſt?
Not beene borne, then not to haue pleas'd me better.

Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſſe in nature,
Which often leaues the hiſtory vnpoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?
She is herſelfe a Dowrie.

Bar. Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your ſelfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſſe of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing, I haue ſworne, I am firme.
Bar. I am ſorry then you haue ſo loſt a Father,
That you muſt looſe a husband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that reſpect and Fortunes are his loue,
I ſhall not be his wife.

Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe ſorſaken, and moſt loſt deſpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ſeiſe vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis ſtrange, that from their cold't neglect
My Loue ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dowrieleſſe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watrith *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnpris'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou loſeſt here a better where to finde.

Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon!

Come Noble *Burgundy*. *Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

A. Fra. Bid farewell to your Siſters.
Cor. The Jewels of our Father, with waſh'd eie
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a Siſter am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your profeſſed homes I commit him,
But yet alas, ſhould I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not vs our duties.

Gen. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.
Cor. Time ſhall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt with ſhams derides:
Well may you proſper.

Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*

Gen. Siſter, it is not little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.

Reg. That's moſt certaine, and with you next moeth
Gen. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the ob-
ſeruation we haue made of it hath bene littleſe alwaies
lou'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poore indgement he
hath now caſt her off, appears too groſſely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but
ſlenderly knowne himſelfe.

Gen. The beſt and foundeſt of his time hath bin bot-
rad, then muſt we looke from his age, to receive not a-
longe the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but
therewithall the vnruly way-wardneſſe, that infirme and
cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconſtant ſtarts are we like to haue from
him, as this of *Kent*'s banishment.

Gen. There is further complement of leaue-taking be-
tweene *France* and him, pray you let vs fit together, if our
Father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he beares,
this laſt surrender of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We ſhall further thinke of it.

Gen. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th' heate. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baſſard.

Baſſ. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy Law
My ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit
The curioſity of Nations, to deprive me?
For that I am ſome twelue, or fourteen Moonſhines
Lag of a Brother? Why Baſſard? Wherefore baſe?
When my Dimenſions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my ſhape as true
As honeſt Madams iſſue? Why brand they vs
With Baſe? With baſenes Baſtardie? Baſe, Baſe?
Who in the luſtie Reaſh of Nature, take
More compoſition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull ſtyle tyred bed
Go to th'creating a whole tribe of Fups
Got'tweene a ſleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Baſſard *Edmund*,
As to th'legitimate: ſine you: Legitimate.

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter speed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmond* the base
Shall to'th' Legitimate I grow; I prosper:
Now Gods, stand vp for Banisters.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Precious the powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Upon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Bas. So please your Lordship, none.

Glo. Why fo earnestly seeke you to put vp y^e Letter?

Bas. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What Paper were you reading?

Bas. Nothing my Lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible dispatch of
it into your Pocket? The quality of nothings, hath not
such neede to hide it selfe. Let's see: come, if it bee no-
thing, I shall not need Spectacles.

Bas. I beseech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter
from my Brother, that I haue not all ure-read; and for so
much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-look-
ing.

Glo. Give me the Letter, Sir.

Bas. I shall offend, either to detain, or give it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderstand them,
Are too blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Bas. I hope for my Brothers iustification, hee wrote
this but as an essay, or taste of my Vertue.

Glo. reads. *This pelitic, and reuerence of Age, makes the
world bitter to the best of our times: keeps our Fortunes from
us, till our selues cannot reliſh them. I begin to finde an idle
and fond bondage, in the oppression of aged tyrannie, who ſwages
not as it hath power, but as it is iuſtified. Come to me, that of
this I may ſpeake more. If our Father would ſleepe till I wak'd
him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennue for ever, and liue the
beloued of your Brother.* *Edgar.*

Hum? Conspiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you should
enjoy halfe his Reuennue: your Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a
hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in?
When came you to this? Who brought it?

Bas. I do not well brought mee, my Lord; there's the
cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Casement of
my Cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Bas. If the matter were good my Lord, I durst ſwear
it were his; but in respect of that, I would faine thinke it
were not.

Glo. It is his.

Bas. It is his hand, my Lord; but I hope his heart is
not in the Contents.

Glo. Hae he neuer before founded you in this buſineſſe?
Bas. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft main-
taine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers
declin'd, the Father should bee as Ward to the Son, and
the Sonne manage his Reuennue.

Glo. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Let-
ter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnatural, detested, brutish
Villaine; worſe then brutish: Go ſirrah, ſeeke him: He
apprehend him. Abominable Villaine, where is he?

Bas. I do not well know my L. If it ſhall please you to
ſuſpend your indignation againſt my Brother, till you can
deriue from him better testimony of his intent, you ſhould
run a certaine courſe: where, if you violently proceed a-
gainſt him, miſtaking his purpose, it would make a great
gap in your owne Honour, and ſhake in peeces, the heart of

his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that
he hath writ this to feeble my affection to your Honor, &
to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Thinke you ſo?

Bas. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you
where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Audi-
ence ſuſſurance haue your ſatisfaction, and that without
any further delay, then this very Evening.

Glo. He cannot bee ſuch a Monſter. *Edmond* ſeeke
him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Bu-
ſineſſe after your owne wiſedome. I would vſitate my
ſelfe, to be in a due reſolution.

Bas. I will ſeeke him Sir, preſently: conuey the bu-
ſineſſe as I ſhall finde meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moone por-
tend no good to vs: though the wiſedome of Nature can
reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd
by the ſequent effects. Loue cooles, friendſhip ſalls out,
Brothers diſide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſ-
cord; in Pallaces, Treafon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt
Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the
prediction; there's Son againſt Father, the King falls from
byas of Nature, there's Father againſt Child. We haue
ſcene the beſt of our time. Machinations, ſollowneſſe,
treacherie, and all ruinaus diſorders follow vs diſquietly
to our Graues. Find out this Villain *Edmond*, it ſhall loſe
thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-har-
ted Kent banish'd; his offence, honeſtly. 'Tis ſtrange. *Exit*

Bas. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that
when we are ſicke in fortune, often the ſurſets of our own
behaviour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Son, the
Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on neceſſitie,
Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theues, and
Treaſurers by Spherical predominance, Drunkards, Ly-
ars, and Adulterers by an inforced obedience of Planetary
influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thru-
ſting on. An admirable euſion of Whore-maſter-man,
to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Starre,
My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dra-
gon's tale, and my Natiuity was vnder *Verſa Maior*, ſo
that it follows, I am rooſh and Lecherous. I ſhould
haue bin that I am, had the maidenlike Starre in the Fir-
mament twinkled on my baſhfulliſh.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: ha comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedie;
my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a ſigne like *Tom*
O'bedlam.—O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diſ-
ſinns. *Fa, Sol, La, Me.*

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what ſerious con-
templation are you in?

Bas. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this
other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelfe with that?

Bas. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of, ſuccede
vnſhappily.

When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Bas. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Bas. Parted you in good termes? Found you no diſ-
pleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Bas. Bethinke your ſelfe wherein you may haue offen-
ded him: and at my entreaty forbear his preſence, vntill
ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure,
which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſ-
chiefe

chiefe of your person, it would scarcely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will sily bring you to heare my Lord speake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do stirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduise you to the best, I am no honest man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told you what I haue seene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon?

Exit.

Edm. I do serue you in this businesse
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whose nature is so farre from doing harmes,
That he suspects none: on whose foolish honesty
My practises ride easie: I fee the businesse.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meeete, that I can fashion fit.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father strike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

St. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre He flashes into one groffe crime, or other, That sets vs all at odds: Ile not endure it; His Knights grow riotous, and himselfe vnbraides vs On euery trifle. When he returns from hunting, I will not speake with him, say I am sicke, If you come slacke of former seruices, You shall do well, the fault of it Ile answer.

St. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to question; If he disliste it, let him to my Sister, Whose mind and mine I know in that are one, Remember what I haue said.

St. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder looks among you: what growes of it no matter, aduise your fellowes so, Ile write straight to my Sister to hold my courtesie: prepare for dinner.

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow, That can my speech defuse, my good intent May carry through it selfe to that full issue For which I raide: my likenesse. Now banish't Kent, If thou canst serue where thou dost stand condemn'd, So may it come, thy Master whom thou lou'st, Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a lot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir,

Lear. What dost thou professe? What would'st thou with vs?

Kent. I do professe to be no lesse then I seeme; to serue him truly that will put me in trust, to loue him that is honest, to conuerse with him that is wise and faies little, to seare iudgement, to fight when I cannot choosie, and to eate no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'st as poore for a subiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What would'st thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who would'st thou serue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'st thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would fauor call Master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What seruices canst thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honest counsaile, ride, ron, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me, is Diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young Sir to loue a woman for finging, nor so old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou shalt serue me, if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

St. So please you —

Exit.

Lear. What faies the Fellow there? Call the Clot-pole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's sleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He faies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knigh. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement your Highnesse is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kinnesse appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himselfe also, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha't Saist thou so?

Knigh. I beseech you pardon me my Lord, if I be mistaken, for my duty cannot be silent, when I thinke your Highnesse wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembrest me of mine owne Conception, I haue perceiued a most faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne ialous curiositie, then as a very pretence and purpose of vnkindnesse; I will looke further into't: but wher's my Foole? I haue not seene him this two daies.

Knigh. Since my young Ladies going into France Sir,

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would speake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Seward.

Sir. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knawe, yon whor-fon dog, you flau, you curr.

Sir. I am none of these my Lord, I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Rascall?

Sir. He not be stricken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, yon base Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.

Thou seru'st me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, arise, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe too, hane you wifedome, fo.

Lear. Now my friendly knawe I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knawe, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were best take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch colde shortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's banish'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. If I gae them all my liuing, I'd keepe my Coxcombe as my selfe, there's mine, geue another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog must to kennell, hee must bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may stand by'th' fire and flinke.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirra, Ile teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nunckle;

Haue more then thou showest,
Speake like thee then knowest,
Lend lesse then thou owest,
Ride more then thou goest,
Learne more then thou trowest,
Set lesse then thou thowest;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou shalt haue more,
Then two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gae me nothing for't, can you make no vse of nothing Nunckle?

Lear. Why no Boy,

Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'st thou know the difference my Boy, betwene a bitter Foole, and a sweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile gine thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes shall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou clouest thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'st away both parts, thou boar'st thine Asses on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'st little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'st thy golden one away; if I speake like my selfe in this, let him be whipt that first findes it fo.

Fooles had nere lesse grace in a yeere,
For wifemen are growne foppish,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of Songs sirrah?

Foole. I haue vied it Nunckle, ere since thou mad'st thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'st them the rod, and put'st downe thine owne breeches, then they For sodaine ioy did weepe,

And I for sorrow fang,
That such a King should play bo-peepes,
And goe the Foole among.

Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaster that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie sirrah, we'll haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'll haue me whipt for speaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and sometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou hast pared thy wit o'both sides, and left nothing i'th'middle; here comes one o'the parings.

Enter Generall.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

Foole. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forsooth I will hold my tongue, for your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor crust, nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some. That's a sheal'd Pefcod.

Gen. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your insolent retinue

Do hourly Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.

I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a safe redresse, but now grow fearefull
By what your selfe too late haue spoke and done,
That you protect this court, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresse sleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholesome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessitie
Will call di'screet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo so long, that it's head bit off by it young, so out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

(dome)

Gen. I would you would make vse of your good wifedome (Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away These dispositions, which of late transport you From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

Foole. May not an Affe know, when the Cart drawes the Horfe?

Whoop lugge I lone thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?

This is not *Lear*:

Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eyes?

Either his Notion weakens, his Discernings

Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not so?

Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. *Lear's* shadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'favour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you

To vnderstand my purposes aright:

As you are Old, and Reuerend, should be Wife.

Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,

Men so disorder'd, so deboll'd, and bold,

That this our Court infected with their manners,

Shewes like a riotous Inn; Epicurisme and Lust

Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,

Then a grac'd Pallace. The flame it selfe doth speake

For instant remedy. Be then desir'd

By her, that else will take the thing she begges,

A little to disquantity your Trainee,

And the remainder that shall still depend,

To be such men as may befit your Age,

Which know themselves, and you.

Lear. Darknesse, and Diuels.

Saddle my horses: call my Trainee together.

Degenerate Bastard, lie not trouble thee;

Yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble,
make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:

Is it your will, speake Sir? Prepare my Horses.

Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,

More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a Child,

Then the Sea-monster.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Detest'd Kite, thou lyest.

My Trainee are men of choice, and rarest parts,

That all particulars of doctee know,

And in the most exact regard, support

The worships of their name. O most small fault,

How ugly did'st thou in *Cordelia* shew?

Which like an Engine, wrenched my frame of Nature

From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,

And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear*!

Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,

And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltlesse, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you.

Lear. It may be so, my Lord.

Heare Nature, heare deere Goddesse, heare:

Suspend thy purpose, if thou did'st intend

To make this Creature fruitfull:

Into her Wombe conuey sterility,

Drie vp in her the Organs of increase,

And from her derogate body, neuer spring

A Babe to honor her. If the must teeme,

Create her child of Spleene, that it may liue

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her.

Let it stampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,

With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,

Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That she may feele,
How sharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thanklesse Childe. Away, away.

Exit.

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,

Whereof comes this?

Gon. Neuer afflict your selfe to know more of it:

But let his disposition haue that scope

As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fittie of my Followers at a clap?

Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:

Life and death, I am asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,

That these hot teares, which breake from me perforce

Should make thee worth them.

Blastes and Foggies vpon thee:

'Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curse

Pierce euerie sense about thee. Old fund eyes,

Bewrepe this case againe, Ile plucke ye out,

And cast you with the waters that you loose

To temper Clay. Ha! Let it be so.

I haue another daughter,

Who I am sure is kinde and comfortable:

When she shall heare this of thee, with her naites

Shew'st she thy Woluish visage. Thou shalt finde,

That Ile reforme the shape which thou dost thinke

I haue cast off for euer.

Exit.

Gon. Do you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be so partiall *Generill*,

To the great loue I beare you.

Gon. Pray you content. What *Ofwald*, ha?

You Sir, more knowe then *Foole*, after your Master.

Foole. Nonkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,

Tarry, take the *Foole* with thee:

A Fox, when one has caught her,

And such a Daughter,

Should sure to the Slaughter,

If my Cap would buy a Halter,

So the *Foole* follows after.

Exit.

Gon. This man hath had good Counsell,

A hundred Knights?

'Tis politike, and safe to let him keepe

At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,

Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, dislike,

He may engard his dotage with their powers,

And hold our liues in mercy. *Ofwald*, I say.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gon. Safer then trust too farre;

Let me still take away the harmes I feare,

Not feare still to be taken. I know his heart,

What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Sister:

If she sustaine him, and his hundred Knights

When I haue shew'd th'vnfinesse.

Enter Steward.

How now *Ofwald*?

What haue you writ that Letter to my Sister?

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse,

Informe her full of my particular feare,

And thereto adde such reasons of your owne,

As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And

And hasten your returns; no, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet vnder pardon
You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
Then prais'd for harmefull mildness.

Alb. How farre your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then —

Alb. Well, well, the'uent.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloster* with these Letters;
acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you
know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter,
if your Diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore
you.

Kent. I will not sleepe my Lord, till I have deliuered
your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's beetles, wert not in
danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit shall not go
slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt see thy other Daughter will vse thee kind-
ly, for though she's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an
Apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can't tell Boy?

Foole. She will taste as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a
Crab; thou canst tell why ones nose stands i'th'middle
on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either side's nose,
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can't tell how an Oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snail ha's
a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in, not to giue it away to his
daughters, and leaue his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, so kind a Father? Be
my Horfles ready?

Foole. Thy Affes are gone about 'em; the reason why
the seven Starres are no mo then seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yea indeed, thou would'st make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monster Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, I'd haue thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue bin old, till thou hadst
bin wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad sweet Heauen;
keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are
the Horfles ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord,

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now, & laughs at my departur,
Shall not be a Maid long, valesse things be cut shorter.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bassard, and Curan, feuerally.

Bass. Saue thee *Curan.*

Cur. And your Sir, I haue bin
With your Father, and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Duchesse
Will be here with him this night.

Bass. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a-
broad, I meane the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but
care-killing arguments.

Bass. Not I: pray you what are they?

Cur. Haue you heard of no likely warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?

Bass. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time,

Fare you well Sir.

Exit.

Bass. The Duke be here to night? The better best,
This weaues it selfe perforce into my businesse,
My Father hath set guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queasie question
Which I must ask, Briefenesse, and Fortune worke.

Enter Edgar.

Brother, a word, disken'd; Brother I say,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of *Cornwall*?
Hee's comming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' hable,
And *Regan* with him, haue you nothing said
Vpon his partie 'gainst the Duke of *Albany*?

Aduise your selfe.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Bass. I heare my Father comming, pardon me!
In cunning, I must draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw, seeme to defend your selfe,
Now quit you well.

Yield, come before my Father, light hoes, here,
Fly Brother, Torches, Torches, so farewell.

Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawne on me, would brget opinion
Of my more fierce endeaour. I haue sent drunkards
Do more then this in sport; Father, Father,
Stop, stop, no helpe!

Enter Gloster, and Seruants with Torches.

Gls. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Bass. Here stood he in the dark, his sharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes, coniuering the Moone
To stand auspicious Mistres.

Gls. But where is he?

Bass. Looke Sir, I bleed.

Gls. Where is the villaine, *Edmund*?

Bass. Fled this way Sir, when by no means he could.

Gls. Pursue him, ho; go after. By no means, what?

Bass. Perswade me to the murder of your Lordship,
But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainst Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold, and strong abroad
The Child was bound to th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly opposite I stood
To his vnnaturall purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared Sword, he charges home
My vnprovidid body, lutch'd mine armes;
And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits
Bold in the quarrells right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gaff'd by the noyse I made,
Full sodainely he fled.

Glou. Let him fly farre:
Not in this Land shall he remaine vncaught
And found; dispatch, the Noble Duke my Master,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the stake:
He that conceales him death.

Glou. When I diffuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him; he replied,
Thou vnproffessing Bastard, dost thou thinke,
If I would stand against thee, would the repofall
Of any truth, vertue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No, what should I do, ie,
(As this I would, though thou didst produce
My very Character) I'd turne it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practise:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall spirits
To make thee kecke it.

Tucker within.

Glou. O strange and fainted Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter, said he?
Harke, the Dukes Trumpets, I know not where he comes;
All Ports lie barre, the villaine shall not scape,
The Duke must grant me that; besides, his picture
I will send farre and neere, that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him, and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) lie worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Cor. How now my Noble friend, since I came hither
(Which I can call but now,) I haue heard strangeness.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender; how dost my Lord?

Glou. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my Father Godfonne seeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd, your Edgar?

Glou. O Lady, Lady, shame would haue it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?

Glou. I know not Madam, 'tis too bad, too bad.
Boff. Yes Madam, he was of that confort.

Reg. No marvaile then, though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th' expence and wast of his Reuenues:
I haue this present ouening from my Sister
Beene well inform'd of them, and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
He not be there.

Cor. Not I, assure thee *Regan*;

Edmund. I heare that you haue shewne yout Father
A Child-like Office,

Boff. It was my duty Sir.
Glou. He did bewray his practise, and recch'd

This hurt you see, struing to apprehend him.
Cor. Is he pursued?

Glou. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken, he shall neuer more

Be feard of doing harme, make your owne purpose,
How in my strength you please: for you *Edmund*,
Whose vertue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend it selfe, you shall be ours,
Nature's of such deepe trust, we shall much need:
You we first seise on.

Boff. I shall serue you Sir truly, how euer else.
Glou. For him I thanke your Grace.

Cor. You know not why we came to visit you?
Reg. Thus out of season, thredding darke y'd night,

Occasions Noble *Glouster* of some prize,
Wherein we must haue vfe of your aduise.
Our Father he hath writ, so hath our Sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the seuerall Messengers
From hence attend dispatch; our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your bosome, and bestow
Your needfull counsaile to our businesse,
Which craves the instant vfe.

Glou. I serue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome.

Exeunt. Flourish.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward severally.

Ser. Good dawning to thee Friend, art of this house?

Kent. I.

Ser. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I'th' myre.

Ser. Prythee, if thou lou'st me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Ser. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold, I would make
thee care for me.

Ser. Why do'st thou vfe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Ser. What do'st thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue, a Rascall, an enter of broken meates, a
base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three-suited hundred
pound, filthy wooled-flocking knaue, a Lilly-luered,
action-taking, whoreforn glasse-gazing super-seruiceable
foicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting slave, one that
would't be a Baud in way of good seruice, and act
nothing but the composition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward,
Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrell Bitch,
one whom I will beate into clamours whoeing, if thou
deny'st the least fillable of thy addition.

Ser. Why, what a monstrous Fellow art thou, thou
to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor
knownes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny
thou knowest me? Is it two dayes since I tript vp thy
heelles, and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,

for

for though it be night, yet the Moone shines, Ile make a
fop oth' Moonshine of you, you whorefons Cullynenly
Barber-monger, draw.

Serv. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Rascall, you come with Letters a-
gainst the King, and take Vanitie the puppetts part, a-
gainst the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or
lie so carbonado your flanks, draw you Rascall, come
your waies.

Ser. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you flauie: stand rogue, stand you neat
flauie, strike.

Serv. Helpe ho, murther, murther.

Enter Bassard, Cornwall, Regan, Glister, Servants.

Bass. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you Goodman Boy, if you please, come,
Ile flesh ye, come on yong Master.

Glis. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes
again, what is the matter?

Reg. The Messengers from our Sister, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, speake?

Serv. I am scarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you have so belir'd your valour,
you cowardly Rascall, nature disclaymes in thee: Taylor
make thee.

Cor. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylor make a man?
Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could
not have made him so ill, though they had bin but two
yeares oth' trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ser. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whose life I have spar'd
at fute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whorefons Zed, thou vnnecessary letter:
my Lord, if you will giue me leave, I will tread this va-
boulted villaine into mortar, and daube the wall of a
lakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace sirrah,

You heastly knave, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That such a flauie as this should weare a Sword,
Who weares no honesty: such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cordons twaine,
Which are 't' inuince, 't' enloose; smoothe every passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, snow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Haskon beakes
With every gall, and varry of their Masters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epilepticke vilage,
Smoile you my speeches, as I were a Foole?
Goose, if I had you vpon Saram Plaine,
I'd driue ye cackling home to Camelot.

Cor. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Glis. How fell you out, say that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and such a knave.

Cor. Why do you thus call him Knave?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance doo's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue seene better faces in my time,

Then stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me, at this instant.

Cor. This is some Fellow,
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntnesse, doth affect
A saucy roughnes, and confraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honest mind and plaine, he must speake truth,
And they will take it so, if not, hee's plaine.
These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plaineesse
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty silly-ducking obsequants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Vnder th' allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence like the wreath of radiant fire
On flicking Phoebus front.

Cor. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discom-
mend so much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that be-
gild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knave, which
for my part I will not be, though I should win your
displeasure to entreat me too't.

Cor. What was th' offence you gaue him?

Ser. I neuer gaue him any:

It pleas'd the King his Master very late
To strike at me vpon his misconstruction,
When he compas'd, and flattering his displeasure
Tript me behind: being downe, insulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him such a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praises of the King,
For him attempting, who was selfe-subduer,
And in the fleshment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of these Rogues, and Cowards
But *Alex* is there Foole.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks?

You stubborn ancient Knave, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:

Call not your Stocks for me, I serue the King.
On whose employment I was sent to you,
You shall doe small respects, show too bold malice
Against the Grace, and Person of my Master,
Stocking his Messenger.

Cor. Fetch forth the Stocks;

As I haue life and Honour, there shall he sit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You should not vlie me so.

Reg. Sir, being his Knave, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the selfe same colour,
Our Sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glis. Let me beseech your Grace, not to do so,
The King his Master, needs must take it ill
That he so slightly valued in his Messenger,
Should haue him thus restrained.

Cor. He answers that.

Reg. My Sister may recieue it much more worris,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted.

Cor. Come my Lord, away.

Glis. I am sorry for their friend, 'tis the Duke pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor stopp'd, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and travail'd hard,
Some time I shall sleepe out, the rest Ile whittle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Glis.

Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,

'Twill be ill taken.

Exit.

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common law,

Thou out of Heavens benediction com'st

To the warme Sun.

Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,

That by thy comfortable Beames I may

Peruse this Letter. Nothing almost sees miracles

But miserie. I know 'tis from *Cardelia*,

Who hath most fortunately beene inform'd

Of my obscured course. And shall finde time

From this enormous State, seeking to give

Losses their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,

Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold

This shamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,

Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my selfe proclaim'd,

And by the happy hollow of a Tree,

Escap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place

That guard, and most vnusall vigilance

Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may scape

I will preferre my selfe: and am bethought

To take the basest, and most poorest shape

That euer penury in contempt of man,

Brought neere to bea; my face Ile grime with filth,

Blanket my loines, elfe all my haire in knots,

And with presented nakednesse out-face

The Windes, and periculations of the skie;

The Country giues me proofe, and president

Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,

Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,

Pins, Wooden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Rosemarie:

And with this horrible obiekt, from low Farmes,

Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,

Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, sometime with Praiers

Inforce their charitie: poore *Tarjygod*, poore *Tam*,

That's something yet; *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,

And not send backe my Messengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before, there was no purpose in them

Of this remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Master.

Lear. Ha? Mak'st thou this shame any pastime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horfes are

tide by the head, Dogges and Beares by 'th' necke,

Monkeys by 'th' loynes, and Men by 'th' legs: when a man

ouerludde at legs, then he weares wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he,

That hath so much thy place mistooke

To set thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and she,

Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I say.

Kent. I say yea.

Lear. By *Jupiter* I sweare no.

Kent. By *Ioue*, I sweare I.

Lear. They durst not do't:

They could not, would not do't: 'tis worse then murder,

To do vpon respect such violent outrage:

Resolue me with all modest haite, which way

Thou might'st deferre, or they impose this vfrage,

Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home

I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place, that shewed

My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poete,

Stew'd in his haite, halfe breathlesse, painting forth

From *Gonerill* his Mitris, salutations;

Deliu'd Letters spight of intermission,

Which presently they read; on those contents

They summon'd vp their meiny, straight tooke *Horle*,

Commanded me to follow, and attend

The leisure of their answer, gae me cold looks,

And meeting heere the other Messenger,

Whose welcome I percei'd had poison'd mine,

Being the very fellow which of late

Displeas'd so sweetly against your Highnesse,

Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;

He raid the house, with loud and coward cries,

Your Sonne and Daughter found this trespass worth

The shame which heere it suffers. *(way,*

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geefe fly that

Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,

But Fathers that beare bags, shall see their children kind.

Fortune that arrant whore, nere runs the key toth' poore.

But for all this thou shalt haue as many Dolours for thy

Daughters, as thou canst tell in a yere.

Lear. Oh how this Mother swels vp toward my heart!

Historia passio, downe thou climbing sorrow,

Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, say here. *Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence,

But what you speake of?

Kent. None:

How chance the the King comes with so small a number?

Foole. And thou hast beene set i'th' Stocks for that

question, thou'd'st well deferu'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. We'e'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach

thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their

noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and ther's

not a nose among twenty, but can smell him that's flin-

king; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a

hill, least it breake thy necke with following. But the

great one that goes yward, let him draw thee after:

when a wiseman giues thee better counsell giue me mine

againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a

Foole giues it.

That Sir, which serues and seekes for gaine,

And folloes but for formes;

Will packe, when it begins to raine,

And leaue thee in the storme,

But I will tarry, the Foole will stay,

And let the wiseman flie:

The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,

The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Glosster

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Lear.

Lear. Deny to speake with me?
They are sicke, they are weary,
They haue traual'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of resolt and flyng off.
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fery quality of the Duke,
How vnremountable and flat he is
In his owne course.

Lear. Vengeance, Plague, Death, Confusion:
Fiery? What quality? Why *Gloster, Gloster*,
I'll speake with the Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well my good Lord, I haue inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do't thou vnderstand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter speake, commands, tends, ser-
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood: (waice,
Fiery? The fery Duke, tell the hot Duke that ———
No, not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth fill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound, we are not our selues,
When Nature being opprest, commands the mind
To suffer with the body; Ile forbear,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit,
For the sound man. Death on my state: wherefore
Should he sit heere? This all periwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practise only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, I'll speake with them:
Now, presently: bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it drie sleepe to death.

Glo. I would haue all well betwix you. *Exit.*
Lear. Oh me my heart! My rising heart! But downe.

Fool. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the
Eeles, when she put 'em i'th' Paffe aliue, she knapt 'em
o'th' coxcombs with a stick, and cryed downe wantons,
downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindeesse to his
Horle buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Keut here set at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to see your Highnesse.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are. I know what reason
I haue to thinke so, if thou should'st not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adulteresse. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Sisters naught: oh *Regan*, the hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindeesse, like a vulture heere,
I can scarce speake to thee, thou'lt not beleeue
Wich how deprauid a quality. Oh *Regan*.

Reg. I pray you Sir, take patience, I haue hope
You lesse know how to value your selfe,
Then she to scant her dutie.

Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Sister in the least
Should faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue restrained the Riots of your Followers,
'Tis on such grounds, and to such wholesome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her.

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very Verge
Of his confine: you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discernes your state
Better then you your selfe: therefore I pray you,
That to our Sister, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.

Lear. Aske her forgiveness?
Do you but marke how this becomes the house?
Deere daughter, I confesse that I am old;
Age is vnnecessary: on my knees I begge,
That you'll vouchsafe me Rayment, Bed, and Food.

Reg. Good Sir, no more: these are vnlighty trickes:
Returne you to my Sister.

Lear. Neuer *Regan*:
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, strooke me with her Tongue
Most Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All the flur'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her Ingrateful top: strike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lamenesse.

Corn. Fye Sir, fie.

Le. You nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornfull eyes: Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-suck'd Fogges, drawne by the powfull Sunne,
To fall, and blister.

Reg. O the blest Gods!

So will you with on me, when the rash moode is on.
Lear. No *Regan*, thou shalt neuer haue my corse:
Thy tender-hefted Nature shall not giue
Thee o're to harshnesse: Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curtesie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome hast thou not forgot,
Whereto I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpose.

Tucker within.

Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stocke?

Enter Seward.

Corn. What Trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my Sisters: this approues her Letter,
That she would soone be heere. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a Slaue, whose easie borrowed pride
Dwells in the sickly grace of her fellowes.
Out Varlet, frommy sight.

Corn. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who flockt my Seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.

Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men; if your sweet sway
Allow Obedience; if you your selues are old,
Make it your cause: Sead downe, and take my part.
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this Beard?

O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th'hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indirection findes,
And detrage termes fo.

Lear. O sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?

How came my man i'th'Stocke?

Corn. I fet him there, Sir: but his owne Disorders

Defers'd

Defero'd much leffe aduancement.

Lear. You? Did you?

Reg. I pray you Father being weake, seeme fo. If till the expiration of your Moneth You will returne and sojourn with my Sister, Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me, I am now from home, and out of that prouision Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.

Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men dismiss'd? No, rather I abjure all roofes, and chuse To wage against the enmitie oth' ayre, To be a Comrade with the Wolfe, and Owle, Necessities sharpe pinch. Returne with her? Why the hot-blooded *France*, that dowerlesse tooke Our yongest borne, I could as well be brought To kneee his Throoe, and Squire-like pension beg, To keepe bafe life a foot; returne with her? Perfwade me rather to be slaue and sumpter To this detested groom.

Gon. At your choice Sir.

Lear. I pryther Daughter do not make me mad, I will not trouble thee my Child; farewell: Wee'l no more meeete, no more see one another. Bot yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my Daughter, Or rather a diseafe that's in my flesh, Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a Byle, A plague sore, or imbottied Carbuncle In my corrupted blood. But lie not chide thee, Let shame come when it will, I do not call it, I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoute, Nor tell tales of thee to high-lodging Ioue. Mend when thou can'st, be better at thy leisure, I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*, I and my hundred Knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided For your fit welcome, give care Sir to my Sister, For those that mingle reason with your passion, Must be content to thinke you old, and so, But she knows what she doe's.

Lear. Is this well spoken?

Reg. I dare swouch it Sir, what fifty Followers? Is it not well? What should you need of more? Yes, or so many? Sith that both charge and danger, Speake gainst to great a number? How in one house Should many people, vnder two commands Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receive attendance From those that the calls seruato, or from mine?

Reg. Why not my Lord?

If then they chanc'd to slacke ye, We could controule them; if you will come to me, (For now I spee a danger) I entreate you To bring but five and twenty, to oo more Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all.

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my Depositories, But kept a reservation to be followed With such a number? What, must I come to you With five and twenty? *Regan*, bid you so?

Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.

Lear. These wicked Creatures yet do looke wel fauor'd When others are more wicked, not being the worst Stands in some ranke of praise, lie go with thee, Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,

And thou art twice her Loue.

Gon. Heare me my Lord; What need you five and twenty? Ten? Or five? To follow in a house, where twice so many Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O reason not the need: I our basest Beggars Are in the poorest thing superfluous, Allow not Nature, more then Nature needs; Mans life is cheape as Beastes. Thou art a Lady; If onely to go warme were gorgeous, Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st, Which scarcely keeps thee warme, but for true need; You Heauens, give me that patience, patience I need, You see me here (you Gods) a poore old man, As full of griefe as age, wretched in both, If it be you that stirre these Daughters hearts Against their Father, foole me oot so much, To beare it tamely; touch me with Noble anger, And let not womens weapons, water drops, Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnatural Hags, I will haue such reuenges on you both, That all the world shall——I will do such things, What they are yet, I know not, but they shall be The terrors of the earth; you thinke Ile weepe, No, lie not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,

Storme and Tempest.
But this heart shal break into a hundred thousand flaws Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole, I shall go mad. *Exit.*

Gon. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man and's people, Cannot be well bedd'd.

Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest, And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, Ile receive him gladly, But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Gloster*?

Enter Gloster.

Gon. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage.

Gon. Whether is he going?

Glo. He calls to Horfe, but will I know not whether.

Gon. 'Tis best to giue him way, he leads himselfe.

Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.

Glo. Alacke the night comes on, and the high windes Do sorely ruffle, for many Miles about There's scarce a Bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilfull men, The injuries that they themselves procure, Must be their Schoole-Masters: shut vp your doores, He is attended with a desperate traine, And what they may incense him too, being apt, To haue his eare abus'd, wisdomed bids feare.

Gon. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night, My *Regan* counells well; come out oth' storme. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme Bill. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, severally.

Kent. Who's there besides foule weather?

Gon. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.
112 *Kent.*

Kent. I know you : Where's the King ?

Genl. Contending with the fretfull Elements ;
Bids the winde blow the Earth Into the Sea,
Or swell the eured Waters 'bout the Maior,
That things might change, or cease.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Genl. None but the Foole, who labours to out-elf
His heart-flooke injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuifion
(Although as yet the face of it is euery'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albaio, and Cornwall :
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and set high ; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin seene,
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Against the old kinde King ; or something deeper,
Whereof (perchance) there are but furnishings.

Genl. I will talke further with you.

Kent. No, do not !

For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall ; open this Purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
And she will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go seeke the King.

Genl. Giue me your hand,

Haue you no more to say ?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet ;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, lie this : He that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow winde, & crack your cheeks ; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vauot-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Nature moulds, all germines spill at once
That makes ingratfull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Coort holy-water in a dry house, is
better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,
in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties
neither Wifemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full ; spit Fire, spout Raine ;
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters ;
I taxe not you, you Elements with unkindnesse.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children ;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weak, and dispis'd old man ;
But yet I call you Seruile Ministers,
That will with two pernicious Daughters loyne
Your high-engender'd Battails, 'gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho ! 'tis foule.

Foole. He that has a house to pot's head in, has a good
Head-peece :

The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any ;
The Head, and he shall Loue : so Beggars marry many.
'The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart shold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turoe his sleepe to wake.

For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made
murther in a glasse.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there ?

Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a
Wifeman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here ! Things that loue night,
Loue out such nights as these : The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keep their Cues : Since I was man,
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes

That keepe this dreadfull pudder n're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That hast within thee vndisvulged Crimes
Vnwip'd of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloody hand ;
Thou Periu'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Inceluous. Cystiffe, to peeces shake
That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-vp guiltes,
Rise, your enncalling Continentes, and cry
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More sinn'd against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed ?

Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest :
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their scantied curtesie.

Lear. My wits begio to turoe.

Come on my boy. How dost my boy ? Art cold ?
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow ?
The Art of our Necessities is strange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, you Houell ;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-bo, the Winde and the Raine,
Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
Through the Raine it raineth every day.

Le. True Boy : Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Cortizan :

He speake a Prophecie ere I go ;
When Priests are more in word, then matter ;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water ;
When Nobles are their Tylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors ;
When every Cafe in Law, is right ;
No Squire to debt, nor no poore Knight ;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues ;
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs ;
When Vipers tell their Child i'th Field,

And

And, Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then shall the Realme of *Albino*, come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who liues to see't,
That going shall be v'd with feet. (time.
This prophetic *Marlin* shall make, for I liue before his
Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Ghyster*, and *Edmund*.

Gh. Alaske, alaske *Edmund*, I like not this vnnatural
dealing; when I desired their lease that I might pity him,
they tooke from me the vie of mine owne house, charg'd
me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake
of him, entreat for him, or any way subline him.

Boff. Most savage and vnnatural.

Gh. Go too; say you nothing. There is diuision be-
tweene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I haue
receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closet, these iniuries the
King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of
a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I
will looke him, and priuely relieue him; goe you and
maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of
him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to
bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King
my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things
toward *Edmund*, pray you be careful. Exit.

Boff. This Curse forbid thee, shall the Duke
Infantly know, and of that Lett'r too;
This seemes a faire deserving, and must draw me
That which my Father loolessne lesse then all,
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Lear*, *Kent*, and *Foole*.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure.

Storme fill

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
Inuades vs to the skinfo 'tis to thee, (storme
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The lesse is scarce felt. Thou'lt shun a Beare,
But if they fight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'lt meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind, free,
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Saw what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,

To shut me out? Pour on, I will endure:
In such a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
Your old kind Father, whose frank heart gave all,
O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter here.

Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but lie gne in,
In Boy, go first. You houseleefe powerte, Exit.
Nay get thee in; lie pray, and then lie sleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storme,
How shall your House-leeffe heads, and vnfed sides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggednesse defend you
From seasons such as these? O I haue tane
Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompe,
Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maist shake the superfluous to them,
And shew the Heauens more iust.

Enter *Edgar*, and *Foole*.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom*.

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a spirit, helpe
me, helpe me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A spirit, a spirit, he sayes his name's poore
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'
straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend follows me, through the
sharp Hawthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy
bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art
thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom
the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,
through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-
mire, that hath laid Knives vnder his Pillow, and Halters
in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porridge, made him
Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer four
inch Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor.
Blisse thy five Wits, *Tom* a cold. O do, do, do, do, do,
blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and tak-
ing, do poore *Tom* some charite, whom the foule Fiend
vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there
ag ai ne, and there.

Storme fill.

Lear. Hi's his Daughters brought him to this paffe?
Could'st thou see nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he refer'd a Blanket, elie we had bin all
ham'd.

Les. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.

Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd
To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:
Iudicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
Thofe Pellicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock fat on Pillicock hill, allow, allow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and
Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'foule Fiend, obey thy Pa-
rents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not,

st 3 with

with mans sworne Spouse ; set not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's a cold.*

Lear. What baft thou bin ?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that cur'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap ; seru'd the Lust of my Mistris heart, and did the acte of darkeness with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I spake words, & broke them in the sweet face of Heauen. One, that slept in the contriuing of Lust, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deereley, Dice deereley ; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. False of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand ; Hog in flesh, Foxe in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of shooes, Nor the rustling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foots out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and deſe the foule Fiend. Still through the Hawthorne blowes the cold winde : Sayes saum, mon, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Spy* : let him trot by.

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to anſwere with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this ? Consider him well. Thou ow'st the Worme no Silke ; the Beast, no Hide ; the Sheepe, no Wool ; the Cat, no perfume. Ha ? Here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing it selfe ; vnaccommodated man, is no more but such a poore, bare, forked Animal as thou art. Off, off you Lendings : Come, vnbutton heere.

Enter Gloucester, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nuncle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to swimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body, cold : Look, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet ; hee begins at Curfew, and walks at first Cocke : Hee giues the Web and the Pin, squints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe ; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

*Swiftd footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold ;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.*

Kent. How fares your Grace ?

Lear. What's he ?

Kent. Who's there ? What is't you seeke ?

Glu. What are you there ? Your Names ?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the swimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water ; that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eates Cow-dung for Sallets ; swallows the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge ; drinks the green Mantle of the flanding Poole : who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and stockt, poniard'd, and imprison'd ; who hath three Suites to his backe, fixe thirts to his body :

*Horfe to ride, and weapon to weare ;
But Mice, and Rats, and such small Deare,
Hauie bin Toms food, for seuen long years :*

Beware my follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glu. What, hath your Grace no better company ?

Edg. The Prince of Darkenesse is a Gentleman. *Mode he's call'd, and Malab.*

Glu. Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is growne so wilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glu. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer

To be in all your daughters hard commands : Though their Inimicition be to barre my doores, And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you, Yet haue I ventured to come seeke you out, And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talke with this Philosopher, What is the cause of Thunder ?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer, Go into th'house.

Lear. He talke a word with this fame lerned Theban : What is your study ?

Edg. How to present the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord, His wit begin t'vntettle.

Glu. Canst thou blame him ?

Storm still

His Daughters seeke his death : Ah, that good Kent, He said it would be thus : poore banish'd man : Thou flyest the King growes mad, He tell thee Friend I am almost mad my selfe. I had a Sonne, Now out-law'd from my blood : he fought my life But lately ; very late : I lou'd him (Friend) No Father his Sonne deerer : true to tell thee, The greefe hath cras'd my wits. What a night's this ? I do beleeue your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir :

Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glu. In fellow there, into th'House ; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him ;

I will keepe still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, sooth him :

Let him take the Fellow.

Glu. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on : go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glu. No words, no words, ha, ha.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the darke Tower came,
His word was still, he, she, and summe,
I smell the blood of a Brittain man.

Exeunt

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his house.

Bass. How my Lord, I may be censured, that Nature thus goes way to Loyaltie, something feares mee to thinke of.

Corn. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill disposition made him seeke his death : but a prouoking merit set a-wooke by a reprobable badnesse in himselfe.

Bass. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be iust ? This is the Letter which hee spooke of ; which approves him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of France. O Heaues ! that this Treason were not ; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheffe.

Bass. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty businesse in hand.

Corn.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee Earle of Gloucester : seeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehension.

Bast. If I finde him comforting the King, it will suffice his suspicion more fully. I will persequer in my course of Loyalty, though the conflict be sore betwene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust vpon thee : and thou shalt finde a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Gloucester.

Glos. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully : I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can : I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience : the Gods reward your kindnesse.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. *Fraterretes* calls me, and tells me *Nere* is an Angler in the Lake of Darknesse : pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne ; for hee's a mad Yeoman that sees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Blessèd his five wits.

Kent. O pity ! Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft haue boasted to retaine ?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much, They marre my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all ;

Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart : see, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them : Asauot you Cornea, be thy mouth or blacke or white : Tooth that paysons if it bite :

Mastiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,

Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym :

Or Bobtaile tight, or Troude taile,

Tom will make him weepe and waile,

For with throwing thus my head ;

Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are Red.

Do, de, de, de : see ! Come, march to Wakes and Fayres, And Market Townes : poore Tom thy horne is dry,

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan* : See what heeds about her heart. Is there any caule in Nature that make these hard-hearts. You sir, I entertaine for one of my hundred ; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian ; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Glosster.

Kent. Now good my Lord, I see heere, and rest awhile. *Lear.* Make no noife, make no noife, draw the Curtaines : so, so, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glos. Come hither Friend !

Where is the King my Master ?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glos. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes ; I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him :

There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,

And drive toward Douer friend, where thou shalt meete

Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Master,

If thou should'st dally halfe an houre, his life

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured losse. Take vp, take vp,

And follow me, that will to some prouision

Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Bastard, and Seruants.

Corn. Postè speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed : seeke out the Traitor Gloucester.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leauè him to my displeasure. *Edmond*, keepe you our Sister company : the reuenges wee are bound to take vpon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Advisee the Duke where you are going, to a most festiuat preparation : we are bound to the like. Our Postes shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Sister, farewell my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter Seruant.

How now ? Where's the King ?

Ser. My Lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence Some five or six and thirty of his Knights. Hot Questrits after him, met him at gate, Who, with some other of the Lords, dependants, Are gone with him toward Douer ; where they boast To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horses for your Mithria.

Gon. Farewell sweet Lord, and Sister. *Exit*

Corn. *Edmond* farewell : go seek the Traitor Gloucester, Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs : Though well we may not passe vpon his life Without the forme of Iustice : yet our powre Shall do a cur't'sie to our wrath, which men May blame, but not contrroll.

Enter Gloucester, and Seruants.

Who's there ? the Traitor ?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde fist his corky armes.

Glos. What meanes your Graces ?

Good my Friends consider you are my Ghefts : Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I say.

Reg. Hard, hard : O filthy Traitor.

Glos. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,

Villaiot, thou shalt finde.

Glos. By the kinde Gods, 'tis most ignobly done

To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and such a Traitor ?

Glos. Naughty Ladie,

These haire which thou dost rauish from my chin Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your Host, With Robbers hands, my hospitable fauours

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacie have you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands

You have sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glow. I have a Letter guessingly set downe

Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glow. To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

Glow. I am tyed to th'Stake,
And I most stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Glow. Because I would not see thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,
In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.
The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would have buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stilled fires:

Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heavens to raioe.
If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,
Thou should'st have said, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see
The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

Corn. See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y^e Chaire,
Vpon these eyes of thine, lie set my foote.

Glow. He that will kinde to live, till he be old,
Gie me some helpe.——O cruell! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance.

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:

I have seru'd you ever since I was a Child:
But better seruice have I neuer done you,
Then now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Serv. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

Corn. My Villaine?

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Gie me thy Sword. A peasant stand vp thus?
Killes him.

Serv. Oh I am flaine: y^e my Lord, you haue one eye left
To see some mischeefe on him. Oh.

Corn. Left it see more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy lustre now?

Glow. All darke and comfortlesse?

Where's my Sonne Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treasons to vs:
Who is too good to pittie thee.

Glow. O my Follies! then Edgar was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Douer. *Exit with Gloucester.*
How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Corn. I haue receiv'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyefesse Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan,* I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Gie me your arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flatter'd, to be wort:
The lowest, and most desicth thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman.

But who comes here? My Father poorly led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy strange rotations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourefore yeares.

Glow. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glow. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I stumbled when I saw. Foll oft 'tis seene,
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Proue oor Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,
The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:
Might I bot liue to see thee in my touch,
I'd say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?
I am worke then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glow. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glow. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then aslepe Friends with him.

I haue heard more since:
As Files to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,
Ang'r'ing it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glow. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I, my Lord.

Glow. Get thee away: If for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some covering for this naked Soole,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.

O d. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glow.

Glos. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde;
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
Above the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue
Come on't, what wilt thou. *Exit*

Glos. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glos. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must!

Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

Glos. Know'st thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both stile, and gate; Horfeway, and foot-path:
poore Tom hath bin scarr'd out of his good wits. Blesse
these good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.

Glos. Here take this purse, y^e whom the heau'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,

That flauers your ordinance, that will not see
Because he do's not feelee, feelee your powre quickly:

So distribution should vndoo excess,
And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I Maister.

Glos. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head

Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:

Bring me but to the very brimme of it,

And Ile repayre the misery thou do'st beare

With something rich about me: from that place,

I shall no leading neede.

Edg. Giue me thy arme;

Poore Tom shall leade thee. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Regard, and Steward.

Gos. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Maister?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:

He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,
His answer was the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,

And of the loyal Service of his Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

Gos. Then shall you go no further.

It is the Coward terror of his spirit

That dares not undertake: Hee'l not feelee wrongs

Which tie him to an answer: our wishes on the way

May proue effect. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,

Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.

I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe

Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant

Shall passe betwene vs: ere long you are like to heare

(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)

A Mistriflesse command. Weare this; spare speech,

Decline your head. This kisse, if it drifte speake

Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:

Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Byss. Yours, in the ranks of death.

Gos. My most deere Gloucester. *Exit.*

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Woman seruises are due,
My Foole vsurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, here come a my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gos. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh Gonerill,

You are not worth the dust which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.

Gos. Milke-Liue'd man,

That bear'st a checke for blowes, a head for wrongs,

Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning

Thine Honor, from thy fuffering.

Alb. See thy selfe diuell:

Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend

So horrid as in woman.

Gos. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Corwall* dead,

Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucesters eyes.

Mef. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,

Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword

To his great Maister, who, threat-enrag'd

Flew on him, and among't them fell'd him dead,

But not without that harmefull stroke, which since

Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are above

You Iustices, that these our neather crimes

So speedily can venge. But (O poore Gloucester)

Lo! he his other eye?

Mef. Both, both, my Lord.

This Letter Madam, craues a speedy answer:

'Tis from your Sister.

Gos. One way I like this well,

But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,

May all the building in my fancie plucke

Vpon my hatefull life. Another way

The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,

When they did take his eyes?

Mef. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mef. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mef. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might haue the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I lue

To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'st the King,

And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,

Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen,
and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now

As mad as the vex'd Sea, singing aloud,

Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,

With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowers,

Darnell

Darnell, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery lend forth;
Search every Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the refusing his hereaue Sense; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Genl. There is meenes Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lacks; that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whole power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Card. All blisf Secrets,
All you vnpublic'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouero'd rage, dissolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mad. Newes Madam,
The Britishe Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
Is it thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Seaward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?

Seaw. I Madam.

Reg. Himselfe in person there?

Seaw. Madam with much ado:

Your Sister is the better Souldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?

Seaw. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?

Seaw. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poshed hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance, Glosters eyes being out

To let him lise. Where he struiues, he moues

All hearts against vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: Moreouer to defry

The strength o'th'Enemy.

Seaw. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troopes fet forth to morrow, stay with vs:

The wayes are dangerous.

Seaw. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

Reg. Why should he write to *Edmund*?

Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,

Some things, I know not what. He loue thee much

Let me vncale the Letter.

Seaw. Madam, I had rather ———

Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,

I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,

She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking lookes

To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her bosome.

Seaw. I, Madam?

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:

My Lord is dead: *Edmund*, and I haue talk'd,

And more conuenient is he for my hand

Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:

If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;

And when your Mistress heares thus much from you,

I pray desire her call her wisdom to her.

So fare you well:

If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,

Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.

Seaw. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glu. When shall I come to th'top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.

Glu. Me thinks the ground is euen.

Edg. Horrible steep.

Heateke, do you heare the Sea?

Glu. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect

By your eyes anguish.

Glu. So may it be indeed.

Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st

In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

Edg. Y'are much deceiv'd: In nothing am I chang'd

But in my Garments.

Glu. Me thinks y'are better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,

Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull

And d'lie'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,

The Crowes and Choughs, that wing the midway ayre

Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Half way downe

Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadful Trade:

Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head.

The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach

Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,

Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy

Almost too small for fight. The murmuring Surge,

That on th'vnumbr'd idle Pebble chafes

Cannot be heard so high. Hee looke no more,

Least my braine turne, and the deficient fight

Topple downe headlong.

Glu. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Giue me your hand:

You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:

For sll beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.

Glu. Let go my hand:

Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell

Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods

Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,

Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glu. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispalle,

Is done to cure it.

Glu. O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposelless willies,
My Inoffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If *Edgar* live, O bliesse him!
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Goe Sir, farewell!
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Alive, or dead?
Hoe, you Sir: Friend, hear you Sir, I speak:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he revives.
What are you Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Hadst thou bene ought
But Gosemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thoudst shiver'd like an Egge: but thou dost breath;
Hast hevy substance, bleedst not, speakst, art sound,
Ten Mists at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

Glou. But have I false, or no?
Edg. From the dread Sonnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Lark so farre
Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.

Glou. Alacke, I have no eyes:
Is wretchednesse depriv'd that benefit
To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the Tyrann rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arme.
Vp. So: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.
Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangenesse,
Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.
Edg. As I flood here below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,
Hornes weak't, and waded like the enraged Sea:
It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleere Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens impossibilities, haue preferred thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould faye
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes here?
The safer sense will ne're accommodate
His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the
King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above Art, in that respect. Ther's your
Prest-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-
keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke,
a Moule: peace, peace, this peece of toasted Cheefe will
doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gysot.
Bring vp the browne Billes. O well fowne Bird: I'th'
clout, I'th'clout: Hewgh. Give the word.

Edg. Sweet Mariorum.

Lear. Passe.

Glou. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd
me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in
my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To faye I, and
no, to every thing that I said: I, and no too, was no good
Divinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the
winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not
pease at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em
out. Go too, they are not men: their words; they told
me, I was every thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not *Agu-proofe*.

Glou. The trickes of that voyce, I do well remember:
Is't not the King?

Lear. I, every inch a King.

When I do stare, see how the Subject quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cause?
Adultery? thou shalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive:
For *Glousters* bastard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'twene the lawfull sheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.

Behold upon this Damsell, whose face betwene her
Forkes prefiges Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's shake
the head to heare of pleasures name. The Fitchew, nor
the soyled Horfe goes too't with a more riotous appeti-
te: Downe from the walle they are Centaures, though
Women all above: but to the Girdle do the Gods inhe-
rit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkne-
nes, there is the sulphurous pit; burning, scalding, stench,
consumption: Fye, fe, fe; pah, pah: Give me an Ounce
of Cluet; good Apothecary sweeten my immagiatio:
There's money for thee.

Glou. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first,
It smells of Mortality.

Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall so weare out to naught.
Do't thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou
squiny at me? No, doe thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not
loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning
of it.

Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not see.

Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with the Case of eyes?

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your
head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a hea-
vy case, your purse in a light, yet you see how this world
goes.

Glou. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world
goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how
yond Iustice railes vpon yond simple theefe. Hearke in
thine eare: Change places, and hoody-dandy, which is
the Iustice, which is the theefe: Thou hast seene a Far-
mers dogge bark at a Beggar?

Glou. I sir.

Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou
mightst behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's
obey'd in Office. Thou, Rascal Beadle, hold thy bloody
hand: why dost thou lash that Whore? Strip thy owne
backe, thou hotly lusts to vse her in that kind, for which
thou whipst her. The Viceroy hangs the Cosener. Thorough

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place finnes with Gold, and the strong Lance of Iustice, hurtlesse breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies straw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I say none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to feale th'accusers lips. Get thee glasse-eyes, and like a scurvy Politician, seeme to see the things thou dost not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, so.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt, Reason in Madnesse.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloucester: Thou must be patient; we came crying hither: Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the Ayre We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come To this great stage of Fooles. This a good blocke: It were a delicate stratagem to shoo A Troope of Horse with Felt: Ile put't in proofe, And when I haue stolne vpon thee Son in Lawes, Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir. Your most deere Daughter——

Lear. No rescue! What, a Prisoner? I am euen The Naturall Foule of Fortune. Vse me well, You shall haue ranisme. Let me haue Surgeons, I am cut to'th'Raines.

Gent. You shall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds! All my selfe?

Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt To vse his eyes for Garden water-pots: I will die brauely, Like a smugge Bridegroom. What? I will be fouall: Come, come, I am a King, Masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it, You shall get it by running: Sa, fa, fa, fa. *Exit.*

Gent. A fight most pittifull in the meaneft wretch, Paft speaking n in a King. Thou hast a Daughter Who redeemes Nature from the generall curse Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you? what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar:

Every one heares that, which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But by your fauour:

How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on speedy foot: the maine descry Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on special cause is here Her Army is mou'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thank you Sir.

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me, Let not my worse Spirit tempt me againe To dye before you please.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good fir, what are you?

Edg. A most poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling forrowes, Am pregnant to good pity. Giue me your hand, Ile leade you to some hiding.

Glou. Heartie thanks:

The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd priue: most happie That eyleflef head of thine, was first fram'd flesh Th'raile my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor, Briefely thy selfe remember: the Sword is out That must destroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand Put strength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Peasant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd Traitor? Hence, Least that th'infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let goe Zir,

Without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let goe Slaue, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke passe; and 'chod ha' bin swaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin so long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Court'd, or my Bellow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dughill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your soynes.

Stew. Slaue thou hast laine me: Villain, take my purse; If euer thou wilt thrise, bury my bodie, And giue the Letters which thou find'st about me, To Edmund Earle of Gloucester: I seeke him out Vpon the English party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A seruicable Villaine, As deuout to the vices of thy Mistress, As badnesse would desire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: rest you.

Let's see these Pockets; the Letters that he speakes of May be my Friends; hee's dead; I am onely sorry He had no other Deathman. Let vs see: Lesue gentle waxe, and manners; blame vs not To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts, Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

*L*et our reciprocal loves be remembered. You haue manie opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If bee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Prisoner, and his bed. My Gentle, from the least warmth wherof, deliuer me, and supply the place for your Labour.

Your (Wife, &c I would say) affectionate Seruant. Gonerill.

Oh indistinguish'd space of Womans will, A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life, And the exchange my Brother; heere, in the sands Thee Ile rake vp, the pothe vnfanctified Of murderous Letchers; and in the mature time, With this vngracious paper strike the sight Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well, That of thy death, and badnesse, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad

How stiffe is my wilde sense That I stand vp, and haue ingenious feeling Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were distracted, So should my thoughts be seuer'd from my griefes,

Drum afarre off.

And woes, by wrong imaginations loose

The knowledge of themselves.

Edg. Give me your hand :
Farre off methinks I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile bestow you with a Friend. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good Kent,
How shall I live and worke
To match thy goodness?
My life will be too short,
And every measure foile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pal'd,
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited,
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :
I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne shortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't so my good Lord:
How do's the King?

Gent. Madam sleeps fill.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Core this great breach in his abused Nature,
Th'vntun'd and iarring fensles, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.

Gent. So please your Maiefty,
That we may wake the King, he hath slept long?

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I th'way of your owne will : is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Servants

Gent. I Madam : in the beaulnesse of sleepe,
We put fresh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kisse
Repaire those violent harmes, that my two Sisters
Have in thy Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princeesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, these white flakes
Did chalenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the iarring winde?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue stood that night against my fire,
And wa't thouaine (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swineand Rogues forlorne,
In short, and musty straw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Hid not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Gent. Madam do you, 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maiefty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'grauce,
'Thou art a Soule in blisse, but I am bound

Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Gent. He's scarce awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bin?

Where am I? Faire day light?

I am mightily abus'd; I should eu'n dye with pittie

To see another thus. I know not what to say :

I will not sweare these are my hands : let's see,

I feele this pin pricke, would I were affor'd

Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Four-score and vpward,

Not an houre more, nor lesse :

And to deale plainly,

I feare I am not in my perfect mind.

Me thinke I should know you, and know this man,

Yet I am doubtfull : For I am mainely ignorant

What place this is and all the skill I haue

Remembers not these garments : nor I know not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,

For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady

To be my childe Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am : I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?

Yes faith : I pray weepe not,

If you haue poyson for me, I will drinke it :

I know you do not loue me, for your Sisters

Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.

You haue some cause, they haue not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdom Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage

You see is kill'd in him : desire him to go in,

Trouble him no more till further setting.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me :

Pray you now forget, and forgive,

I am old and foolish. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan,
Gentlemen, and Souldiers.*

Boff. Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is aduis'd by ought

To change the course, he's full of alteration,

And selfe-reproving, bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our Sisters man is certainly mis-carried.

Boff. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now sweet Lord,

f f

Yoo

You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you :
Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,
Do you not loue my Sister?

Bess. In honour'd Lowe.

Reg. But haue you ouer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?

Bess. No by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.

Bess. Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Generall, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Sister, well be-met :
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.

Regan. Why is this reasond?

Gene. Combine together 'gainst the Enemy :
For these domesticke and particular hroiles,
Are not the question heere.

Alb. Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister you'le go with vs?

Gene. No.

Reg. 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.

Gene. Oh ha, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile ouertake you, speake.

Edg. Before you fight the Battaille, ope this Letter
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I feeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is sauoued there. If you miscarry,
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.

Edg. I was forbid it:

When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe.

Exit.

Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-lookke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Bess. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,
By diligent discouerie, but your haile
Is now sig'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

Exit.

Bess. To both these Sisters haue I sworne my loue:
Each scalous of the other, as the stung
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?

Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd

If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Generall*,
And hardly shall I carry out my fide,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vse
His countenance for the Battaille, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The Battaille done, and they within our power,

Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Alarum with bin. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, near the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Glesier.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree
For your good host: pray that the right may thrive :
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.

Gle. Grace go with you Sir.

Exit.

Alarum and Retreat within.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away :
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

Gle. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?

Men must endure

Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on.

Gle. And that's true too.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Bess. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,

Who with best meaning haue incur'd the worke:
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,
My selfe could elsse out-frowne false Fortunes frowne,
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no: I come let's away to prison,
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:
When thou dost ake me blessing, Ile kneele downe
And aake of thee forgiveness: So wee'l liue,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talkes of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looke, and who wins who's in, who's out;
And take vpon't the myserie of things,
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd prison, packs and seals of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th' Moone.

Bess. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themselves throw Incense.

Haue I caught thee!

He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes with thine eyes,
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,

Ere

Ere they shall make vs weepe?

Weele see e'm flur'd first : come.

Exit.

Boff. Come hither Capitaine, hearke.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,

One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st

As this iustifys thee, thou dost make thy way

To Noble Fortunes : I know thou this, that men

Are as the time is; to be tender minded

Do'st not become a Sword, thy great employment

Will not beare question; neither say thou 't do'st,

Or thrise by other meanes.

Capt. Ile do't my Lord.

Boff. About it, and write happy, when th'ha'st done,

Marke I say instantly, and carry it so

As I haue let it downe.

Exit Capitaine.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Generall, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant frairie

And Fortune led you well : you haue the Captiues

Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:

I do require them of you so to vse them,

As we shall find their merites, and our safety

May equilly determine.

Boff. Sir, I thought it fit,

To fend the old and miserable King to some retention,

Whose age had Charms in it, whole Title more,

To plucke the common bosome on his side,

And turne our impet' Launces in our eies

Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen:

My reason all the same, and they are ready

To morrow, or at further space, t'appeare

Where you shall hold your Session.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,

I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,

Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.

Methinkes our pleasure might haue bin demanded

Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,

Bore the Commission of my place and person,

The which immediacie may well stand vp,

And call it selfe your Brother.

Gon. Not so hot :

In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,

More then in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,

By me inuicted, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gon. Holas, holas,

That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answere

From a full flowing stomack. Generally,

Take thou my Soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:

Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere

My Lord, and Master.

Gon. Meane you to enioy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Boff. Nor in thine Lord.

Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet, heare reason : *Edmund*, I arrest thee

On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,

This guilted Serpent : for your claime faire Sisters,

I bare it in the interest of my wife,

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loines to me,
My Lady is bespoken.

Gon. An entrilude.

Alb. Thou art armed *Gloster*,

Let the Trumpet sound :

If none appeare to proue upon thy person,

Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,

There is my pledge : Ile make it on thy heart

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sicke, O sicke.

Gon. If not, Ile nere trust medicine.

Boff. There's my exchange, what in the world hee

That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,

Call by the Trumpet; he that dares approach;

On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine

My truth and honor firmly.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.

Truſt to thy single vertue, for thy Soldiers

All leuied in my name, haue in my name

Tooke their discharge.

Regan. My sicknesse growes vpon me.

Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.

Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound,

And read out this. *A Trumpet sounds.*

Herald reads.

I f any man of qualitie or degree, within the list of the Army, will maintaine vpon Edmund, supposed Earle of Gloster, that he is a manifest Traitor, let him appeare by the third sound of the Trumpet : he is bold in his defence. 1 Trumpet

Her. Againe.

Her. Againe.

2 Trumpet.

3 Trumpet.

Trumpet answers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares

Vpon this Call o'th Trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer

This present Summons?

Edg. Know my name is lost

By Treasons tooth : bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,

Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary

I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Aduersary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for *Edmund* Earle of Glo-

Boff. Himselfe, what saist thou to him? (Her?)

Edg. Draw thy Sword,

That if my speech offend a Noble heart,

Thy arme may do thee iustice, heere is mine :

Behold it is my priuiledge,

The priuiledge of mine Honours,

My oath, and my profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,

Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor :

Faile to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,

Conspirent 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,

And from th'extremest vpward of thy head,

To the discent and dust below thy foote,

¶ ¶

A

If that her breath will mist or staine the Stone,
Why then the liues.

Kent. Is this the promia'd end ?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues: if it be so,
It is a chauce which do's redeeme all sorrowes
That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Master.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderers, Traitors all,
I might haue sau'd her, now she's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou saist? Her voice was euer soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords) he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?

I haue seene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two, she lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight, are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The same: your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Cainus*?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'll strike and quickly too, he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Hae follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else:

All's cheerlesse, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest Daughters haue fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. I so I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he saies, and vaine is it

That we present vs to him.

Enter a Messenger.

Edg. Very bootlesse.

Alb. *Edmund* is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle heere:

You Lords and Noble Friends, know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appl'd. For vs we will resigne,
During the life of this old Maiesty
To him our absolute power, you to your rights,
With boote, and such addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends shall
Taste the wages of their vertue, and all Foes
The cup of their deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why should a Dog, a Horfe, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thoo't come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.

Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you see this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.

Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost, O let him passe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long,
He but vsurp'd his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is generall woe: Friends of my soule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme, and the god's state sustaine.

Kent. I haue a Iourney Sir, shortly to go,
My Master calls me, I must not say no.

Edg. The waight of this sad time we most obey,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest hath borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

ff 3

FIN IS.



THE TRAGEDIE OF

Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Roderigo, and Iago.

Roderigo.

Euer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purfe,
As if *ſ* strings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou told'ſt me,
Thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Deſpiſe me

If I do oot. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him : and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purpoſes)
Euaſes them, with a bumpaſt Circumſtance,
Horribly ſtufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-ſuites my Mediators. For certes, ſaies he,
I haue already choſe my Officer. And what was he ?
For-footh, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michael Caffeio*, a *Florentine*,
(A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer ſet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the diuiſion of a Battaille knowes
More then a Spinſter. Vnleſſe the Bookiſh Theoricke :
Wherein the Tongue Confuſs can propoſe
As Maſterly as he. Moore prattle (without praſe)
Is all his Souldierſhip. But he (*Sir*) had th'election;
And I (of whom his eies had ſerue the prooffe
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds
Chriſten'd, and Heathen) muſt be-leed, and calmd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caſt,
He (in good time) muſt his Lieutenant be,
And I (bлеſſe the marke) his Mooreſhip Autient.

Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bio his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedie.

'Tis the curſe of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood Heire to th' firſt. Now *Sir*, be Iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I in any iuſt terme am Affin'd
To loſe the *Moore*?

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O *Sir* content you.

I follow him, to ſerue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Maſters, or all Maſters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Wearies out his time, moch like his Maſters Affe,
For naught but Proſpender, & whee he's old Caſſicer'd.
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and viſages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themſelves,
And throwing but ſhowes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thrive by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coſtes
Doe themſelves Homage.

Theſe Fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one do I profeſſe my ſelfe. For (*Sir*)
It is as ſure as you are *Roderigo*,
Were I the *Moore*, I would not be *Iago* :
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But ſeemiog ſo, for my peculiar end ;
For when my outward Action doth demonſtrate
The nation ſuch, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue
For Dawes to pecke at ; I am not what I am.

Rod. What a fall Fortune do'st the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

Iago. Call vp her Father :
Rowle him, make aſter him, payſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incenſe her kinfmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies; though that his loy be loy,
Yet throw ſuch chaces of vexation on's,
As it may looſe ſome colour.

Rod. Heere is her Fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.

Iago. Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is ſpied in populous Citties.

Rod. What ho! *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, ho!

Iago. Awake: what ho! *Brabantio* : Theeues, Theeucas.
Looke to your houſe, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeucas, Theeucas.

Bra. Aloue. What is the reaſon of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior is all your Familie within?

Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?

Bra. Why? Wherefore aſk you this?

Iago. *Sir*, y'are rob'd, for ſhame put on your Gowne,
Your

Your heart is burst, you have lost halfe your soule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tugging your white Ewe. Arise, arise,
Awake the snoring Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.
Arise I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is *Roderigo*.

Bra. The worse for welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores
In honest plainnesse thou hast heard me say,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distempering draughtes)
Vpon malicious knauerie, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir,

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience good Sir.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of Robbing?

This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

Rod. Most graue *Brabantio*,

In simple and pure soules, I come to you.

La. Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'll haue your Daughter
couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'll haue your Ne-
phewes neigh to you, you'll haue Couriers for Coxens:
and Gennets for Germanies.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

La. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter
and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a Villaine.

Leg. You are a Senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Roderigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you
if't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the grosse claspes of a Lasciuous Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and fauile wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleuee
That from the fence of all Ciuitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I say againe, hath made a grosse reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: straight I will use your selfe.
If he be in her Chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the Iustice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the Tinder, ho:

Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleeue of it oppresses me alreadie.

Light, I say, light.

Leg. Farewell for I must leaue you.

It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place

Exit.

To be produced, (as if I stay, I shall.)
Against the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with some checke)
Cannot with fustile cast-him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now stands in Act) that for their soules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Businesse. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for necessitie of present life,
I must shew out a Flag, and signe of Loue,
(Which is indeed but signe) that you shall surely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raised Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone she is,
And what's to come of my despoiled time,
Is naught but bitternesse. Now *Roderigo*,
Where didst thou see her? (Oh vnhappy Girl)
With the Moore fast thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didst thou know 'twas she? (Oh she deceaues me
Past thought:) what said she to you? Get mee Tapers:
Raise all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?

Rod. Truly I thinke they are.

Bra. Oh Heauen: how got she out?

Oh treason of the blood.

Fathers, from hence trust not your Daughters minds

By what you see them act. Is there not Charmes,

By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidenhood

May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Roderigo*,

Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.

Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.

Some one way, some another. Doe you know

Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Rod. I thinke I can discouer him, if you please

To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery house He call,

(I may command at most) get Weapons (ho)

And raise some speciall Officers of might:

On good *Roderigo*, I will deuise your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Otello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

La. Though in the trade of Warre I haue slaine men,
Yet do I hold it very fustle o'th'conscience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me seruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought 'haue yerke'd him here vnder the Ribbes.

Otello. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy, and prouoking termes
Against your Honor, that with the little godlinesse I haue
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiaall
As double as the Dukes: He will disuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what restraint or greeuance,

The

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)
Will give him Cable.

Othel. Let him see his spight;
My Services, which I have done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerits
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I lose the gentle *Desdemona*,
I would not my vnhouse'd free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

Enter Cassio, with Torches.

Iago. Those are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Othel. Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Iam, I thinke no.

Othel. The Seruants of the Dokes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?

Cassio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haile, Post-haile appearance,
Enen on the infant.

Othello. What is the matter, thinke you?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers
This very night, at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Queets,
To search you out.

Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And goe with you.

Cassio. Aunciant, what makes he heere?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carrafft,
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for ever.

Cassio. I do not vnderstand.

Iago. He's married.

Cassio. To who?

Iago. Marry to——Come Captaine, will you go?

Othel. Haue with you.

Cassio. Here come another Troope to seeke for you.

Enter 'Brabantio, Rodrigo, with Officers, and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio* Generall be aduiz'd,
He comes to had intent.

Othello. Holla, stand there.

Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moore.

Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago. You, *Roderigo*, come Sir, I am for you.

Othel. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for thei dew will
rust them. Good Signior, you shallmore command with
yeares, then with your Weapons.

Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her

For Ile referre me to all things o' fesse,
(If she in Chaines of Magicke we re not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deardling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (Encourc'd a generall mocke)
Run from her Goardato the footie bolome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if it is not groffe in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othel. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it
Withoout a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Othel. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Vpon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

Officer. 'Tis true most worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,
I am sure is sent for.

Bra. How? The Duke in Counsell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may haue passage free,
Bond-slaves, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Duke. There's no composition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.

1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.

Duke. And mine a Hundred forty.

2. *Sen.* And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iust account,
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme
A Turkish Fleet, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:
I do not so secure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull sense.

Saylor within. What ho, what ho, what ho.

Enter Saylor.

Officer. A

Officer. A Messenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now? What's the business?

Sailor. The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1. *Sen.* This cannot be

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider
Th'importance of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our felices againe but vnderstand,
That as it more concerns the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question beare it,
For that it stands not in such Warrelke brace,
But altogether lacks th'abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,
To leaue that late, which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine
To wake, and wage a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more News.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. The Ottomites, Reueren'd, and Gracious,
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haueth there inoynted them with an after Fleet.

1. *Sen.* 1, fo I thought: how many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirtie Saile, and now they do re-tem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,
And prays you to beleeue him.

Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

Marcellus Lucius, is not he in Towne?

1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from vs,

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Roderigo,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my particular griefe
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engulth, and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke. Why? What's the matter?

Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature, for prepositiously erre,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,)
Sans witch-craft could not.

Duke. Who ere he be, that in this soule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,

Aod you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense: yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affairs
Hath hither brought.

All. We are verie sorry for't.

Duke. What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Othello. Most Potent, Gracious, and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Masters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I haue married her;
The vertie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I, in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seven yeares pith,
Till now, some nine Moones wasted, they haue vs'd
Their deereft action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles, and Battaille,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for my selfe. Yet, (by your gratiouse patience)
I will a round vn-vari'd u Tale deliuer,
Of my whole course of Loue.
What Drugges, what Charmer,
What Coniuration, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Bra. A Maiden, neuer bold:

Of Spirit so fill, and quiet, that her Motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature,
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, eury thing
To fill in Loue, with what the fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd, and most imperfect.
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driuen
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powerfull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (conior'd to this effect)
He wrought vp on her.

To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more ouer Test
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hooda
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.

Sen. But *Othello*, speake,
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and possion this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soules, to soules affordeth?

Othello. I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary,
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule, in her report,
The Truth, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Desdemona* hither.

Othello. Auncient, conduct them:

You best know the place.
And tell the come, as truly as to heauen,
I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So iustly to your Gracious eares, I present

How I did thrive in this faire Ladies loue,
And the in mine.

Duke. Say it *Othello*.

Othello. Her Father lou'd me, oft invited me :
Still question'd me the storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaille, Sieges, Fortune,
That I haue paſt.

I ran it through, euen from my boyish daies,
Toth' very moment that he had me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtroous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth ſcapes I th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Inſolent Foe,
And ſold to ſlauiery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellers hiſtorie.
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Defarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, Hills, whole head touch heauen,
It was my hint to ſpeake. Such was my Proceſſe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Antropophagus*, and men whole heads
Grew beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriously incline :

But ſtill the houſe Affaires would draw her hence :
Which euer as the could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come againe, and with a greedie care
Decoure vp my diſcourſe. Which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a pliant hoore, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earoſt heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage diſt,
Whereof by parcels he had ſomething heard,
But not inſtinctively : I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſfull ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd : My ſtorie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kiſſes:
She ſwore in faith 'twas ſtrange : 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pittifull : 'twas wondrous pittifull.
The wiſh'd he had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heauen had made her ſuch a man. She thank'd me,
And had me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I ſpoke,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lou'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie : Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Bianca*, take vp this mangled matter at the beſt :
Men do their broken Weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray yoo heare her ſpeake ?
If he confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miſtris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Dof. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education :
My life and education both do learne me,
How to reſpect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Hoſband;
And ſo much dutie, as my Mother ſhew'd

To you, preferring you before her Father :
So much I challenge, that I may profeſſe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you : I haue done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your ſake (I ſhall)
I am glad at ſoule, I haue no other Child,
For thy eſcape would teach me Tyrannie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe :
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a griſe, or ſtep may helpe theſe Louers.
When remedies are paſt, the grieſes are ended
By ſeeing the work, which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Miſchiefe that is paſt and gon,
Is the next way to draw new miſchiefe on.
What cannot be preſer'd, when Fortune takes :
Patience, her Injury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles, ſteales ſomething from the Thiefe,
He robs himſelfe, that ſpends a bootleſſe griefe.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We looſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile :
He beares the Sentence well, that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he beares.
But he beares both the Sentence, and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefe, muſt of poore Patience borrow.
Theſe Sentences, to Sugar, or to Gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are Equiuocall.
But words are words, I neuer yet did heare :
That the bruiz'd heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beſeech you proceed to th' Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a moſt mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is
beſt knowne to yoo. And though we haue there a Subſti-
tute of moſt allowed ſufficientie; yet opinion, a more
ſoueraigne Miſtris of Efficacie, throws a more ſafer
voice on you : you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber
the glosſe of your new Fortunes, with this more ſtub-
borne, and boyſtrous expedition.

Othello. The Tyrant Cuſtome, moſt Graue Senators,
Hath made the ſtiny and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driven bed of Downe. I do agniſe
A Naturall and prompt Alacarte,
I finde in hardneſſe; and do vndertake
This preſent Warres againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craoe ſit diſpoſition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place, and Exhibition,
With ſuch Accommodation and beſort
As leuels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?

Bra. I will not haue it ſo.

Othello. Nor I.

Dof. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt Grauious Duke,
To my vnſolding, lend your propitious eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T' aſſist my ſimpleneſſe.

Duke. What would you *Othello*?

Dof. That I loue the Moore, to line with him,
My downe-right violence, and ſorme of Fortunes,

May trumpet to the world. My heart's inbdu'd
 Even to the very quality of my Lord;
 I saw *Othello's* visage in his mind,
 And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
 Did I my soule and Fortunes consecrate.
 So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
 A Moth of Peace, and he go to the Warre,
 The Rites for why I loue him, are bereft me:
 And I a heauie interim shall support
 By his deere absence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her haue your voice.
 Vouch with me Heauen, I therefore beg it not
 To please the palls of my Appetite:
 Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
 In my defunct, and proper satisfaction.
 But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
 And Heauen defend your good soules, that you thioke
 I will your serious and great businesse scant
 When she is with me. No, when light wing'd Toys
 Of feather'd Cupid, feele with wanton dulnesse
 My speculation, and offic'd Instrument:
 That my Disports corrupt, and taint my businesse:
 Let House-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
 And all indigne, and base aduerities,
 Make head against my Estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
 Either for her stay, or going: th'Afaire cries halt
 And speed must answer it.

Sen. You must away to night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th'morning, here we'll meete againe.

Othello, I leave some Officer behind

And he shall our Commission bring to you:

And such things else of qualitie and respect

As doth import you.

Oth. So please your Grace, my Ancient,

A man he is of honesty and trust:

To his conueyance I assigne my Wife,

With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think

To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so:

Good night to every one. And Noble Signior,

If Vertue not delighted Beutie lacke,

Your Son-in-law is faire more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu brave Moore, vfe *Desdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her (Moore) if thou hast eies to see:
 She ha's decei'd her Father, and may thee. *Exit.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honest *Jaques*,

My *Desdemona* must I leaue to thee:

I prythee let thy wife attend on her,

And bring them after in the best aduantage.

Come *Desdemona*, I haue bot an hours

Of Love, of worldly matter, and direction

To spend with thee. We must obey the the time. *Exit.*

Red. Iago.

Iago. What saist thou Noble heart?

Red. What will I do, think't thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and sleepe.

Red. I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago. If thou do'st, I shall neuer looe thee after. Why
 thou silly Gentleman?

Red. It is sillinesse to lue, when to lue is torment:
 and then haue we a prescription to dye, when death is
 our Phytion.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world
 for foure times seuen yeares, and since I could distinguish

betwixt a Benefit, and an Iouirie: I neuer found man that
 knew how to loue himselfe. Ere I would faye, I would
 drowne my selfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen, I would
 change my Humanity with a Baboon.

Red. What should I do? I confesse it is my shame
 to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our felues that we are
 thus, or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
 our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nett-
 tels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hilsops, and weede vpon Times:
 Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distrust it with
 many: either to hane it sterill with idleness, or manured
 with Iodoffry, why the power, and Corrigitable au-
 thoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues
 had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensi-
 alitie, the blood, and baseness of our Natures would
 conduct vs to most preposterous Conclusions. But we
 haue Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall
 Stings, or vnblitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you
 call Loue, to be a Selfe, or Seyer.

Red. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meely a Lust of the blood, and a permission
 of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe? Drown
 Cats, and blind Puppies. I haue profest me thy Friend,
 and I confesse me knit to thy deferring, with Cables of
 perdurable toughnesse. I could neuer better fledge thee
 then now. Put Money in thy purse: follow thou the
 Warres, defeat thy sauer, with an vshur'd Beard. I say
 put Money in thy purse. It cannot be long that *Desdemona*
 should continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in
 thy purse: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commence-
 ment in her, and thou shalt fee an answerable Sequen-
 tiation, put bot Money in thy purse. These Moores
 are changeable in their wils: fill thy purse with Money.
 The Food that to him now is as luscious as Locusts,
 shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She
 must change for youth: when she is fated with his body
 she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore, put Mo-
 ney in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do
 it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Mo-
 ney thou canst: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, be-
 twixt an erring Barbarian, and super-subtle Venetian be
 not too hard for my wits, and all the Tribe of hell, thou
 shalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drown-
 ing thy selfe, it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou ra-
 ther to be hang'd in Compelling thy loy, then to be
 drown'd, and go without her.

Red. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on
 the illuse?

Iago. Thou art sure of me: Go make Money: I haue
 told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I
 hate the Moore. My cause is hearted; thine hath no lesse
 reason. Let vs be coniuinctive in our reuenge, against
 him. If thou canst Cuckhold him, thou dost thy selfe a
 pleasure, me a sport. There are many Euent in the
 Wombe of Time, which wilbe deliuered. Trauerse, go,
 prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to mor-
 row. Adieu.

Red. Where shall we meete i'th'morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Red. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too, farewell. Do you heare *Roderigo*?

Red. Ile sell all my Land.

Iago. Thus do I cuer make my Foole, my purse:
 For I mine owne gain'd knowledge should prophane
 if I would time expend with such Snipe,

But

But for my Sport, and Profit: I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheers
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meer suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for Sorety. He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's see.
After some time, to abuse Othello's cares,
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.
The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by th' Nose
As Asses are:
I haue't: it is engendered: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano, and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you discern at Sea?
1. Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot 'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Descry a Saile.

Mon. Me thinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blast ne're shooke our Battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What shall we heare of this?

2. A Segregation of the Turkish Fleet:
For do but stand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow seemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-shak'd-Surge, with high & monstrous Maine
Seemes to cast water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole:
I neuer did like mollification view
On the enchaufed Flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish Fleete
Be not enshelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impossible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3. Newes Laddes: our warres are done:
The desperate Tempest hath so bang'd the Turkes,
That their designement waikes. A Noble ship of Venice,
Hath sent a greuous wracke and sufferance
On most part of their Fleet.

Mon. How? Is this true?

3. The Ship is heere put in: A *Verenoffe*, Michael Cassio
Lieutenant of the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore: the Moore himselfe at Sea,
And is in full Commission heere for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't:
'Tis a worthy Gouvernour.

3. But this same Cassio, though he speake of comfort,
Touching the Turkish losse, yet hee looks sadly,
And praye the Moore be safe; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempest.

Mon. Pray Heavens he be:

For I haue seru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-side (ho)
As well to see the Vessell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Ereall blew,
An indistinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Cassio.

Cassio. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike life,
That so approve the Moore: Oh let the Heaues
Giue him defence against the Elements,
For I haue lost him on a dangerous Sea.

Mon. Is he well ship'd?

Cassio. His Barke is stoutly Timber'd, and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not forgetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.

Vittorio. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.

Cassio. What noise?

Gent. The Towne is empty; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand ranks of People, and they cry, a Saile.

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the Gouvernour.
Gent. They do discharge their Shot of Courtisie,
Our Friends, at least.

Cassio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

Gent. I shall.

Exit.

Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall win'd?
Cassio. Most fortunately: he hath attchieu'd a Maid
That paragons description, and wide Fame:
One that excels the quirkies of Blazoning pens,
And in th'essentiall Vertue of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentlemen.

How now? Who ha's put in?

Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the Generall.

Cassio. He's had most fauourable, and happie speed:
Tempests themselves, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes, and Congregated Sands,
Traitors enstrep'd, to enlodge the guiltlesse Keele,
As hauing fence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortal Natures, letting go safely by
The Diuine *Desdemona*.

Mon. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of:
Our great Captaine Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whose footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Sennights speed. Great loue, *Othello* guard,
And swell his Saile with thine owne powerfull breath,
That he may bleesse this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in *Desdemona's* Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, Rodrigo, and Emilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on shore:
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie: and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behind thee, and on euery hand
Enwheel thee round.

Des. I thank you, Valiant Cassio,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Cassio.

Caf. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I ought
But that he's well, and will be shortly heere.

Def. Oh, but I feare:
How loſt you compaſſy?

Cafſio. The great Contentment of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hearke, a Saile.

Wabin. A Saile, a Saile.

Geat. They give this greeting to the Cittadell:
This likewiſe is a Friend.

Cafſio. See for the Newes:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome Miſtris:
Let it not gaul your patience (good *Laga*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of Curteſie.

Laga. Sir, would hee give you ſomuch of her lippes,
As of her tooſe the oſt beſowes on me,
You would haue enough.

Def. Alas: ſhe ha's no ſpeech.
Laga. Infaiſt too much:

I finde it ſill, when I have leaſe to ſleepe.
Marry before your Ladyſhip, I graot,
She puts het tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

cEmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Laga. Come on, come on: you are Piſtures out of
doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit-
chens: Saits in your Injuries: Duels being offended:
Players in your Huſwiferie, and Huſwives in your
Beas.

Def. Oh, ſie vpon thee, Slanderer.

Laga. Nay, it is true: or elſe I am a Turke,
You riſe to play, and go to bed to worke.

cEmil. You ſhall not write my praife.

Laga. No, let me not.

Defide. What would'ſt write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt
praife me?

Laga. Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too, t,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.

Def. Come on, aſſay.

There's one gooe to the Harbour?

Laga. I Madam.

Def. I am not merry: but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe.
Come, how would'ſt thou praife me?

Laga. I am about it, but indeed my Inoention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes out
Braies or all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhe
is deliuer'd.

*If ſhe be faire, and wiſe: faireneſſe, and wit,
The one for wite, the other ſpeke it.*

Def. Well praiz'd:

How if ſhe be Blacke and Witty?

Laga. If ſhe be blacke, and thereto haue a wit,
She'll find a white, that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.

Def. Worſe, and worſe.

cEmil. How if Faire, and Fooliſh?

Laga. She neuer yet was fooliſh that was faire,
For euen her folly beſt be to an heire.

Defide. There are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th' Alehouſe. What miſerable praife haſt thou
for her that's Foule, and Fooliſh.

Laga. There's none ſo foule and fooliſh therewith,
But do's foule prauely, which faire, and wiſe-ones do.

Defide. Oh heauy ignorance: thou praizeſt the worſt
beſt. But what praife could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſer-
uing woman indeed? One, that in the authority of her

merit, did iuſtly put on the vouch of very mallice it
ſelfe.

Laga. She that was euer faire, and neuer proud,
Had Tongue at will, and yet was neuer loud:
Neuer lackt Gold, and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſe, and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being angry, her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong ſlay, and her diſpleaſure ſie:
She that in wiſedome neuer was in fraile,
To change the Gods-head for the Salmons taile:
She that could thinke, and neuer diſturb her mind,
See Suiuers following, and not looke behind:
She was a wight, (if our ſack wightes were)

Def. To do what?

Laga. To ſucke Foſter, and chronicle ſmall Beere.

Defide. Oh moſt lame and impotent concludiſh. Do
not learne of him *cEmilia*, though he be thy husband.
How ſay you (*Cafſio*) is he not a moſt prophane, and li-
berall Couſailor?

Cafſio. He ſpeakes home (Madam) you may reliſh
him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.

Laga. He takes her by the palme: I, well ſaid, whif-
per. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great
a Fly as *Cafſio*. I ſmile vpon her, do: I will glue thee
in thine owne Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed.
If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenan-
trie, it had bene better you had not kiſs'd your three fin-
gers ſo oft, which now againe you are moſt apt to play
the Sir, in. Very good: well kiſs'd, and excellent Cur-
tie: 'tis ſo indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your
lippes? Would they were Cluſter-pipes for your
kisses.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.

Cafſio. 'Tis truly ſo.

Def. Let's meete him, and reueue him.

Cafſio. Loe, where he comes.

Enter Otbells, and Attendants.

Otb. O, my faire Warriour.

Def. My deere Otbells.

Otb. It giues me wonder great, as my content
To ſee you heere before me.

Oh my Soules Ioy:

If after euer Tempeſt, come ſuch Calmes,
May the winds blow, till they haue waken'd death:
And let the labouring Barke climb hills of Seas
Olympus high: and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnkowne Fate.

Def. The Heauens forbid

But that our Loues

And Comforts ſhould encrease

Euen as our dayes do grow.

Otb. Amen to that (ſweet Powers)

I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,

It ſtoppes me heere: it is too much of Ioy.

And this, and this the greateſt diſords be

That ere our hearts ſhall make.

Laga. Oh you are well run'd oow: But Ile ſet downe
the peggs that make this Muſicke, as hoſeet ſay I am.

t t

Otb.

Othello. Come: let vs to the Castle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
 The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Isle?
 (Huny) you shall be well desir'd to Cyprus,
 I haue found great lue among't them. Oh my Sweet,
 I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
 In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
 Go to the Bay, and dismbarke my Coffers:
 Bring thou the Master to the Cittadell,
 He is a good ooe, and his worthynesse
 Do's challenge much respect. Come *Desdemona*,
 Once more well met at Cyprus.

Exit Othello and Desdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the Harbour.
 Come thither, if thou be't Valiant, (as they say base men
 being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
 more then is native to them) lift-me; the Lieutenant to
 night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell
 thee this: *Desdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

Roderigo. With him? Why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy soule be in-
 structed. Marke me with what violence the first lou'd
 the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
 lies. To loue him still for prating, let not thy discreet
 heart thinke it. Her eye must be led. And what delight
 shall she haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood
 is made dull with the Art of Sport, there should be a
 game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a fresh appetite.
 Loueliennesse in fauour, sympathy in yeares, Manners,
 and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in. Now
 for waot of these requir'd Conueniences, her delicate
 tendernes will finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heaue the,
 gorge, distrellish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature will
 instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
 Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and vn-
 der'd postion) who stands so eminent in the degree of
 this Foroue, as *Cassio* do's: a knaue very valuable: no
 further functionable, then in putting on the meere forme
 of Ciuill, and Humaine seeming, for the better compassse
 of his salt, and most hidden ioule Affection? Why none,
 why none: A slipper, and subtle knaue, a finder of occa-
 sion: that he's an eye can flampe, and counterfeit Ad-
 uantages, though true Advantage neuer present it selfe.
 A diuellish knaue: besides, the knaue is handsome, young:
 and hath all those requistes in him, that folly and greene
 mindes looke after. A pefilent complext knaue, and the
 woman hath found him already.

Roderigo. I cannot beleue that in her, she's full of most
 blef'd condition.

Iago. Blef'd figges-and. The Wine she drinks is
 made of grapes. If there had bene blef'd, shee would
 neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Blef'd pudding. Didst thou
 not see her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didst thou
 marke that?

Roderigo. Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
 prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
 They meet so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
 embrace'd together. Villanous thoughts *Roderigo*, when
 these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
 comes the Master, and maine exercise, th'incorporate
 conclusion: Fish. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue
 brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for
 the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Cassio* knows you
 not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde some oc-

casion to anger *Cassio*, either by speaking too loud, or
 tainting his discipline, or from what other course
 you please, which the time shall more fauorably mi-
 nister.

Roderigo. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and
 happily may strike at you, prouoke him that he may: for
 euery out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny.
 Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-
 gaioe, but by the displanting of *Cassio*. So shall you
 haue a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I
 shall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment
 most profitably removed, without the which there were
 no expectation of our prosperitie.

Roderigo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any oppor-
 tunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the
 Cittadell, I must fetch his Necessaries a Shore. Fare-
 well.

Roderigo. Adieu.

Iago. That *Cassio* loues her, I do well beleue't:
 That she loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credit.

The Moore (howbeit that I endure him not)
 Is of a constant, louing, Noble Nature,

And I dare thinke, he'll prove to *Desdemona*
 A most deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
 Not out of absolute Lust, (though peradventure
 I stand accompt for as great a sin)

But partly led to dyet my Reuenge,
 For that I do suspect the luttie Moore

Hath lea'd to my Seste. The thought whereof,
 Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my lowerdies:

And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
 Till I am euen'd with him, wife, for wife.

Or faying so, yet that I put the Moore,

At least into a lelouie so strong
 That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,

If this poore Trash of Venice, whom I trace
 For his quicke hooting, stand the putting on,

Ile haue our *Michael Cassio* on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe

(For I feare *Cassio* with my Night-Cap too)

Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously so Aflee,

And practising vpon his peace, and quiet,
 Euen to madness. 'Tis heere: but yet confos'd,

Knaueries plaie face, is neuer seeme, till vs'd.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is *Othello's* pleasure, our Noble and Val-
 iant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd,
 importing the meere perdition of the Turkish Fleet:
 every man put himselfe into Triumph. Some to daunce,
 some to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and
 Reuels his addition leads him. For besides these bene-
 ficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So
 much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offi-
 ces are open, & there is full libertie of Feasting from this
 pre-

preferre houre of five, till the Bell have told eleven.
Blesse the Isle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*.
Exit.

Enter Othello, Desdemona, Cassio, and Attendants.
Othello. Good Michael, looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our felues that Honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cassio. Iago, hath direction what to do.
But notwithstanding with my personall eye
Will I looke to't.

Othello. Iago, is most honest:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchase made, the fruites are to enioy,
That profit's yet to come 'twenea me, and you.
Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Iago.

Cassio. Welcome Iago I we must to the Watch.
Iago. Not this honre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten
o'th'clocke. Our Generall cast vs thus carely for the
lose of his *Desdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blamej
he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and
the is sport for *Ioue*.

Cassio. She's a most exquisite Lady.
Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.
Cassio. Indeed she's a most fresh and delicate creature.
Iago. What an eye she ha's?
Methinkes it founds a parley to prouocation.

Cassio. An inuiting eye:
And yet me thinks right modest.
Iago. And when she speaks,
Is it not an Alarm to Loue?

Cassio. She is indeed perfection.
Iago. Well: happinesse to their Sheetes. Come Lieu-
tenant, I haue a shope of Wine, and heere without are
a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a mea-
sure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Cassio. Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore,
and vnhappy Braines for drinking. I could well with
Curtisie would inuent some other Custome of enter-
tainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile
drinke for you.

Cassio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that
was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation
it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and
dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gal-
lants desire it.

Cassio. Where are they?
Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.
Cassio. Ile do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

Iago. If I can fisten but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
He'll be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Mistriu dogge.

Now my sicke Foole *Redorigo*,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three else of Cyprus, Noble swelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary distance,
The very Elements of this Warrelike Isle),
Haue I to night fluster'd with Bowing Cups,
And they Watch too.

Now 'mongh this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our *Cassio* in some Afflion
That may offend the life. But here they come.

Enter Cassio, Montano, and Gentlemen.
If Consequence do but approue my dreame,
My Boate failes freely, both with winde and Streame.
Cassio. 'Fore heaven, they haue given me a rowle already.
Montano. Good-faith a litle one: not past a pint, as I am a
Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.
And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, want life's but a span,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.

Some Wine Boyes.
Cassio. 'Fore Heaven: an excellent Song.
Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are
most potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine,
and your swag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke he) are
nothing to your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishmen so exquisite in his drink-
ing?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facilitie, your Dane
dead drunke. He sweates not to ouerthrow your Al-
maine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next
Pottle can be fill'd.

Cassio. To the health of our Generall.
Montano. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iustice.
Iago. Oh sweet England,
King Seiphen was and a worthy Peere,
His Breaches cost him but a Crowne,
He bid them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lorne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy aw'd Cloake about thee.

Some Wine hoa.
Cassio. Why this is a more exquisite Song then the o-
ther.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?
Cassio. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place,
that do's those things. Well: heau'ns above all: and
there be soules must be saved, and there he soules must
not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.
Cassio. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall,
nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too Lieutenant.
Cassio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The
Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient. Let's haue
no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgive vs our
sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse. Do not
thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this
is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke
now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Gen. Excellent well.
Cassio. Why very well then: you must not thinke then,
that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Montano. To th'Platforme (Masters) come, let's fet the
Watch.

Iago. You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to stand by *Cassio*,
And giue direction. And do but see his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iust Equinox,

The

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him :
I feare the trust *Othello* puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmities
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'll watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it :
Perhaps he fees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in *Cassio*,
And looks not on his euils : is not this true ?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?

I pray you after the Licutenant, go.

Mont. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingratt Infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not I, for this faire Island,
I do loue *Cassio* well : and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearken, what noise ?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodorigo.

Cas. You Rogue : you Rascall,

Mont. What's the matter Licutenant ?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie ? He beate the
Knaue into a Twiggien-Bottle.

Rad. Beate me ?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue ?

Mont. Nay, good Licutenant :

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)

Or he knocke you o're the Mazar.

Mont. Come, come : you're drunke.

Cassio. Druoke ?

Iago. Away I say : go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Licutenant. Alas Gentlemen :

Helpe ho. Licutenant. Sir *Montano* :

Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, ho :

The Towne will rife. Fie, fie Licutenant,

You'll be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter heere?

Mont. I bleed still, I am hort to thy death. He dies.

Oth. Hold for your lues.

Iago. Hold ho : Licutenant, Sir *Montano*, Gentlemen:
Hae you forgot all place of sense and duet?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you : hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that

Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottomites*.

For Christian shame, pot by this barbarous Brawle :

He that first neat, to carue for his owne rage,

Holds his soule light : He dies vpon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the Isle,

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?

Honest *Iago*, that looks dead with greening,

Speake : who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know : Friends all, but now, even now.

In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome

Doeuelling them for Bed : and then, but now :

(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breastes,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speake

Any beginning to this perush odde.

And would, in Action glorious, I had lost

Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it (*Michael*) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy *Montano*, were you wont to be ciuill :

The grauitie, and shillnesse of your youth

The world hath noted. And your name is great

In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter

That you vnlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.

Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger,

Your Officer *Iago*, can informe you,

While I spare speech which something now offends me.

Of all that I do know, nor know I ought

By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,

Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,

And to defend our selues, it be a sinne

When violence affailes vs.

Oth. Now by Heauen,

My blood begies my safer Guides to rule,

And passion (hauing my best iudgement collid)

Assaies to leade this way. If I once stir,

Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you

Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know

How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,

And he that is approu'd in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,

Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,

To Manage priuete, and domesticke Quarrell?

In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?

'Tis monstrous: *Iago*, who began't?

Mont. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,

Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,

Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so necre,

I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,

Then it should do offence to *Michael Cassio*.

Yet I periwade my selfe, to speake the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:

Montano and my selfe being in speech,

There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,

And *Cassio* following him with determin'd Sword

To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,

Steppes in to *Cassio*, and entreates his pause:

My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,

Least by his lamour (as it so fell out)

The Towne might fall in fight. He, (swift of foote)

Out-ran my purpose : and I return'd then rather

For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,

And *Cassio* high in oath : Which till to night

I nere might say before. When I came backe

(For this was briefe) I found them clost together

At blow, and thrust, even as againe they were

When you your selfe did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report,

But Men are Men : The best sometimes forget,

Though *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that with them best,

Yet surely *Cassio*, I beleoe receiv'd

From him that first, some strange Indignitie,

Which patience could not paffe.

Oth.

Otho. I know *Lago*
Thy honestie, and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*: *Cassio*, I love thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attendid.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
He make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (*Deere*)?

Otho. All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Lago, looke with care about the Towne,
And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
Come *Desdemona*, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmie slumbers wak'd with strife. *Exit.*

Lago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Lago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Repotation: Oh I haue
lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of
myselfe, and what remaines is bestiall. My Reputation,
Lago, my Reputation.

Lago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had
receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that
then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false
imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-
serving. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you
repute your selfe such a looser. What man, there are
more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are
but now cast in his moode; (a punishment more in policie,
then in malice) euen so as one would beate his of-
fencelesse dogge, so asright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to
him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And
squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourte Fustian
with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of
Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowen by, let vs call
thee Diuell.

Lago. What was he that you follow'd with your
Sword? What had he dooe to you?

Cas. I know not.

Lago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of thiogs, but nothing di-
stinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that
men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to Reale-
away their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasure,
reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.

Lago. Why? But you are now well enough: how
came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the diuine drunkenness, to giue
place to the diuine wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me
another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Lago. Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the
Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country staads
I could hardly with this had not befallne: but since it is, as
it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell
me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*,
such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sen-
sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh
strange! Erry inordinate cup is vnles'd, and the Ingre-
dient is a diuell.

Lago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar
Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaim no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue
you.

Cassio. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?

Lago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a
time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our Generall's
Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect,
for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the
Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts
and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Impor-
tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is
of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition,
she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more
then she is requested. This broken ioynt betwene
you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my
Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of
your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Cassio. You aduise me well.

Lago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest
kindnesse.

Cassio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the mor-
ning, I will beseech the vertuous *Desdemona* to vndertake
for me: I am desperat of my Fortunes if they check me.

Lago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I
must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest *Lago*.

Exit Cassio.

Lago. And what's he then,
That saies I play the Villaine?
When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,
Probable to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis most easie
Th'inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,
All Seales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:
His Soule is so enfetted to her Loue,
That the may make, vnmake, do what she list,
Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,
With his weaker Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counsell *Cassio* to this parallelle euer,
Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,
When duels will the blackest sinners put oo,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shewes,
As I do now. For whilst this honest Foole
Plies *Desdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:
That the repeales him, for her bodies Lust
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodnesse make the Net,
That shall en-math them all.
How now *Rodrigo*?

Enter Rodrigo.

Rodrigo. I do follow here in the Chace, not
like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the
Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night
exceedingly well Cosgell'd: And I thinke the issue
will

will bee, I shall haue so much experience for my paines; And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience? What wound did euer heale but by degrees? Thou know'st we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft And Wit depends on dilatory time:

Don't not go well? *Cassio* hath beaten thee, And thou by that small hurt hath calthe'd *Cassio*: Though other things grow faire against the Sun, Yet Fruites that blossome first, will first be ripe: Content thy selfe, a-while. In troth 'tis Morning; Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short. Retire thee, go where thou art Billited: Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay get thee gone.

Exit Rodorigo.

Two things are to be done: My Wife must moue for *Cassio* to her Mistresse: He set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart, And bring him Iump, when he may *Cassio* finde Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way: Dull not Deuice, by coldnesse, and delay.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cassio, Musicians, and Clowns.

Cassio. Masters, play heere, I wil content your paines, Something that's briefe and bid, goodmorrow General.

Cl. Why Masters, haue your Instrumnts bin in Naples, that they speake I'th' Nose thus?

Mus. How Sir? how?

Cl. Are these I pray you, winde Instrumnts?

Mus. I marry are they fir.

Cl. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, fir?

Clow. Marry fir, by many a winde Instrumnt that I know. But Masters, heere's money for you: and the General so likes your Musick, that he desires you for loues sake to make no more noise with this.

Mus. Well Sir, we will not.

Cl. If you haue any Musicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they say) to heare Musicke, the General do's not greatly care.

Mus. We haue none such, fir.

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagges, for Ile away. Go, vanish into ayre, away.

Exit Mus.

Cassio. Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Cl. No, I heare not your honest Friend:

I heare you.

Cassio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillens, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the General be stirring, tell her, there's one *Cassio* entertains her a little fauour of speech. Wilt thou do this?

Cl. She is stirring fir: if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her.

Exit Clow.

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago*.

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Cassio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted. I haue made bold (*Iago*) to fend in to your wife: My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*

Procure me some access.

Iago. Ile fend her to you presently: And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore Out of the way, that your conseruic and boinesse May be more free.

Exit

Cassio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew A Florentine more kinde, and honest.]

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am sorrie For your displeasure: but all will sure be well. The General and his wife are talking of it, And the speakes for you stoutly. The Moore replies, That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus, And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wifedome He might not but refuse you. But he protests he loues you And needs no other Sutor, but his likings To bring you in againe.

Cassio. Yet I beseech you, If you thinke fit, or that it may be done, Giue me advantage of some breefe Discourse With *Desdemona* alone.

Emil. Pray you come in: I will bestow you where you shall haue time To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Oth. These Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot, And by him do my duties to the Senate: That done, I will be walking on the Workes, Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordship.

Exeunt

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.

Des. Be thou assur'd (good *Cassio*) I will do All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Emil. Good Madam do:

I warrant it grieues my Husband, As if the cause were his.

Des. Oh that's an honest Fellow, Do not doubt *Cassio* Bot I will haue my Lord, and you againe As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous Madam, What euer shall become of *Michael Cassio*, He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Des. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord: You haue knowne him long, and be you well assur'd He shall in transgenefice stand no farther off, Then in a politick distance.

Cassio. I, but Lady, That policie may either last so long, Or feede vpon such nice and waterish diet, Or breed it selfe fo out of Circumstances, That I being absent, and my place supply'd, My General will forget my Loue, and Service.

Des. Do not doubt that: before *Emilia* here,

I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll performe it
To the last Article. My Lord shall neuer rest,
He watch him time, and take him out of patience;
His Bed shall seeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
He intermingle every thing he do's
With *Cassio's* suite: Therefore be merry *Cassio*,
For thy Solicitor shall rather dye,
Then give thy cause away.

Enter *Othello*, and *Iago*.

Emil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Def. Why stay, and heere me speake.

Cassio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Vnfit for mine owne purposes.

Def. Well, do your discretion. Exit *Cassio*.

Iago. Hah! I like not that.

Othel. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if—I know not what.

Othel. Was not that *Cassio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Cassio* my Lord? No sure, I cannot thinke it
That he would steale away so guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.

Othel. I do beleuee 'twas he.

Def. How now my Lord?

I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Othel. Who is't you meane?

Def. Why your Lieutenant *Cassio*: Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His present reconciliation take.

For if he be not one, that truly looses you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Canning,

I haue no iudgement in an honest face.

I prythee call him backe.

Othel. Went he hence now?

Def. I tooke; so humbled,

That he hath left part of his griefe with mee
To suffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

Othel. Not now (sweet *Desdemona*) some other time.

Def. But shall't be shortly?

Othel. The sooner (Sweet) for you.

Def. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Othel. No, not to night.

Def. To morrow Dinner then?

Othel. I shall not dine at home:

I meete the Capitaines at the Cittadell.

Def. Why then to morrow night, on Tuesday morne,

On Tuesday noone, or night; on Wednesday Morne.

I prythee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:

And yet his Treasures, in our common reason

(Sawe that they say the warres most make example)

Out of her best, is not almost a fault

T'encurre a private checke. When shall he come?

Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule

What you would aske me, that I should deny,

Or stand so mam'ring on? What? *Michael Cassio*,

That came a wooing with you? and so many a time

(When I haue spoke of you dispraisingly)

Hath tane your part, to haue so much to do

To bring him in? Trank me, I could do much.

Othel. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:

I will deny thee nothing.

Def. Why, this is not a Boone:

'Tis as I should entreate you weare your Gloeces,
Or feede on nourishing dishes, or keepe you warme,
Or sue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne person. Nay, when I haue a suite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It shall be full of poise, and difficult weight,
And fearefull to be granted.

Othel. I will deny thee nothing.

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my selfe.

Def. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Othel. Farewell my *Desdemona*, Ile come to thee straight.

Def. *Emilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:

What ere you be, I am obedient. Exit.

Othel. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule

But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Othel. What dost thou say, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Cassio*

When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Othel. He did, from first to last:

Why dost thou aske?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my Thought,

No further harme.

Othel. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.

Othel. O yea, and went betwene vs very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Othel. Indeed? I indeed. Discearn't thou ought in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my Lord?

Othel. Honest? I, Honest.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Othel. What do'st thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Othel. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou echost me;

As if there were some Monster in thy thought

Too hideous to be shewne. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'st not that;

When *Cassio* left my wife. What did'st not like?

And when I told thee, he was of my Counsaile,

Of my whole course of wooing; thou cried'st, Indeeds?

And did'st contrarie, and purst thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut vp in thy Braine

Some horrible Conceits. If thou do'st loue me,

Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Othel. I thinke thou do'st:

And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honestie,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giu'st them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine, fright me the more:

For such things in a false disloyall Knaue

Are trickes of Custome: but in a man that's iust,

They're close dilations, working from the heart,

That Passion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Cassio*,

I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

Othel. I thinke so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seeme,

Or those that be not, would they might seeme none.

Othel. Certaine, men should be what they seeme.

Iago. Why then I thinke *Cassio's* an honest man.

Othel. Nay, yet there's more in this?

I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings,

As thou dost ruminate, and giue thy worst of thoughts

The

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to every Ache of dutie,
I am not bound to that : All Sinaes are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why say, they are wild, and false?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breast so pure,
Wherein vnclenly Apprehensions
Keepe Leeter, and Law-dayes, and in Sessions sit
With meditations lawfull?

Oth. Thou do'st conspire against thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his eare
A stranger to thy Thoughts.

Iago. I do befeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guesse
(As I confesse it is my Natures plague
To spy into Abuses, and of my ieaiousie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wisedome
From one, that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your selfe a trouble
Out of his scattering, and vntrue obseruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honesty, and Wisedome,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What do'st thou meane?

Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Sooles;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin stau to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.

Oth. He know thy Thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custodie.

Oth. Ha?

Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of ieaiousie,
It is the greene-cy'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in blisse,
Who certaine of his Fate, loves not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tells he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suspects, yet soundly loves?

Oth. O miserie.

Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches finelesse, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he shall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From ieaiousie.

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of ieaiousie;
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be resolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I shall turne the businesse of my Soule
To such exultation, and bloud'd Seruises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me ieaious,
To say my wife is false, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of Speech, Singa, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, these are more vertuous,
Nor from mine owne weak merites, will I draw
The smallest feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For she had eyes, and chose me. No *Iago*,
Hee see before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or ieaiousie.

Ia. I am glad of this: For now I shall haue reason
To shew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker spirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receive it from me. I speake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, obserue her well with *Cassio*,
Weare your eyes, thus; not ieaious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of selfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country disposition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen see the pranks
They dare not shew their Husbands.
Their best Confidence,
Is not to leaue't vnknowne, but kept vnknowne.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that so young could giue out such a Seeming
To steale her Fathers eyes vp, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.

But I am much too blame:
I humbly do befeech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits:

Oth. Not a lot, not a lot.

Iago. Trust me, I feare it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do see y'are mou'd:
I am to pray you, not to straine my speech
To grouer issues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so (my Lord)
My speech should fall into such wilde successe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.

Cassio's my worthy Friend:

My Lord, I see y'are mou'd:

Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but *Desdemona's* honest.

Iago. Long live she so;

And long live you to thinke so.

Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it selfe.

Iago. I, there's the point:

As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propos'd Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Where to we see in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may smel in such, a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts vnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in position
Distinctly speake of her, though I may feare
Her will, reuoyling to her better iudgement,
May fall to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou dost perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obserue.

Leaue me *Iago*.

Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.

Othel. Why did I marry?

This honest Creature (doublelesse)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnolds.

Iago

Lago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To scan this thing no farther : Leave it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Cassio* have his Place ;
For sure he files it up with great Ability ;
Yet if you please, to him off a-while :
You shall by that perceive him, and his meanes :
Note if your Lady strain his Entertainment
With any strong, or vehement importunities.
Moch will be fene in that : In the meane time,
Let me be thought too huse in my feeres,
(As worthy cause I have to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your Honor.

Orb. Feare not my government.

Lago. I once more take my leave.

Exit.

Orb. This Fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Iesser were my deere heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And have not those soft parts of Conuersion
That Chamberers have : Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my reliefe
Must be to loath her. Oh Curse of Marriage !
That we can call these delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites ? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dongeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vses. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiue d' theye leffe then the Base,
'Tis destiny vnshannable, like death :
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Look where she comes :

Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

If she be false, Heaven mock'd it selfe :
He not helcue't.

Des. How now, my deere *Orbello* ?
Your dinner, and the generous blunders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Orb. I am too blame.

Des. Why do you speake so faintly ?
Are you not well ?

Orb. I have a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.

Des. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Orb. Your Napkin is too little :

Let it alone : Come, Ile go in with you.

Exit.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

Emil. I am glad I have found this Napkin :
This was her first remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Wood'd me to steale it. But she so louses the Token,
(For he coniu'd her, she should euer keepe it)
That she referes it euermore about her,
To kisse, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't *Lago* : what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I :
I nothing, but to please his Fantasie.

Enter Lago.

Lago. How now ? What do you heere alone ?

Emil. Do not you chide : I haue a thing for you.

Lago. You haue a thing for me ?

It is a common thing—

Emil. Hah ?

Lago. To haue a foolish wife.

Emil. Oh, is that all ? What will you giue me now
For that fume Handkerchiefe.

Lago. What Handkerchiefe ?

Emil. What Handkerchiefe ?

Why that the Moore first gaue to *Desdemona*,
That which so often you did bid me steale.

Lago. Hast stolne it from her ?

Emil. No : but she let it drop by negligence,
And to th' aduantage, I being heere, took't vp :
Looke, heere 'tis.

Lago. A good wench, giue it me.

Emil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene
so earnest to haue me filch it ?

Lago. Why, what is that to you ?

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giue't me againe. Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Lago. Be not acknowledge on't :

I haue vs'd for it. Go, leaue me.

Exit Emil.

I will in *Cassio's* Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. 'Tis less light as ayre,
Are to the ieaious, confirmations strong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do something.
The Moore already changes with my poyson :
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poysons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste ;
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did say so.

Enter Orbello.

Look where he comes ! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowie Syrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that sweete sleepe
Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

Orb. Ha, ha, false to mee ?

Lago. Why how now General ! No more of that.

Orb. Auant, be gone : Thou hast set me on the Racke !
I sweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.

Lago. How now, my Lord ?

Orb. What sence had I, in her stolne houres of Lust ?
I saw't not, thought it not : it harm'd not me :
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Cassio's* kisses on her Lippen :
He that la robb'd, not wanting what is stolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Lago. I am sorry to heare this ?

Orb. I had bene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde ; farewell Content ;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue ! Oh farewell ;
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the shrill Trumps,
The Spirit-stirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualities,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumstance of glorious Warre :
And O you mortall Engines, whose rude throates
Th'immortall loues dread Clamourous counterfet,
Farewell : *Orbello's* Occupation's gone.

Lago. Is't possible, my Lord ?

Orb. Villaine, be sure thou proue my Loue a Whore ;
Be sure of it : Giue me the Occular prooffe,

Or

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou hadst bin better have bin borne a Dog
Theo aswer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probatioo beare no Hindge, oor Loupe,
To hang a doubt oo: I Or woe vpon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amas'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heaen forgie me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Seefe?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'd to make thinne Hunesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thank you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loose no Friend, fith Loue breeds such offence.

Oth. My stay: I thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wife; for Honestie's a Foole,
And looks that it workes for.

Oth. By the World,

I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some prooffe. My name that was as fresh
As *Diana's* Village, is now begird'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knives,
Poysen, or Fire, or suffocating steames,
Ile not idore it. Would I were satisfied.

Iago. I see you are eaten vp with Passion:
I do repeat me, that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossly gape oo?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Dammne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do see them boulder
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office.

But fith I am entred in this cause to farre
(Prick'd too't by foolish Honestie, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could oot sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Deidamia*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) heard he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry curfed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wife; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, is your wifes hand?

Oth. I gae her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wifes) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that.

Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.

It speaks against her with the other proofes.
Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
Ooe is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.

Now do I see 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond loue thos do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone.
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell besome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspics tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose icie Current, and compulsiue course,
Neu'r keepe retyring ebbe, but keepe due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespont:
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yood Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet!

Witnesse you euer-burning Lights about,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witnesse that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Service. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me as someife,
What bloody businesse euer.

Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliu.

Iago. My Friend is dead:

'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue.

Oth. Dammne her lewde Miox!

O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.

Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.
Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Desdemona, Emilia, and Clown.

Def. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Def. Why mast?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Def. Go too: where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel yoo where I lye.

Def. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-oife a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re-port?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Def. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I haue mou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. Exit Clow.

Def. Where should I loofe the Handkerchiefe, eEmilia?

eEmil. I know not Madam.

Def. Beleeue me, I had rather haue lost my purfe Full of Crusadoes. And but my Noble Moore Is true of minde, and made of no such basenefse, As iaculous Creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill-thinking.

eEmil. Is he not iaculous?

Def. Who, be? I thinke the Soe where he was borne, DREW all such humors from him.

eEmil. Looke where he comes.

Enter Orsello.

Def. I will not leaue him now, till Cassio be Call'd to him. How is't with yoo, my Lord?

Orb. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble! How do you, Desdemona?

Def. Well, my good Lord.

Orb. Giue me your hand.

This hand is moist, my Lady.

Def. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Orb. This argues fruitfullnesse, and liberall heart: Hot, hot, and moist. This hand of yours requires A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer, Much Castigation, Exercise deuout, For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand, A frank one.

Def. You may (indeed) say so:

For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Orb. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands: But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Def. I cannot speake of this:

Come, now your promise.

Orb. What promise, Chucke?

Def. I haue sent to bid Cassio come speake with you.

Orb. I haue a salt and sorry Rheume offends me: Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Def. Heere my Lord.

Orb. That which I gaue yoo.

Def. I haue it not about me.

Orb. Not?

Def. No indeed, my Lord.

Orb. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe

Did an Egyptian to my Mother giue:

She was a Charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people. She told her, while she kept it,

'T would make her Amiable, and subdue my Father

Intirely to her loue: But if she lost it,

Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye

Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits should hunt

After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,

And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)

To giue it her. I did to; and take heede on't,

Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:

To loose't, or giue't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Def. Is't possible?

Orb. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:

A Sybill that had numbred in the world

The Sun to course, two hundred compasses,

In her Prophetick furie fow'd the Worke:

The Wormes were hallow'd, that did breed the Silke,

And it was dyde in Mummy, which the Skilfull

Conferu'd of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed? Is't true?

Orb. Most veritable, therefore looke too't well.

Def. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer seene't!

Orb. Ha? wherefore?

Def. Why do you speake so startlingly, and rash?

Orb. Is't lost? Is't gon? Speake, is't out o'th'way?

Def. Blesse vs.

Orb. Say you?

Def. It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Orb. How?

Def. I say it is not lost.

Orb. Fetcht, let me see't.

Def. Why so I can: but I will not now:

This is a trick to pot me from my soite,

Pray you let Cassio be receiu'd againe.

Orb. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,

My minde mis-giues.

Def. Come, come: you'll neuer meete a more suffici-ent man.

Orb. The Handkerchiefe.

Def. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;

Shar'd dangers with you.

Orb. The Handkerchiefe.

Def. Insooth, you are too blame.

Orb. Away.

Exit Orsello.

eEmil. Is not this man iaculous?

Def. I neu'r saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this Handkerchikfe, I am most vnhappy in the losse of it.

eEmil. 'Tis not a yecore or two shewes vs a man:

They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,

They este vs huogery, and when they are full

They belch vs.

Enter Iago, and Cassio.

Looke you, Cassio and my Husband.

Iago. There is no other way: 'tis the most doo't: And loe the happinesse: go, and importune her.

Def.

Des. How now (good *Cassio*) what's the newes with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suite. I do beseech you, That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe Exit, and be a member of his loue, Whom I, with all the Office of my heart Intirely honour, I would not be delay'd. If my offence, be of such mortall kinde, That nor my Seruice past, nor present Sorrowes, Nor purpos'd merit in futurity, Can rancome me into his loue againe, But to know so, mozt be my benefit: So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content, And shut my selfe vp in some other course To Fortunes Almes.

Des. Alas (thrice-geetle *Cassio*) My Aduocation is not now in Tune; My Lord, is not my Lord; nor should I know him, Were he in Favour, as in Humour alter'd. So helpe me euery spirit fancified, As I haue spoken for you all my best, And stood within the blanke of his displeasure For my free speech. You must awhile be patient: What I can do, I will: and more I will Then for my selfe, I dare. Let that suffice you.

Lago. Is my Lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now: And certainly in strange vnquietnesse.

Lago. Can he be angry? I haue scene the Cannon Whee it hath blowne his Ranks into the Ayre, And like the Diuell from his very Arme Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry? Something of moment then: I will go meet him, There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Exit

Des. I prythee do so. Something fure of State, Either from Venice, or some vnhatc'd practise Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him, Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases, Mens Natures wrangle with inferior things, Though great ones are their object. 'Tis euen so. For let our finger ake, and it endues Our other healthfull members, euen to a sense Of paine. Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods, Nor of them looke for such obseruance As fits the Bridall. Bethrew me much, *Emilia*, I was (vnhandsome Warrior, as I am) Arraigning his vnkindnesse with my soule: But now I finde, I had forbore'd the Witnesse, And he's Indited falsely.

Emil. Pray heauen it bee State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception, Nor no leasiuous Toy, concerning you.

Des. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cause.

Emil. But leasiuous foules will not be answer'd so; They are not euer iealous for the cause, But iealous, for they're iealous. It is a Monster Begot vpon it selfe, borne on it selfe.

Des. Heauen keepe the Monster from *Othello's* mind.

Emil. Lady, Amen.

Des. I will go seeke him. *Cassio*, walke heere about:

If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your suite,

And seeke to effect it to my vttermoost.

Cas. I hombly thanke your Ladyship.

Exit

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Saue you (Friend *Cassio*.)

Cassio. What make you from home?

How is't with you, my mozt faire *Bianca*?

Indeed (sweet *Loue*) I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Cassio*.

What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Night?

Eight score eight houres? And Louers absent howres

More tedious then the Diall, eight score times?

Oh weary reack'ning.

Cassio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:

I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,

But I shall in a more continuat time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet *Bianca*

Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Cassio*, whence came this?

This is some Token from a newier Friend,

To the felt-Absence: now I feeble a Cause:

Is't come to this? Well, well.

Cassio. Go too, woman:

Throw your vild geffes in the Diuels teeth,

From whence you haue them. You are leasiuous now,

That this is from some Mitris, some remembrance;

No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, who's it is?

Cassio. I know not neither:

I found it in my Chamber,

I like the worke well; Ere it be demaod'd

(As like enough it will) I would haue it copied:

Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leave you? Wherefore?

Cassio. I do attend heere on the Generall,

And thinke it no addition nor my wish

To haue him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me.

I pray you bring me on the way a little,

And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,

For I attend heere: But Ile see you soone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstance'd.

Exeunt conuoy.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Lago.

Lago. Will you thinke so?

Oth. Thinke so, *Lago*?

Lago. What, to kisse in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kisse?

Lago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,

An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Lago*) not meane harme?

It is hypocrisie against the Diuell:

They that meane vertuously, and yet do so,

The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Lago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall slip:

But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Lago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,

She may (I thinke) bestow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectresse of her honor too:

May the giue that?

Lago.

Lago. Her honor is an Effence that's not seene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.

Orbe. By heauen, I would most gladly haue forgot it:
Thou saidst (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Raen o're the infectious house
Boarding to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Lago. I: what of that?

Orbe. That's not so good now.

Lag. What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as Knaves be such abroad,
Who haueing by their owne importunate fuit,
Or voluntary dotage of some Mistria,
Conuinc'd or suppl'd them, cannot chuse
But they most blab.)

Orb. Hath he said any thing?

Lago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well assur'd,
No more then he'll vn-fwear.

Orb. What hath he said?

Lago. Why, that he did: I know oot what he did.

Orbe. What? What?

Lago. Lye.

Orb. With her?

Lago. With her? On her: what you will.

Orbe. Lye with her? Lye on her? We say lye on her,
when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullsome:
Handkerchiefe: Confessions: Handkerchiefe. To confesse,
and be hang'd for his labour. First, to be hang'd,
and then to confesse: I tremble at it. Nature would not
inuest her selfe in such shadowing passion, without some
Instruccion. It is not words that shakes me thus, (pish)
Noses, Eares, and Lipps: is't possible. Confesse? Hand-
kerchiefe? O diuell, *Falls in a Trance.*

Lago. Worke on,

My Medicie worke. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaste Dames euen thus,
(All guiltlesse) meete reproach: what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I say: *Orbello.*

Enter Caffio.

How now *Caffio*?

Caf. What's the matter?

Lago. My Lord is false into an Epilepsie,
This is his second Fit: he had one yesterday.

Caf. Rub him about the Temples.

Lago. The Lethargie must haue his quyet course:
If oot, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to fozage madnesse. Looke, he stirres:
Do you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight: when he is gooe,
I would on great oceafoe, speake with you.
How is it General? Haue you not hurt your head?

Orbe. Dost thou mocke me?

Lago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:

Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Orbe. A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.

Lago. Ther's many a Beast then in a populous City,
And many a diuill Monster.

Orbe. Did he confesse it?

Lago. Good Sir, be a man:

Thinke eury bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aloue,
That nightly lye in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar. Your case is better.
Oh, 'tis the sight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure Cowch;

And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Orb. Oh, thou art wife: 'tis certaine.

Lago. Stand you a while apart,
Confiner your selfe but in a patient List,
Whil't you were heere, o're-whelmed with your grieve
(A passion most refuting such a man)

Caffio came hither. I shifted him away,
And layd good scutes vpon your Estate,
Bad him anon returne: and beere speake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your selfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in eury Region of his face.

For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gesture: marry Patience,
Or I shall say y're all in all in Spience,
And nothing of a man.

Orbe. Do't thou heare, *Lago*,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But (do't thou heare) most bloody.

Lago. That's not amiffe,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I question *Caffio* of *Bianca*,
A Hofwife, that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caffio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guill'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot restraîne
From the excessse of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Caffio.

As he shall smile, *Orbello* shall go mad:
And his vnbookish lelouise must conferue
Poore *Caffio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behauiours
Quite to the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Caf. The worser, that you giue me the addition,
Whole want euen kille me.

Lago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca*'s downe,
How quickly should you speed?

Caf. Alas poore Calistoe.

Orb. Looke how he laughs already.

Lago. I neuer knew woman loue man so.

Caf. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeede he loues me.

Orb. Now he denies it faintly: and laughs it out.

Lago. Do you heare *Caffio*?

Orb. Now he importunes him

To tell it o're: go too, well said, well said.

Lago. She giues it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Caf. Ha, ha, ha.

Orb. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Caf. I marry. What? A customer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholesome. Ha, ha, ha.

Orb. So, so, so, so: they laugh, that winnes.

Lago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Caf. Prythee say true.

Lago. I am a very Villaine else.

Orb. Haue you fear'd me? Well.

Caf. This is the Monkeys owne going out:

She is perfwaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promise.

v v

Orbe.

Oth. *Iago* becomes me : now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was heere euen now : she haunts me in e-very place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Cassio*, as it were: his lecture im-ports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me : So shakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how he plucked him to my Cham-ber : oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge, I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leaue her companie,

Iago. Before me : looke where she comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caf. 'Tis such another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one? What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you : what did you meane by that fame Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it : I must take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you should finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is some Mines token, & I must take out the worke? There, glue it your Hobby-horse, wherefoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio. How now, my sweete *Bianca*?

How now? How now?

Oth. By Heauen, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'll come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. Exit

Iago. After her : after her.

Caf. I must, she'll rayle in the streets else.

Iago. Will you fup there?

Cassio. Yes, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you : for I would ve-ry faine speake with you.

Caf. Prythee come : will you?

Iago. Go too : say no more.

Oth. How shall I murder him, *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you see the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand : and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife : the gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing : A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to stone : I strike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature : she might lye by an Em-perours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but say what she is : so delicate with her Needles : an admirable Musician. Oh she will sing the Sausage out of a Beare : of so high and plenteous wit, and inuention?

Iago. She's the worst for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thousand, a thousand times :

And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Oth. Nay that's certaine :

But yet the pity of it, *Iago* : oh *Iago*, the pity of it

Iago.

Iago. If you are so fond ouer her iniquitie : giue her patten to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Meffes : Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poyson, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expofultate with her : leaft her body and beautie vnpro-uide my mind againe : this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed, Euen the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good :

The lustice of it pleases : very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his vndertaker :

You shall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Oth. Excellent good : What Trumpet is that fame?

Iago. I warrant something from Venice,

'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke.

See, your wife's with him.

Lod. Salue you worthy Generall.

Oth. With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Oth. I kisse the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*?

Iago. I am very glad to see you Signior :

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you : how do's Lieutenant *Cassio*?

Iago. Lives Sir,

Des. Cozen, there's false betwene him, & my Lord, An vnkind breach : but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. This faile you not to do, as you will——

Lod. He did not call : he's busie in the paper, Is there deuision 'twixt my Lord, and *Cassio*?

Des. A most vnhappy one : I would do much 't'attonce them, for the loue I beare to *Cassio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimstone.

Des. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wife?

Des. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be the Letter mou'd him.

For as I thinke, they do command him home, Deputing *Cassio* in his Government.

Des. Trust me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My Lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. Why, sweete *Othello*?

Oth. Diuell.

Des. I haue not deferr'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be belieu'd in Venice, Though I should sweare I saw't. 'Tis very much, Make her amends : the weepes.

Oth. Oh diuell, diuell !

If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares, Each drop the falls, would proue a Crocodile : Out of my fight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

Lod. Truly obedient Lady :

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Oth.

Otho. Miltris.

Def. My Lord.

Otho. What would you with her, Sir?

Lord. Who I, my Lord?

Otho. I, you did with, that I would make her turne:

Sir, she can turne, and turne : and yet go on

And turne againe. And she can weepe, Sir, weepe.

And she's obedient : as you say obedient.

Very obedient : proceed you in your teares.

Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)

I am commanded home : get you away :

He lead for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,

And will returne to Venice. Hence, aunt :

Cassio shall haue my Place. And Sir, to night

I do entreat, that we may sup together.

You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.

Goates, and Monkeys.

Exit.

Lord. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate

Call all in all sufficient? Is this the Nature

Whom Passion could not shake? Whose solid vertue

The shot of Accident, nor dart of Chance

Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Jago. He is much chang'd.

Lord. Are his wits safe? Is he not light of Braine?

Jago. He's that he is : I may not breath my censure.

What he might beif what he might, he is not,

I would to heauen he were.

Lord. What? Strike his wife?

Jago. Faith that was not so well : yet would I knew

That stroke would proue the worth.

Lord. Is it his life?

Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,

And new create his fault?

Jago. Alas, alas!

It is not honestie in me to speake

What I haue seene, and knowne. You shall obserue him,

And his owne courtes will deonte him so,

That I may saue my speech : do but go after

And marke how he continues.

Lord. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Emilia.

Otho. You haue seene nothing then?

Emil. Nor euer heard : nor euer did suspect.

Otho. Yes, you haue seene *Cassio*, and the together.

Emil. But then I saw no harme : and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made vp betweene them.

Otho. What? Did they neuer whisper?

Emil. Neuer my Lord.

Otho. Nor fend you out o'th' way?

Emil. Neuer.

Otho. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor no-

Emil. Neuer my Lord. (thing?)

Otho. That's strange.

Emil. I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:

Lay downe my Soule at stake : If you thinke other,

Remove your thought. It doth abuse your bosome:

If any wretch haue put this in your head,

Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curse,

For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy. The purest of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander.

Otho. Bid her come hither : go. *Exit Emilia.*

She saies enough : yet she's a simple Brud

That cannot say as much. This is a subtle Whore :

A Closset Lock and Key of Villanous Secrets,

And yet she'll kneele, and pray : I haue seene her do't.

Enter Desdemona, and Emilia.

Def. My Lord, what is your will?

Otho. Pray you Chucke come hither.

Def. What is your pleasure?

Otho. Let me see your eyes : looke in my face.

Def. What horrible Fancie's this?

Otho. Some of your Function Miltris :

Leaue Procreants alone, and shut the doores

Cough, or cry hem; if any bod ycome :

Your Mystry, your Mystry : I may dispatch. *Exit Emilia.*

Def. Vpon my knee, what doth your speech import?

I vnderstand a Fury in your words.

Otho. Why? What art thou?

Def. Your wife my Lord : your true and loyall wife.

Othello. Come sweare it : damne thy selfe, least

being like one of Heauen, the diuels themselves should

fear to cease thee. Therefore be double damn'd : sweare

thou art honest.

Def. Heauen doth truly know it.

Otho. Heauen truly knowes, that thou art false as hell.

Def. To whom my Lord?

With whom? How am I false?

Otho. Ah *Desdemona*, away, away, away.

Def. Alas the heavy day : why do you weep?

Am I the motiue of these teares my Lord?

If happily you my Father do suspect,

An Instrument of this your calling backe,

Lay not your blame on me : if you haue lost him,

I haue lost him too.

Otho. Had it pleas'd Heauen,

To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd

All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head :

Steep'd me in poudertie to the very lipps,

Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmost hopes,

I should haue found in some place of my Soule

A drop of patience. But alas, to make me

The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,

To point his frow, and mouing finger at.

Yet could I beare that too, well, very well :

But there where I haue garner'd vp my heart,

Where either I must liue, or wear no life,

The Fontaine from the which my current runs,

Or else dries vp : to be discardsd thence,

Or keepe it as a Cesterne, for foule Toades

To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there :

Patience, thou young and Rose-lip'd Cherubin,

I heere looke grim as hell.

Def. I hope my Noble Lord esteemes me honest.

Otho. Oh I, as Sommer Flies are in the Shambles,

That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed :

Who art so louely faire, and smell'st so sweete,

That the Sense akes at thee,

Would thou had'st neuer bin borne.

Def. Alas, what ignorant sin haue I committed?

Otho. Was this faire Paper? This most goodly Booke

Made to write Whore vpon? What committed,

v v 2

Com-

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commover,
I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modestie,
Did I but speake thy deedes. What committed?
Heauen stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moone winks:
The handy winde that kisses all it meetes,
Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What committed?

Def. By Heauen you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a Strumpet?

Def. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preferre this vessell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a Whore?

Def. No, as I shall be sau'd.

Oth. Is't possible?

Def. Oh Heauen forgie vs.

Oth. I cry you mercy then.

I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Mistresse,

Enter Emilia.

That haue the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keeps the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our course: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counsaile. *Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceale?

How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Def. Faith, halie a sleepe.

Emil. Good Madam,

What's the matter with my Lord?

Def. With who?

Emil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Def. Who is thy Lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet Lady.

Def. I haue none: I do not talke to me, *Emilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor answere haue I none,
But what should go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed, my wedding sheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Heere's a change indeed.

Def. 'Tis meete I should be vs'd so: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might sticke
The small't opinion on my least misdeed?

Enter Iago, and Emilia.

Iago. What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie tasks.
He might haue chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Emil. Alas, *Iago*, my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispiight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Def. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)

Def. Such as she said my Lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid such termes vpon his Cajlet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Def. I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.

Emil. Hath shee forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?

To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Def. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Bethrew him for't:

How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Def. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternall Villaine,
Some busie and insinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get some Office,
Haue not deuiz'd this Slander: I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man: it is impossible.

Def. If any such there be, Heauen pardon him.

Emil. A halter pardoo him!

And hell gnaw his bones.

Why should he call her Whore?

Who keeps her companie?

What Place? What Time?

What Forme? What likelihood?

The Moore's abus'd by some most villanous Knaue,

Some base notorious Knaue, some scurvy Fellow.

Oh Heauens, that such companions thou'd'st vnfold,

And put in euery honest hand a whip

To lash the Rascalls naked through the world,

Euen from the East to th'West.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Emil. Oh fie vpon them: some such Squire hee was

That turn'd your wit, the feamy-deed without,

And made you to suspect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go too.

Def. Alas *Iago*,

What shall I do to win my Lord againe?

Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,

I know not how I lost him. Heere I kneele:

If ere my will did trespass 'gainst his Loue,

Either in discourse of thought, or actuall deed,

Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Seene

Delighted them: or any other Forme,

Or that I do not yet, and euer did,

And euer will, (though he do shake me off

To beggerly disuorcement) Loue him dearely,

Comfort forswear me. Vnkindnesse may do much,

And his vnkindnesse may defeat my life,

But neuer taint my Loue. I cannot say Whore,

It do's abhorre me now I speake the word,

To do the Act, that might the addition earne,

Not the worlds Masse of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:

The businesse of the State do's him offence.

Def. If 'twere so other.

Iago. It is but so, I warrant,

Hearke how these Instruments summon to supper:

The Messengers of Venice staies the meate,

Go in, and weepe out: all things shall be well.

Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.

Enter Rodrigo.

How now *Rodrigo*?

Rod. I do not finde

That thou deal'st iustly with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodri. Every day thou dost me with some deuise
Iago, and rather, as it seemes to me now, keep'st from
me all conueniencie, then suppliest me with the least ad-
uantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor
am I yet perwaded to put vp in peace, what already I
haue foolishly suffred.

Iago. Will you heare me *Rodrigo*?

Rodori. I

Roderi. I have heard too much : and your words and Performances are so kio together.

Lago. You charge me most vniuilly.

Rodo. With naught but truth : I have wasted my selfe out of my meanes. The Jewels you haue had from me to deliuer *Defdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votariſt. You haue told me ſhe hath receiued them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſodaine reſpect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Lago. Well, go too : very well.

Rod. Very well, go too : I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is ſcuruy : and begin to finde my ſelfe fopt in it.

Lago. Very well.

Roderi. I tell you, 'tis not very well : I will make my ſelfe knowne to *Defdemona*. If ſhe will returne me my Jewels, I will giue over my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull ſolicitation. If not, aſſure your ſelfe, I will ſeeke ſatiſfaction of you.

Lago. You haue ſaid now.

Rodo. I : and ſaid nothing but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Lago. Why, ow I ſee there's mettle in thee : and euen from this infant do build on thee a better opinion thee euer before : giue me thy hand *Roderigo*. Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt iuſt exception : but yet I proteſt I haue dealt moſt directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Lago. I grant indeed it hath oot appeer'd : and your ſuſpition is not without wit and iudgement. But *Roderigo*, if thou haſt taken in thee indeed, which I haue greater reaſon to beleue now theu euer (I meane purpoſe, Courage, and Valour) this night ſhew it. If thou ſhalt next night following enioy not *Defdemona*, take me from this world with *Trancheerie*, and deuiſe Engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it ? Is it within, reaſon and compaſſe ?

Lago. Sir, there is eſpeciall Commiſſion come from Venice to depote *Caffio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true ? Why then *Othello* and *Defdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Lago. Oh no : he goes into *Mauritania* and taketh away with him the faire *Defdemona*, vnleſſe his a-bode be lingred heere by ſome accident. Where in none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caffio*.

Rod. How do you meane removing him ?

Lago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place : knocking out his braiues.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Lago. I : if you dare do your ſelfe a profit, and a right. He ſuys to night with a Harlot : and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will watch) to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be neere to ſecond your Attempt, and he ſhall fall betweene vs. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me : I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſitie in his death, that you ſhall thinke your ſelfe bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper time : and the night grows to waſt. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reaſon for this.

Lago. And you ſhall be ſatiſfied.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Defdemona, Emilia, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beſeech you Sir, trouble your ſelfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me : 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodui. Madam, good night : I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.

Def. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir ? Oh *Defdemona*.

Def. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'infant, I will be return'd forthwith : diſmiſſe your Attendant there : look't be done.

Exit.

Def. I will my Lord.

Em. How goes it now ? He looks gentler then he did.

Def. He ſaies he will returne incontinent,

And hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bid me to diſmiſſe you.

Em. Diſmiſſe me ?

Def. It was his bidding : therefore good *Emilia*, Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu. We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Em. I, would you had ouer ſcene him.

Def. So would not I : my loue doth ſo approve him, That euen his ſtubborneſſe, his checks, his frownes, (Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Em. I haue, laid thoſe Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Def. All's one : good Father, how fooliſh are our miſds ?

If I do die before, prythee throw'd me

In one of theſe ſame Sheetes.

Em. Come, come : yon talke.

Def. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,

She was in loue : and he ſhe lou'd prou'd mad,

And did forſake her. She had a Song of Willough,

An old thing 'twas : but it expreſſ'd her Fortune,

And the dy'd ſinging it. That Song to night,

Will not go from my mind : I haue much to do,

But to go hang my head all at one ſide

And ſing it like poore *Barbarie* : prythee diſpatch.

Em. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne ?

Def. No, vn-pin me here,

This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Em. A very handſome man.

Def. He ſpeakes well.

Em. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd

barefoot to Paleſtine for a touch of his nether lip.

Def. The poore Soule ſat ſinging, by a *Sycamore* tree.

Sing all a greene Willough :

Her hand on her breaſt her head on her knee,

Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.

The freſh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes

Sing Willough, &c.

Her ſalt teares fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones,

Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by theſe)

Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee : he'le come anon)

Sing all a greene Willough muſt be my Garland.

Let no body blame him, but ſeare I approve.

(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knockes ?)

Em. It's the wind.

Def. I call'd my Loue falſe Loue : but what ſaid he then ?

Sing Willough, &c.

If I court no women, you'le court with me men.

v v 3

So

So get thee gone, good night : mine eyes do itch :
Doth that bode weeping ?

eEmil. 'Tis neither heere, nor there

Def. I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men !
Do'st thou in confidence thinke (tell me *eEmilia*)
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such grosse kinde ?

eEmil. There be some such, no question.

Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

eEmil. Why, would not you ?

Def. No, by this Heauenly light.

eEmil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doe't as well I th'darke.

Def. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world ?

eEmil. The world's a huge thing :

It is a great price, for a small vice.

Def. Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

eEmil. Introth I thinke I should, and vndoe't when
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a
Ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for
all the whole world : why, who would not make her hus-
bands Cuckold, to make him a Monarch ? I should venture
Purgatory for't.

Def. Bestrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

eEmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong I th'world ;
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not thinke there is any such woman.

eEmil. Yes, a dozen : and as many to th'vantage, as
would store the world they paid for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults

If Wives do fall : (Say, that they slacke their duties,

And poure our Treasures into forraigne laps ;

Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,

Throwing restraint vpon vs : Or say they strike vs,

Or feare our former hauing in despite)

Why we haue galled : and though we haue some Grace,

Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,

Their wives haue sense like them : They see, and smell,

And haue their Palats both for sweet and sowre,

As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,

When they change vs for others ? Is it Sport ?

I thinke it is : and doth Affection breed it ?

I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres ?

It is too. And haue not we Affections ?

Desires for Sport ? and Frailty, as men haue ?

Then let them vs well : else let them know,

The illies we do, their illies in trust vs fo.

Def. Good night, good night !

Heauen me such vices find,

Not to picke bad, from bad ; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodriago.

Iago. Heere, stand behinde this Barke,

Straight will he come :

Weare thy good Rapier bare, and pot it home :

Quicke, quicke, feare nothing ; Ile be at thy Elbow,

It makes vs, or it murther vs, thinke on that,

And fixe most firme thy Resolution.

Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Heere, at thy hand : Be bold, & take thy stand.

Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,

And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons :

'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword : he dies.

Iago. I haue rub'd this young Quat almost to the sense,

And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,

Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,

Every way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodriago*,

He calles me to a restitution large

Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,

As *Gnists* to *Desdemona*.

It must not be : If *Cassio* do remaine,

He hath a dayly beauty in his life,

That makes me vgly : and besides, the Moore

May vnfold me to him : there stand I in much perill :

No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming.

Enter Cassio.

Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he : Villaine thou dyest.

Cas. That thrust had bene mine enemy indeed,

But that my Coate is better then thou know'st :

I will make proofe of thine.

Rod. Oh, I am faine.

Cassio. I am mayn'd for euer :

Helpe ho ! Marther, murther.

Enter Otello.

Oth. The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. O Villaine that I am.

Oth. It is euen so.

Cas. Oh helpe ho ! Light, a Surgeon.

Oth. 'Tis he : O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,

That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,

Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,

And your vnblest Fate hinges : Strumpet I come :

For of my heart, those Charms thine Eyes, are blotted.

Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lulls blood be spotted.

Exit Otello.

Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.

Cas. What hoa ? no Watch ? No passage ?

Murther, Murther.

Gra. 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

Cas. Oh helpe.

Lod. Hearke.

Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.

Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heuy night ;

These may be counterfeits : Let's thinke't vnafse

To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Rod. Nobody come : then shall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago.

Lod. Hearke.

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and Weapons.

Iago. Who's there ?

Who's noyse is this that cries on murther ?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you heare a cry ?

Cas. Heere, heere : for heauen sake helpe me.

Iago. What's the matter ?

Gra. This is *Otello's* Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

Iago. What are you heere, that cry so greuously ?

Cas. *Iago* ? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines :

Giue me some helpe.

Iago. O mee, Lieutenant !

What Villaines haue done this ?

Cas. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,

And

And cannot make away.

Lago. Oh treacherous Villaines!

What are you there? Come in, and give some helpe.

Rad. O helpe me there.

Cassio. That's one of them.

Lago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!

Rad. O damn'd *Lago*! O inhumane Dogge!

Lago. Kill men i'th darke?

Where be these bloody Theeues?

How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder.

What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

Lod. As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

Lago. Signior Lodouico?

Lod. He Sir.

Lago. I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.

Gra. *Cassio*?

Lago. How is't Brother?

Caj. My Legge is cut in two.

Lago. Marry heauen forbid!

Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter ho? Who is't that cry'd?

Lago. Who is't that cry'd?

Bian. Oh my deere *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Lago. O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect

Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?

Caj. No.

Gra. I am sorry to finde you thos;

I haue bene to feeke you.

Lago. Lend me a Garter. So:—Oh for a Chaire

To beare him easily hence.

Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

Lago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Traith

To be a party in this Inurie.

Patience awhile, know *Cassio*. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: I know w^e this face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

Roderigo? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Roderigo*.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Lago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

Gra. Know him? I.

Lago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry you gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,

That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Lago. How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

Gra. *Roderigo*?

Lago. He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

Ile fetch the Generall's Sargeon. For you *Mistress*,

Sae you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

Caj. None in the world: nor do I know the man?

Lago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, *Mistress*?

Do you perceiue the gashesse of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltlesse will speake

Though tongues were out of viter.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

Lago. *Cassio* hath heere bin set on i^o the darke

By *Roderigo*, and Fellowes that are lea'd i^o

He's almost slaine, and *Roderigo* quite dead.

Emil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Cassio*.

Lago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *Emilia*,

Go know of *Cassio* where he fupt to night.

What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He fupt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Lago. O did he so? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.

Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honest,

As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? Fie vpon thee.

Lago. Kinde Gentlemen:

Let's go see poore *Cassio* dress.

Come *Mistress*, you must tel's another Tale.

Emilia, run you to the Cittadell,

And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:

Will you go on afore? This is the night

That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Otobello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Otb. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)

Let me not name it to you, you chaffe Starres,

It is the Cause. Yet Ile not shed her blood,

Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,

And smooth as Monumentall Alabaster:

Yet she must dye, else shee'l betray more meo:

Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:

If I quench thee, thou flaming Miniliter,

I can againe thy former light restore,

Should I repeat me. But once put out thy Light,

Thou cuoning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,

I know not where is that *Promethean* heate

That can thy Light re-Lume.

When I haue pluck'd thy Rose,

I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,

It needs must wither. Ile smell thee on the Tree.

Oh Balmie breath, that doth almost perfwade

Iustice to breake her Sword. Ooe more, one more:

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And loue thee after. One more, and that's the last.

So sweet, was ne're so fustill. I must weep,

But they are cruell Teares: This sorrow's heauenly,

It strikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Otbello*?

Otb. I *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Otb. Haue you pray'd to night, *Desdemona*?

Des. I my Lord.

Otb. If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime

Vnrecoocill'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,

Solicite for it straight.

Des. Alaske, my Lord,

What may you meane by that?

Otb. Well, do it, and be brieue, I will walke by:

I would oot kill thy vnrepay'd Spirit,

No, Heuens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.

Des. Talke you of killing?

Otb. I, I do.

Des. Theo Heauen haue mercy on mee.

Otb.

Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Def. And yet I feare you : for you're fatal then
 When your eyes rowle fo
 Why I should feare, I know not,
 Since guiltlesse I know not : But yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy finnes.
Def. They are Loues I beare to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'st.
Def. That death's vnnatural, that kills for louing.
 Alas, why gnaw you fo your nether-lip?
 Some bloody paffion flakes your very Frame :
 These are portents : but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Def. I will fo : What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
 Which I fo lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'st to *Caffio*.
Def. No by my Life, and Soule : I fend for the man,
 And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periuir,
 Thoo art on thy death-bed.
Def. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Presently.
 Therefore confesse thee freely of thy finne :
 For to deny each Article with Oath,
 Cannot remove, nor choake the strong Conception
 That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Def. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. I say, Amen.
Def. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
 Offend you in my life : neuer lou'd *Caffio*,
 But with such generall warrantie of Heauen,
 As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
 By Heauen I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
 O periu'r'd woman, thou do'st stonish my heart,
 And makes me call, what I intend to do,
 A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
 I saw the Handkerchiefe.
Def. He found it then :
 I neuer gaue it him : I send, for him hither :
 Let him confesse a truth.
Oth. He hath confest.
Def. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Def. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Def. He will not say fo.
Oth. No : his mouth is stopp'd :
 Hence *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
Def. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haire bin liues, my great Reuenge
 Had stomacke for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet : weep't thou for him to my face?
Def. O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you strue.
Def. Bot halfe an hoore.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawse.
Def. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smother's her.*

cEmilia at the doore.

cEmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?

My Lord, my Lord.

Oth. What noife is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
 I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
 I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
 So, so.

cEmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?

Oth. Who's there?

cEmil. Oh good my Lord, I would speake a word
 with you.

Oth. Yes : 'Tis *cEmilia* : by and by. Shee's dead.

'Tis like the comes to speake of *Caffio*'s death?
 The noife was high. Hah, no more moouing!
 Still as the Graue. Shall the come in? Wer't good?
 I thinke the stirres againe. No, what's best to do?
 If the come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife!
 My wife, my wife : what wife? I haue no wife.
 Oh insoportable! Oh heauy hoore!
 Me thinks, it should be now a huge Eclipse!
 Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
 Did yawne at Alteration.

cEmil. I do beleeue you

That I may speake with you. Oh good my Lord.

Oth. I had forgot thee : oh come in *cEmilia*.

Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
 Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

Enter cEmilia.

cEmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murtherers
 done.

Oth. What? now?

cEmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
 She comes more neerer Earth then the was wont,
 And makes men mad.

cEmil. *Caffio*, my Lord, hath kill'd

A young Venetian, call'd *Roderigo*.

Oth. *Roderigo* kill'd? and *Caffio* kill'd?

cEmil. No, *Caffio* is not kill'd.

Oth. Not *Caffio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
 And sweet Reuenge grows harsh.

Def. O falsely, falsely murder'd.

cEmil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That? What?

cEmil. Out, and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
 Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie speake againe,
 Sweet *Desdemona*, oh sweet Mistris, speake.

Def. A guiltlesse death, I dye.

cEmil. Oh who hath done this deed?

Def. No body : I my selfe, farewell :

Commend me to my kinde Lord : oh farewell.

Oth. Why, how should he be murder'd?

cEmil. Alas : who knows?

Oth. You heare her say her selfe, it was not I.

cEmil. She said so : I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,

'Twas I that kill'd her.

cEmil. Oh the more Angell she, and you the black-
 er Diuell.

Oth. She turn'd to folly : and she was a whore.

cEmil. Thou do'st bely her, and thou art a diuell.

Oth. She was false as water.

cEmil. Thou art rash as fire, to say

That she was false. Oh she was heauenly true.

Oth. *Caffio* did top her : Ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell!

But that I did proceed upon iust grounds
 To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

cEmil.

Emil. My Husband?

Orb. Thy Husband.

Emil. That he was false to Wedlocke?

Orb. I, with *Caffio*: had the bin true,

If Heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect Chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My Husband?

Orb. I, 'twas he that told me on her first,
An honest man he is, and hates the same
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My Husband?

Orb. What needs this itterance, Woman?

I say, thy Husband.

Emil. Oh Mistress,

Villany hath made mockes with ioue:

My Husband say he was false?

Orb. He, Woman;

I say thy Husband: Do'st vnderstand the word?

My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest *Lago*.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious Soule

Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,

She was too fond of her most filthy Bargaine.

Orb. Hah?

Emil. Do thy worst:

This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou wast worthy her.

Orb. Peace, you were bell.

Emil. Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,

As I houe to be hurt. Oh Goll, oh doits,

As ignorant as durt: thou hast done a deed

(I care not for thy Sword) lie make thee known,

Though I lost twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, ho, helpe!

The Moore hath kill'd my Mistress. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Lago.

Max. What is the matter? How now General?

Emil. Oh, are you come, *Lago*: you haue done well,

That men must lay their Murthers on your necke.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disproue this Villaine, if thou bee'st a man:

He sayes, thou told'st him that his wife was false:

I know thou did'st not: thou'rt not such a Villain.

Speake, for my heart is full.

Lago. I told him what I thought,

And told no more

Then what he found himselfe was apt, and true.

Emil. But did you euer tell him,

She was false?

Lago. I did.

Emil. Yoo told a Lye, an odious damned Lye:

Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.

Shee false with *Caffio*?

Did you say with *Caffio*?

Lago. With *Caffio*, Mistress?

Go too, charme your tongue.

Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;

I am bound to speake,

My Mistress heere lyes murdered in her bed.

All. Oh Heauens, forefend.

Emil. And your reports haue set the Murder on.

Orbello. Nay, false not Masters,

It is true indeede.

Gra. 'Tis a strange Truth.

Mont. O monstrous Acte.

Emil. Villany, villany, villany!

I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I smelt't: O Villany:

I thought so then: He kill my selfe for greefe.

O villany! villany!

Lago. What, are you mad?

I charge you get you home.

Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to speake:

'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:

Perchance *Lago*, I will ne're go home.

Orb. Oh, oh, oh.

Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That ere did lift vp eye.

Orb. Oh the was fowle!

I scarce did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,

Whose breath (indeed) these hands haue newly stopp'd:

I know this acte shewes horrible and grim.

Gra. Poore *Dydemon*:

I am glad thy Father's dead,

Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe

Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,

This fight would make him do a desperate turne:

Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,

And fall to Reprobance.

Orb. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Lago* knows

That she with *Caffio*, hath the Act of shame,

A thousand times committed. *Caffio* confest it,

And the did gratifie his amorous workes

With that Recognisance and pledge of Loue

Which I first gaue her: I saw it in his hand:

It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token

My Father gaue my Mother.

Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heavenly Powres!

Lago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I pease?

No, I will speake as liberall as the North;

Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,

All, all, erie shame against me, yet lie speake.

Lago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.

Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,

That Handkerchiefe thou speak'st of

I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:

For often, with a solemne earnestnesse,

(More then indeed belong'd to such a Trifle)

He begg'd of me, to steale't.

Lago. Villanous Whore.

Emil. She giue it *Caffio*! No, alas I found it,

And I did giue't my Husband.

Lago. Filth, thou lyest.

Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:

Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what should such a Foole

Do with so good a wife?

Orb. Are there no stones in Heauen,

But what serues for the Thunder?

Precious Villaine.

Gra. The woman fallies:

Sore he hath kill'd his Wife.

Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Mistress side.

Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain: take you this weapon

Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:

Come guard the doore without, let him not passe,

But kill him rather. He after that same villaine,

For 'tis a damned Slave.

Exit.

Orb.

Oth. I am not valiant neither :
But every Punie whipler gets my Sword.
But why should Honor out-live Honesty ?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy Song bold Lady ?
Hearke, canst thou heare me ? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Muficke : *Willough, Willough,*
Moore, the was chafte ! She loo'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to blisse, as I speake true :
So speaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.

Oth. I have another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper :
Oh heere it is : Vnkle I must come forth.

Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee deere ;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.
Oth. Lookke in vpon me then, and speake with me,
Or naked as I am I will affault thee.

Gra. What is the matter ?

Othel. Behold, I have a weapon :
A better neuer did it selfe sustaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue seene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Thre twenty times your Shop. But (oh valine boast)
Who can controll his Fate ? 'Tis not fo now.
Be not affraid, though you do see me weapon'd :
Heere is my iournois end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmost Saile.
Do yoo go backe dismayd ! 'Tis a lost feare !
Man but a Ruth against *Othello's* brest,
And he retires. Braue me *Othello* go ?
Now : how dost thou looke now ? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke : when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fieods will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl ?
Euen like thy Chastity. O cursed, cursed Slaue !
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the possession of this Heauenly fight :
Blow me about in winde, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Deylemen* ! dead *Deylemen* ! dead. Oh, oh !

Enter Lodowick, Cassio, Montano, and Iago,
with Officers.

Lod. Where is this rash, and most vnfortunate man ?

Oth. That's he that was *Othello* : heere I am.

Lod. Where is that Viper ?

Bring the Villaine forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet ; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'st a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.

Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.

Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.

Othel. I am not forry neither, I'll haue thee liue :
For in my sence, 'tis happinesse to die.

Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slaue,
What shall be faide to thee.

Oth. Why any thing :

An honourable Murderer, if you will :
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confest his Villany :
Did you and he consent in *Cassio's* death.

Oth. I.

Caf. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue yoo cause.

Oth. I do beleue it, and I aske your pardon :
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,

Why he hath thus enfar'd my Soule and Body.

Iag. Demand me nothing : what you know, you know :
From this time forth, I neuer will speake word.

Lod. What' not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir,

You shall vnderstand what hath beside,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the slain *Roderigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be vnderooke
By *Roderigo*.

Oth. O Villaine !

Cassio. Most Heathenish, and most grosse.
Lod. Now, heere's another discontented paper
Found in his pocket too : and this it seemes
Roderigo meant t'haue sent this damned villaine :
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisf'd him.

Oth. Oh thou pernicious Caitiffe ;
How came you (*Cassio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wifes ?

Cassio. I found it in my Chamber :
And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Othel. O Foole, foole, foole !

Cassio. There is besides, in *Roderigo's* Letter,
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch : whereon it came
That I was cast : and euen but now he spake
(After long seeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this roome, and go with vs :
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close Prisoner rest,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.

Oth. Soft you ; a word or two before you goe :
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't :
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you shall these vnluckie deede relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice.

Then must you speake,
Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well :
Of one, not easily Iesluous, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme : Of one, whose hand
(Like the base Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe : Of one, whose subdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-fused to the melting moode,
Drops teares as fast as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this :
And say besides, that in *Alcoppe* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th' throat the circumsised Dogge,
And smote him, thus.

Lod. Oh bloody period.

Gra. All that is spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kill't thee, ere I kill'd thee : No way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse.

'Dyes
Cassio.

act

Caf. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon :
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh Spartan Dogge :
More fell then Anguish, Hunger, or the Sea :
Looke on the Tragick Loading of this bed :
This is thy worke :
The Obiect poysons Sight,

Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And seize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they succede on you. To you, Lord Gouvernor,
Remaines th eCensure of this hellish villaine :
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it :
My selfe will fraight aboard, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(: : • • :)



Thello, the Moore.
Brabantio, Father to Desdemona.
Cassio, an Honourable Lieutenant.

Iago, a Villaine.
Rodorigo, a gull'd Gentleman.
Duke of Venice.

Senators.
Montano, Gouverneur of Cyprus.
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, and Gratiano, two Noble Venetians.
Soylers.
Clozene.

Desdemona, Wife to Othello.
Emilia, Wife to Iago.
Bianca, a Cartezan.





THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-floues the measure : those his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Vpon a fawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his back, reneges all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To coole a Gypfies Lull.

*Flourish. Enter Anthonie, Cleopatra her Ladies, the
Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.*

Looke where they come :
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see,
Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggerie in the loue that can be reckon'd
Cleo. Ile set a bourne how farre to be belou'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.
Ant. Grates me, the summe.
Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthonie*.
Falsia perchance is angry : Or who knows,
If the fcarfe-bearded *Cæsar* haue not sent
His powerfull Mandate to you. Do this, or this ;
Take in that Kingdome, and infranchise that :
Perform't, or else we damne thee.
Ant. How, my Love ?
Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like ;
You must not stay heere longer, your dismissal
is come from *Cæsar*, therefore heare it *Anthonie*.
Where's *Falsia* Proceffe? (*Cæsars* I would say) both ?
Call in the Messengers : As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blindest *Anthonie*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæsars* homager : else so thy checke payes shame,
When thrill-tongu'd *Falsia* scolds. The Messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall : Heere is my place,
Kingdomes are clay : Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man ; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus : when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Perrelesse.

Cleo. Excellent fallhood :

Why did he marry *Falsia*, and not loue her?
Ile seeme the Foole I am not. *Anthonie* will be himselfe.

Ant. But flirr'd by *Cleopatra*.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night ?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene !

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe : who euery passion fully strives
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
We'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Cæsar* with *Anthonie* priz'd so flight ?

Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not *Anthonie*,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with *Anthonie*.

Dem. I am full surry, that hee approves the common
Liar, who thus speaks of him at Rome ; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. *Exeunt*

*Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Soothsayer, Ransius, Lucillius,
Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.*

Char. L. *Alexas*, sweet *Alexas*, most any thing *Alexas*,
almost most absolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so to'th' Queene ? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Soob. Your will ?

Char. Is this the Man ? Is't you sir that know things ?
Soob. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banquet quickly : Wine enough,

Cleopa

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good fir, give me good Fortune.

Soth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Soth. You shall be yet farr fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentiuſe.

Char. Huſh.

Soth. You ſhall be more beſouing, then beſoued.

Char. I had rather heate my Luer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now ſome excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Othelius Ceſar*, and companion me with my Miſtris.

Soth. You ſhall out-lie the Lady whom you ſerue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Soth. You haue feene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then beſike my Children ſhall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches muſt I haue.

Soth. If euery of your wiſhes had a wombe, & fore-tell euery wiſh, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your ſheets are prinie to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hereſ.

Alex. We'll know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to oight, ſhall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme preſages Chaſtity, if nothing els.

Char. E'oe as the o're-flowing Nylus preſageſh Fame.

Iras. Go yoo wilde Bedfellow, yoo cannot Soothſay.

Char. Nay, if aſo oylly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognofication, I eſonot ſcratch mine care. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.

Soth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, give me particulars.

Soth. I haue ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you chooſe it.

Iras. Not in my Huſbands noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts Heanens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her dye too, and give him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grane, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Iſis* I beſeech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddeſſe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-Wiu'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to beholde a ſoule Knaue vnuckolded: Therefore deere *Iſis* keep deſcure, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themſelues Whores, but they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Huſh, heere comes Anthony.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpoſ'd to mirth, but on the ſodayne A Romane thought hath ſtrooke him.

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias*?

Alex. Heere at your ſeruiſe.

My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Meſſenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:

Go with vs.

Exeunt.

Meſſen. Fulvia thy Wife,

Fiſt came into the Field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother Lucius?

Meſſen. I: but ſooner that Warre had eod,

And the times ſtate

Made friends of them, loynting their force 'gainſt Ceſar,

Whoſe better iſſue in the warre from Italy,

Vpon the fiſt encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worſt.

Meſſen. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. Wheo it concerns the Foole or Coward: On

Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,

Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,

I heare him as he ſlatter'd.

Meſſen. Labienus (this is Riſſe-oewes)

Hath with his Parthian Force

Extended Aſia: from Euphrates his conquering

Banner ſhooke, from Syria to Lydia,

And to Ionia, whil't ———

Ant. Anthony thou would'ſt ſay.

Meſſen. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,

Mince not the general tongue, name

Cleopatra as ſhe is call'd in Rome:

Raile thou in Fulvia's phraſe, and t'not my faults

With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice

Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,

When our quicke windeſ lye ſtill, and our illes told vs

Is as our eareing: ſare thee well awhile.

Meſſen. At your Noble pleaſure.

Exit Meſſenger.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Ant. From *Scicio* how the newes? Speake there.

1. Meſſen. The man from *Scicio*,

Is there ſuch an one?

2. Meſſen. He ſtays vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:

Theſe ſtrong Egyptian Fetters I muſt breake,

Or looſe my ſelte in dotage.

Enter another Meſſenger with a Letter.

What are you?

3. Meſſen. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed ſhe.

Meſſen. In *Scicio*, her length of ſickneſſe,

With what elſe more ſerious,

Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Ant. Forbear me

There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I deſire it:

What our econtemps doth often horie from vs,

Wc

We with it ours againe. The present pleasure,
By resolution lowring, does become
The opposite of it selfe: she's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that shou'd her on.
I must from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thousand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idlenesse doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now Enobarbus.

Eno. What's your pleasure, Sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We see how mortall an unkindnesse is to them, if they suffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling an occasion, let women die. It were pity to cast them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the least noyle of this, dies instantly: I have seene her dye twenty times vpon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some louing acte vpon her, the hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure Loe. We cannot call her winds and waters, fighes and teares: They are greater stormes and Tempests then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shewre of Raine as well as Loe.

Ant. Would I had neuer seene her.

Eno. Oh sir, you had then left vsence a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to have bene hieft witball, would have discredited your Trauaile.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. *Fulvia* is dead.

Eno. *Fulvia*?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why sir, giue the Gods a thankfull Sacrifice: when it pleaseth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fulvia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the case to be lamented: This greets is crown'd with Consolation, your old Smocke brings forth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares lye in an Onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The businesse hath broached in the State, Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the businesse you have broach'd heere cannot be without you, especially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Answeres:

Let our Officers

Haue notice what we purpose. I shall breake

The canse of our Expedience to the Queene,

And get her loue to part. For not alone

The death of *Fulvia*, with more vrgent touches

Do strongly speake to vs: but the Letters too

Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,

Petition vs at home. *Scitum Pompeius*

Haue giuen the dare to *Cesar*, and commands

The Empire of the Sea. Our slippery people,

Whose Loue is neuer link'd to the deseruer,

Till his desert is past, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, stands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whose quality going on,
The fides o'th'world may danger. Much in breeding,
Which like the Counters helre, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyson. Say our pleasure,
To such whose places vnder vs, require
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iran.

Cleo. Where is he?

Chor. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is,

Whose with him, what he does:

I did not send you. If you finde him sad,

Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report

That I am sodaine sicke. Quickie, and returne.

Chor. Madam, me thinks if you did loue him dearly,

You do not hold the method, to enforce

The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, crosse him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a foole: the way to lose him.

Chor. Tempt him not so too farre. I with forbear,

In time we hate that which we once feare.

Enter Antiochus.

But heere comes *Antiochus*.

Cleo. I am sicke, and fullen.

Ant. I am sorry to giue heathing to my purpose.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I shall fall,

It cannot be thus long, the fides of Nature

Will not sustaine it.

Ant. Now my deere Queene.

Cleo. Pray you stand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye ther's some good news.

What sayes the married woman you may goe?

Would she had neuer giuen you leaue to come.

Let her not say 'tis I that keepe you heere,

I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods best know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene

So mightily betrayed: yet at the first

I saw the Treasons planted.

Ant. *Cleopatra*.

Cleo. Why should I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in wearing shake the Throned Gods)

Who haue bene false to *Falsia*?

Riotous madnesse,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vowes,

Which breake themselves in swearing.

Ant. Most sweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you seeke no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and goe:

When you feed staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then,

Eternity was in our Lipps, and Eyes,

Blisse to our browes bent: none our parts so poore,

But was a race of Heauen. They are so fill,

Or thou the greatest Souldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou should'st know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me *Queen* :
The strong necessity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while ; but my full heart
Remains in vfe with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords ; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domestick powers,
Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated growne to strength
Are newly growne to Lone : The eodcm'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such, as haue not thrived
Vpon the present state, whose Numbers threaten,
And quietnesse growne sicke of rest, would purge
By any desperate change : My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe my going,
Is *Fulvia* death.

Cleo. Thoughage from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childishnesse. Can *Fulvia* dye?
Ant. She's dead my *Queen*.

Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leysure read
The Garboyles the awak'd : at the last, best,
See whee, and where thee died.

Cleo. O most false Loue !
Where be the Sacred Violets thou should'st fill
With sorrowfull water ? Now I see, I see,
In *Fulvia* death, how mine reuiu'd shall be.
Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purposes I beare : which are, or cease,
As you shall giue th'advice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus slime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my Laze, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loves.

Ant. My precious *Queen* beforbear,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which stands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fulvia* told me.
I prythee turne aside, and weepe for her,
Then bid adieu to me, and say the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'll heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the best. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this *Hercolean* Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ile leave you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word :
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it :
Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it :
That you know well, something it is I would :
Oh, my Obluion is a very *Anthony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idlenesse your subiect, I should take you
For Idlenesse it selfe.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating Labour,
To heare such Idlenesse fo neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgive me,

Since my becommings kill me, when they do oot
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnprinted Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and flourish successe
Be strew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let vs go.

Come : Our separation fo abides and flies,
That thou seeing heere, goes yet with mee ;
And I hence fleeing, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Octavius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Train.*

Cef. You may see *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cesar* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes : He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The Lampes of night in reuell : Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra* : nor the *Queen* of *Italy*.
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchsafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abstracts of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not thinke

There are, euils enow to darken all his goodnesse:
His faults in him, seeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More ferie by nights Blacknesse ; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchase : what he cannot change,
Then what he chooseth.

Cef. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amisse to tumble on the bed of *Proomy*,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to sit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the streets at noone, and stand the Buffet
With knosues that smels of sweate : Say this becomes him
(As his compofure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish) yet must *Anthony*
No way excuse his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightnesse. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuoufnesse,
Full furists, and the drinelle of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound such time,
That drummes him from his sport, and speakes as loud
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid :
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.

Mef. Thy biddings haue bene done, & euery houre
Most Noble *Cesar*, shalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is strong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is below'd of those
That only haue feard *Cesar* : to the Ports
The discontented repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd.

Cef. I should haue knowne no lesse,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall state
That he which is was wisht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till o're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flisge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varying tyde

To rot it selfe with motion.

Mar. *Cæsar* I bring thee word,
Menecrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
 Makes the Sea serve them, which they eare and wound
 With keeles of every kinde. Many hot inrodes
 They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
 Lacke blood to thinke on't, and fluff youth revolt,
 No Vellell can peepe forth : bot 'tis as soone
 Taken as feene : for *Pompeys* name strikes more
 Then could his Warre refist.

Cæsar. *Anthony*,
 Leave thy lasciuious Vassalles. When thou once
 Was beaten from *Medusa*, where thou flew'st
Hirfius, and *Payse* Confuls, at thy heele
 Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,
 (Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
 Then Sauiages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke
 The stile of Horfes, and the gilded Puddle
 Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the daine
 The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.
 Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,
 The barkes of Trees thou brow'd. On the Alpes,
 It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,
 Which some did dye to looke on : And all this
 (It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)
 Was borne fo like a Soldiour, that thy cheekes
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pittie of him.

Cæf. Let his flames quickly
 Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
 Did shew our felues 'th' Field, and to that end
 Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*
 Thrives in our Idleness.

Lep. To morrow *Cæsar*,
 I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly
 Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
 To front this present time.

Cæf. Till which encounter, it is my busines too. Farwell.
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you shal know mean time
 Of stirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir
 To let me be partaker.

Cæsar. Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.

Cleo. *Charmian*.

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandrager*.

Char. Why Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleepe out this great gap of time :
 My *Anthony* is away.

Char. You thinke of him too much.

Cleo. O 'tis Treason.

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thoo, Eunuch *Mardian*?

Mar. What's your Highnesse pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to heere thee sing. I take no pleasure
 In ought an Eunuch ha's : 'Tis well for thee,
 That being vnseminar'd, thy freer thought
 May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

Mar. Yes gracious Madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
 But what in deede is honest to be done :
 Yet haue I hence Affections, and thinke
 What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian* :

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?

Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony* !
 Do brauely Horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mou'st,
 The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
 And Buzanet of men. Hee's speaking now,
 Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,
 (For so he calls me) Now I feede my selfe
 With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me
 That am with *Phæbus* amorous pinches blacke,
 And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæsar*,
 When thou wast heere about the ground, I was
 A morfell for a Monarke : and great *Pompey*
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
 There would he anchor his Aspet, and dye
 With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæsar.

Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Mark Anthony* ?
 Yet coming from him, that great Medicine hath
 With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Mark Anthony*?

Alex. Last thing he did (deere *Queen*)

Hee kist the last of many doubled kisses
 This Orient Pearle. His speech tickles in my heart.

Cleo. Mine eare must plucke it thence.

Alex. Good Friend, quoth he :

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an Oyster : at whose foote
 To mend the petty present, I will peece
 Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,
 (Say thou) shall call her Mistress. So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steele,
 Who neigh'd fo hie, that what I would haue spoke,
 Was beauly dumbe by him.

Cleo. What was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between y extremes
 Of hot and cold, he was not sad nor merrie.

Cleo. Oh well diuided disposition! Note him,
 Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man ; but note him.
 He was not sad, for he would shine on those
 That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
 Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
 In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.

Oh heavenly mingle! Bee't thou sad, or merrie,

The violence of either thee becomes,

So do's it no mans elfe. Met'st thou my Poets?

Alex. I Madam, twenty feour Messengers.

Why do you send fo thicke?

Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to send
 to *Anthony*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*.
 Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-
 uer loue *Cæsar* so?

Char. Oh that braue *Cæsar*!

Cleo. Be chosk'd with such another Emphasis,

Say the braue *Anthony*.

Char. The valiant *Cæsar*.

Cleo. By Isis, I will giue thee bloody teeth,

If thou with *Cæsar* Parago nagaine :

My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
 I sing but after you.

Cleo. My Sillad dayes,
 When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
 To fay, as I saide then. But come, away,
 Get me Inke and Paper,

Hee

he shall have every day a severall greeting, or Ile vnpeople Egypt.

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.

Pom. If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist The deeds of iustest men.

Mene. Know worthy Pompey, that what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays the thing we sue for.

Mene. We ignorant of our selues, Begge often our owne harmes, which the wife Powtes Deny vs for our good : so finde we profit By looking of our Prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :

The people loue me, and the Sea is mine ; My powers are Crescent, and my Auguring hope Sayes wit will come to th'full. Marke Anthony In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make No warres without doores. Caesar gets money where He looses hearts : Lepidus flatters both, Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loues, Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Caesar and Lepidus are in the field, A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where haue you this ? 'Tis false.

Mene. From Sililius, Sir.

Pom. He dreames : I know they are in Rome together Looking for Anthony : but all the charmes of Loue, Salt Cleopatra soften thy wand lip, Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both, Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts, Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes, Sharpen with cloysest sawce his Appetite, That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour, Euen till a Lethid dulnesse

Enter Varrus.

How now Varrus ?

Var. This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer : Marke Anthony is every houre in Rome Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis A space for farther Trauail.

Pom. I could haue giuen lesse matter A better care. Menas, I did not thinke This amorous Surfet would haue donn'd his Helme For such a petty Warre : His Souldieriship Is twice the other twaine : But let vs reare The higher our Opinion, that our stirring Can from the lap of Egypts Widow, plucke The neere Lust-weari'd Anthony.

Mene. I cannot hope, Caesar and Anthony shall well greet together ; His Wife that's dead, did trespass to Caesar, His Brother wand' vpon him, although I thinke Not mou'd by Antiopey.

Pom. I know not Menas, How lesser Enimities may giue way to greater, Were't not that we stand vp against them all : 'Twer pregnant they should square between themselves, For they haue entertained cause enough To draw their swords : but how the feare of vs May Clement their diuisions, and binde vp The petty difference, we yet not know : Bee't as our Gods will haue't ; it only stands Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands Come Menas.

Exeunt.

Enter Embarbus and Lepidus.

Lep. Good Embarbus, 'tis a worthy deed, And shall become you well, to intreat your Captaine To soft and gentle speech.

Emb. I shall intreat him To answer like himselfe ; if Caesar moue him, Let Anthony looke ouer Caesars head, And speake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter, Were I the wearer of Anthony's Beard, I would not shau't to day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate stomacking.

Emb. Every time serues for the matter that is then borne in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must giue way.

Emb. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion ; but pray you stirre No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble Anthony.

Enter Anthony and Ventidius.

Emb. And yonder Caesar.

Enter Caesar, Menas, and Agrippa.

Ant. If we compose well heere, to Parthia : Hearke Ventidius.

Caesar. I do not know Menas, aske Agrippa.

Lep. Noble Friends :

That which combin'd vs was most great, and let not A leaner adion rend vs. What's amisse, May it be gently heard. When we debate Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners, The rather for I earnestly beseech, Touch you the softest points with sweetest termes, Nor curstnesse grow to th'matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :

Were we before our Armies, and to fight, I should do thus.

Flourish.

Caes. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thanke you.

Caes. Sit.

Ant. Sit fir.

Caes. Nay then.

Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not so : Or being, concerne you not.

Caes. I must be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I Should say my selfe offended, and with you Chiefly i'th'world. More laught at, that I should Once name you derogately : when to found your name It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt Caesar, what was't to you ?

Caes. No more then my reciding heere at Rome Might be to you in Egypt ; yet if you there Did practise on my State, your being in Egypt Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practise' d ?

Caes. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent, By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother Made warres vpon me, and their contestation Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.

Ant. You do mistake your busines, my Brother neuer Did vrge me in his AQ : I did inquire it, And haue my Learning from some true reports That drew their swords with you, did he not rather Discredit my authority with yours, And make the warres alike against my stomacke, Hauing alike your cause. Of this, my Letters Before did satisfy you. If you'd patch a quarrell, As matter whole you haue to make it with,

x 3

It

It must not be with this.

Cefar. You praise your selfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me : but you patch vp your excuscs.

Antib. Not so, not so :

I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit, in such another,
The third oth' world is yours, with such a Snaffle,
You may pace easie, but not such a wife.

Embar. Would we had all such wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.

Antib. So much vncurable, her Garboiles (*Cefar*)
Made out of her impatience : which not wanted
Shredennesse of policie to : I greecing grant,
Did you too much disquiet, for that you must,
But say I could not helpe it.

Cefar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters : and with taunts
Did gibe my Misue out of audience.

Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then :
Three Kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i'th morning : but next day
I told him of my selfe, which was as much
As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be oathing of our strife : if we contend
Out of our question wipe him.

Cefar. You haue broken the Article of your oath,
which you shall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft *Cefar*.

Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him speake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lackt it : but on *Cefar*,
The Article of my oath.

Cefar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd
them, the which you both denied.

Antib. Neglected rather :

And then when poisoned houres had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as secretly as I may,
He play the penitent to you. But mine honesty,
Shall not make poore my greatnesse, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that *Fulvia*,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my selfe, the ignorant motive, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis Noble spoken.

Mace. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene yet to forget them quite,
Were to remember : that the present needs,
Speakes to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken *Mecenas*.

Embar. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the
instant, you may when you heare no more words of
Pompey returne it againe : you shall haue time to wrangle
in, when you haue nothing else to do.

Antib. Thou art a Souldier, onely speake no more.

Emb. That truth should be silent, I had almost for-
got.

Antib. You wrong this preference, therefore speake no
more.

Emb. Go too then : your Confederate stone.

Cefar. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech : for't cannot be,

We shall remaine in friendship, our conditions

So differing in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoopes should hold vs fionch from edge to edge
Ath' world : I would peruse it.

Agri. Giue me leaue *Cefar*.

Cefar. Speake *Agrippa*.

Agri. Thou hast a Sister by the Mothers side, admir'd
Othavia : Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widower.

Cefar. Say not, say *Agrippa* : if *Claspeter* heard you, your
proofe were well defended of rafhnesse.

Antib. I am not married *Cefar* : let me heere *Agrippa*
further speake.

Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-slipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Othavia to his wife : whose beauty claimes
No worse a husband then the best of men : whose
Vertue, and whose generall graces, speake
That which none else can vtter. By this marriage,
All little lelouhes which now seeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's : her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue spoke,
For 'tis a studied not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Antib. Will *Cefar* speake ?

Cefar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is spoke already.

Antib. What power is in *Agrippa*,

If I would say *Agrippa*, be it so,

To make this good ?

Cefar. The power of *Cefar*,

And his power, vnto *Othavia*.

Antib. May I neuer

(To this good purpose, that so fairly shewes)
Dreame of impediment : let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace : and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And sway our great Designs.

Cefar. There's my hand :

A Sister I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue so deerely. Let her lue
To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Flie off our Loues againe.

Lepi. Happily, Amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainst *Pompey*,
For he hath laid frame courtesies, and great
Of late vpon me. I must thanke him onely,
Least my remembrance, suffer ill report :
At heele of that, desie him.

Lepi. Time calls vpon't,
Of vs must *Pompey* presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out vs.

Antib. Where lies he ?

Cefar. About the Mount-Mefena.

Antib. What is his strength by land ?

Cefar. Great, and encreasing :

But by Sea he is an absolute Master.

Antib. So is the Fame,

Would we had spoke together. Hast we for it,
Yet ere we put our selues in Armes, dispatch we
The businesse we haue talkt of.

Cefar. With most gladnesse,
And do inuite you to my Sisters view,

Whether straight lie lead you.

Ant. Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.

Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not sicknesse should detain me.

Flurish. Exit omnes.

Mus. Enterbarbus, Agrippa, Mecnas.

Mec. Welcome from *Egypt* Sir.

Ens. Halfe the heart of *Caesar*, worthy *Mecnas*. My honourable Friend *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good *Embarbus*.

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested; you said well by't in *Egypt*.

Ens. I Sir, we did sleepe day out of countenance; and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight Wilde-Boares roasted whole at a breakfast; and but twelve persons there. Is this true?

Ens. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle; we had much more monstrous matter of Feast, which worthily deferred noting.

Mecnas. She's a most triumphant Lady, if report be square to her.

Ens. When she first met *Mark Anthony*, she purst vp his heart vpon the Riuers of *Sidius*.

Agri. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter deu-uis'd well for her.

Ens. I will tell you,

The Barge the fat in, like a burnisht Throne
Burnt on the water; the Poore was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes; and so perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-dicke.

With them the Owers were Silver,
Which to the tone of Flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faster;
As amorous of their strokes. For her owne person,
It beggerd all discretion, she did lye

In her Paulilion, cloth of Gold, of Tissue,
O're-picturing that Vennet, where we see
The fancie out-work Nature. On each side her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like smiling Cupids,
With diuers colour'd Fannes whose winde did seeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vridid did.

Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony*.

Ens. Her Gentlewoman, like the *Nereides*,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th' eyes,
And made their beards adornings. At the Helme.
A seeming Mer-maide steeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of those Flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A strange inuisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The City cast
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th' Market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to'th' ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

Agri. Rare *Egyptian*.

Ens. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* sent to her,
Invited her to Supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard speake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feast;
And for his ordinary, paises his heart,
For what his eyes eate only,

Agri. Royall Wench:

She made great *Caesar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and the cropt.

Ens. I saw her once

Hop forty Paces through the publicke streets,
And hauing loft her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And breathlesse powre breath forth.

Mec. Now *Anthony*, must leaue her vterly.

Ens. Neuer he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custome stale
Her infinite variety: nor othome cloy
The appetites they feede, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy Priests
Blesse her, when she is Riggish.

Mec. If Beauty, Wisdom, Modesty, can sett le
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octavia* is
A blessed Lottery to him.

Agrip. Let vs go. Good *Embarbus*, make your selfe
my guest, whilst you abide heere.

Ens. Humbly Sir I thank you.

Exeunt

Enter Anthony, Caesar, Octavia betweene them.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your bosome.

Oct. All which time, before the Gods my knee shall
bowe my payers to them for you.

Ant. Goodnight Sir. My *Octavia*

Read not my blemishes in the worlds report:
I haue not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by'th' Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir.

Caesar. Goodnight.

Exit.

Enter Sothsaier.

Ant. Now firrah: you do with your selfe in *Egypt*?

Soth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you
thither.

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Soth. I see it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,
But yet heie you to *Egypt* againe.

Ant. Say to me, whose Fortunes shall rise higher
Caesars or mine?

Soth. *Caesars*. Therefore (oh *Anthony*) stay not by his side
Thy Damon that thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, Courageous, high vnmatchable,
Where *Caesar* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-pow'r'd, therefore
Make space enough betwene you.

Ant. Speake this no more.

Soth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to loose: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beates thee 'gainst the odds. Thy Luster thickens,
When he shines by: I say againe, thy spirit
is all afraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to *Pantigius* I would speake with him.

Exit.

He hath spoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our sports my better cunning faile,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he speeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaille, still of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quiles euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to *Egypt*:

And

And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'East my pleasure lies. Oh come *Ventigius*.

Enter Ventigius.

You must to Parthis, your Commissions ready ;
Follow me, and recieve't.

Exeunt

Enter Lepidus, Maccus and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your selues no further : pray you
hasten your Generals after.

Agg. Sir, *Mark Antony*, will e'ne but kisse *Ottavia*,
and wee'll follow.

Lepi. Till I shall see you in your Souldiers dresse,
Which will become you both : Farewell.

Macc. We shall : as I conceiue the iourney, be at
Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is shorter, my purposes do draw me
much about, you'll win two dayes vpon me.

Boib. Sir good successe.

Lepi. Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me some Musicke: Musicke, moody foode
of vs that trade in Love.

Ommes. The Musicke, hon.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards : come *Charmian*.

Char. My arme is sore, best play with *Mardian*.

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as
with a woman. Come you'll play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shewed,

Though't come to thwart

The Actor may please pardon. He none now,
Giue me mine Angle, wee'll to'th'Riuer there
My Musicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fishes, my bended hooke shall pierce
Their slimy lawes : and as I draw them vp,
Hee thinkes them euery one an *Antony*,
And say, ah ha! are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Ang-
ling, when your diuer did hang a salt fish on his hooke
which he with seruencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times :

I laught him out of patience : and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed :
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilst
I wore his Sword *Philippian*. Oh from *Italie*,

Enter a Messenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitfull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Mess. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Antony's* dead,

If thou say so Villaine, thou kill'st thy Mistris :
But well and free, if thou so yield him.

There is Gold, and heere

My blewest vaines to kisse : a hand that Kings

Haue lipt, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.

But sirrah marke, we vse

To say, the dead are well : bring it to that,

The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr

Downe thy ill vntingred throat.

Mess. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will :

But there's no goodnesse in thy face if *Antony*

Be free and healthfull; so tart a fawour

To trumpet such good tidings. I not well,

Thou should'st come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Mess. Will please you heare me?

Cleo. I haue a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:

Yet if thou say *Antony* liues, 'tis well,

Or friends with *Cesar*, or not Captiue to him,

He set thee in a shower of Gold, and haile

Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And Friends with *Cesar*.

Cleo. Th'art an honest man.

Mess. *Cesar*, and he, are greater Friends then euery.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Mess. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does aize

The good precedence, be vpon both yet,

But yet as is a laylor to bring forth

Some monstrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,

Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare ;

The good and bad together : he's friends with *Cesar*,

In state of heal th thou said, and thou said, free.

Mess. Free Madam, no : I made no such report,

He's bound vnto *Ottavia*.

Cleo. For what good turne?

Mess. For the best turne I'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian*.

Mess. Madam, he's married to *Ottavia*.

Cleo. The most infectious Peitilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Mess. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What say you?

Strikes him.

Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile spurne thine eyes

Like balls before me : Ile vnhaire thy head,

Shee haies him vp and downe.

Thou shalt be whipt with Wyer, and stow'd in brine,

Smarting in lingring pickle.

Mess. Gracious Madam,

I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a Prouince I will giue thee,

And make thy Fortunes proud : the blow thou had'st

Shall make thy peace, for mousing me to rage,

And I will boot thee with what guift beside

Thy modestie can begge.

Mess. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liu'd too long.

Draw a knife.

Mess. Nay then Ile runne:

What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault.

Exit.

Char. Good Madam keepe your selfe within your selfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents scape not the thunderbolt :

Melt Egypt into Nile : and kindly creatures

Turne all to Serpents. Call the flauie againe,

Though I am mad, I will not byt him : Call?

Char. He is asfear'd to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,

These hands do lacke Nobility, that they strike

A meaner then my selfe : since I my selfe

Haue giuen my selfe the cause. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger againe.

Though it be honest, it is neuer good

To bring bad newes : giue to a gracious Messager

As host of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mef. I have done my duty.

Cles. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worse than I do,
If thou againe say yes.

Mef. He's married Madam.

Cles. The Gods confound thee,
Dost thou hold there still?

Mef. Should I lye Madame?

Cles. Oh, I would thou didst

So halfe my Egypt were submerg'd and made
A Cesterne for scald Snakes. Go get thee hence,

Had'st thou *Narcissus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'st appeere most vgly: He is married?

Mef. I craue your Highnesse pardon.

Cles. He is married?

Mef. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To punish me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequal, he's married to *O'tavia*.

Cles. Oh that his fault should make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art sure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:

Lye thy vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char. Good your Highnesse patience.

Cles. In praying *Anthony*, I have disprais'd *Cesar*.

Char. Many times Madam.

Cles. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,

I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.

Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him

Report the feature of *O'tavia*: her yeares,

Her inclination, let him not leaue out

The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,

Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*

Bring me word, how tall she is: pitty me *Charmian*,

But do not speake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Flourish. Enter *Pompey*, at one doore with *Drum* and *Trumpet*: at another *Cesar*, *Lepidus*, *Anthony*, *Enobarbus*, *Marcus*, *Agrippa*, *Menas* with *Souldiers* *Marching*.

Pom. Your Hostages I haue, fo haue you mine:
And we shall talke before we fight.

Cesar. Most meete that first we come to words,
And therefore haue we

Our written porpoises before vs sent,

Which if thou hast considered, let vs know,

If'twill tye vp thy discontented Sword,

And carry backe to Cicilie much tall youth,

That else must perish heere.

Pom. To you all three,

The Senators alone of this great world,

Chief Factors for the Gods. I do not know,

Wherefore my Father should reuengers want,

Hauing a Sonne and Friends, since *Julius Cesar*,

Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was't

That moud' pale *Cassius* to conspire? And what

Made all-honor'd, honest, Romaine *Brutus*,

With the arm'd rest, Courtiers of beaustious freedome,

To drench the Capitoll, but that they would

Haue one man but a man, and that his it

Hath made me rigge my Naue. At whose burthen,

The anger'd Ocean fomer, with which I meant

To scourge th'ingratitude, that despightfull Rome
Cast on my Noble Father.

Cesar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'st not feare vs *Pompey* with thy sailes.

Weele speake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'st
How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed

Thou dost o'recount me of my Father's hoofs:
But since the Cuckoo builds not for himselfe,

Remaine in't as thou maist.

Lep. Be pless'd to tell vs,

(For this is from the present how you take)

The offer we haue sent you.

Cesar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,

But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Cesar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You haue made me offer

Of Cicilie, Sardinia: and I must

Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Thence, to send

Measures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,

To part with vnshack't edges, and heare backe

Our Targes vndinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,

A man prepar'd

To take this offer. But *Mark Anthony*,

Put me to some impatience: though I loose

The praise of it by telling. You must know

When *Cesar* and your Brother were at blowes,

Your Mother came to Cicilie, and did finde

Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I haue heard it *Pompey*,

And am well studied for a libellal thaoks,

Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me haue your hand:

I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,

Ant. The beds i'th'East are fust, and thanks to you,

That caid me timelier than my purpose hither:

For I haue gain'd by't.

Cesar. Since I saw you last, ther's a change vpon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,

What counts harsh Fortune cast's vpon my face,

But in my bosome shall she neuer come,

To make my heart her vassalle.

Lep. Well met heere.

Pom. I hope so *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:

I craue our compoison may be written

And seal'd betwene vs,

Cesar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weele feast each other, ere we part, and lett's

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I *Pompey*.

Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but first or last,
your fine Egyptian cookerie shall haue the fame, I haue

heard that *Julius Cesar*, grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You haue heard much.

Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then so much haue I heard,

And I haue heard *Appollodorus* carried——

Ens. No more that: he did so.

Pom. What I pray you?

Ens. A certaine Queene to *Cesar* in a Matris.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'st thou *Souldier*?

Ens. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceive

Four

Four Feasts are toward.

Tom. Let me shake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue fene thee fight,
When I haue enuid thy behauiour.

Emb. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha' prain'd ye,
When you haue well deferr'd ten times as much,
As I haue said yoo did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainnesse,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboard my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you lesse Lords?

All. Shew's the way, fir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt.*

Menet Emb. & Menas
Men. Thy Father Pompey would ne're haue made this
Treaty. You, and I haue knowne fir.

Emb. At Sea, I thinke.

Menas. We haue Sir.

Emb. You haue dooe well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Emb. I will praise any man that will praise me, though
it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Menas. Nor what I haue done by water.

Emb. Yes some-thing you can deny for your owne
safety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Emb. There I deny my Land seruice: but giue mee
your hand *Menas*, if our cyrs had authority, heere they
might take two Theeues kiffing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatsomere their hands
are.

Emb. But there is neuer a fayne Woman, ha's a true
Face.

Men. No slander, they steale hearts.

Emb. We came hither to fight with you.

Menas. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a Drink-
ing. Pompey doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Emb. If he do, fure he cannot weep't hacke againe.

Menas. Y' haue said Sir, we look'd not for *Mark* *Ant-*
ony heere, pray yoo, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Emb. *Cesars* Sister is call'd *Octavia*.

Men. True Sir, she was the wife of *Gaius Marcellus*.

Emb. But she is now the wife of *Marcus Antonius*.

Men. Pray'ye fir.

Emb. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cesar* and he, for euer knit together.

Emb. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnioy, I wold
not Prophecie so.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpose, made more
in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Emb. I thinke so too. But you shall finde the band
that seemes to tie their friendship together, will bee the
very strangler of their Amity: *Octavia* is of a holy, cold,
and still conuersation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife so?

Emb. Not be that himselfe is not so: which is *Mark*
Antony: he will to his Egyptian dish againe: then shall
the fighes of *Octavia* blow the fire vp in *Cesar*, and (as I
said before) that which is the strength of their Amity,
shall proue the immediate Author of their variance.
Antony will vie his affection where it is. Hee married but
his ocacion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboard?
I haue a health for you.

Emb. I shall take it fir: we haue vs'd our Throats in
Egypt.

Menas. Come, let's away.

Exeunt.

Musicks playes.

Enter two or three Seruants with a Banquet.

1 Heere they'l be man: some o'th their Plants are ill
rooted already, the least winde i'th world will blow them
downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the disposition, hee
cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and
himselfe to'th drinke.

1 But it raises the greatest warre betweene him & his
discretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fel-
lowship: I had as lue haue a Reede that will doe me no
seruice, as a Partian I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be seene
to moue in't, are the heeles where eyes should bee, which
pittifully disfigure the cheeks.

A Scenet founded.

Enter Caesar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Menas,
Embarinus, Mens, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th Nyle
By certaine scales i'th Pyramid: they know
By'th height, the lownesse, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the Seedfman
Vpon the slime and Ooze scatters his graine,
And shortly comes to Harueth.

Lep. Y' haue strange Serpents there?

Ant. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud
by the operation of your Sun: so is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are fo.

Pom. Sit, and some Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be:

Bot lie ne're out.

Emb. Not till you haue slept: I feare me you'l bee in
till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolemies* Pyra-
mids are very goodly things: without contradiction I
haue heard that.

Menas. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine eare, what it's.

Menas. Forsake thy frate I do beseech thee Captaine,
And heare me speake a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon. *Whispers in's Eare.*

This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is shap'd fir like it selfe, and it is as broad as it
hath bredth: It is iust so high as it is, and mooues with it
owne organs. It lyes by that which nourisheth it, and
the Elements once out of it, it Transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis fo, and the teares of it are wet.

Ces. Will this description satisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, else he
is a very Epicure.

Pom. Go hang fir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Menas. If for the sake of Merit thou wilt heate mee,
Rif

Rife from thy stoole.

Pom. I thinke t'hart mad : the matter ?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast seru'd me with much faith : what's elle to say ? Be iolly Lords.

Ant. These Quicke-finds *Lepidus*,

Keepe off, them for you sinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world ?

Pom. What saith thou ?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world ?

That's twice.

Pom. How should that be ?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,

Thou art if thou dar'st be, the earthie ioue :

What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,

Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way ?

Men. These three World-sharers, these Competitors

Are in thy vessell. Let me cut the Cable,

And when we are put off, fall to their throates :

All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst haue done,
And not haue spoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good seruice : thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour :
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath so betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I should haue found it afterwards well done,
But must condemne it now : desist, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who seeks and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him aloofe,

Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Ens. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Embarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Ens. There's a strong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why ?

Ens. A beares the third part of the world man : seest
not ?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk : woud it were
all, that it might go on wheelcs.

Ens. Drinke thou : encrease the Reeles.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feast.

Ant. It ripen's towards it : strike the Vessells hoar.
Heere's to *Cesar*.

Cesar. I could well forbear't, it's monstrous labour
when I wash my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'h'time.

Cesar. Possesse it, Ile make answer : but I had rather
fast from all, four dayes, then drinke so much in one.

Ench. Ha my braue Emperour, shall we daunce now
the Egyptian Backenalls, and celebrate our drinke ?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath sleep't our sense,
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Ens. All take hands :

Make battery to our eares with the loud Musicke,

The while, Ile place you, then the Boy shall sing.

The holding every man shall beate as loud,

As his strong sides can volly.

Musicke Playes. *Embarbus* places them hand in hand.

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinte cyne :
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our baires be Crown'd.
Cap vs till the world go round,
Cap vs till the world go round.

Cesar. What woud you more ?

Pompey goodnight. Good Brother

Let me request you of our grauer businesse

Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,

You see we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Embarbe*

Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue

Spleet's what it speakes: the wilde disguise hath almost

Antick't vs all. What needs more words ? goodnight.

Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father house.

But what, we are Friends ?

Come downe into the Boate.

Ens. Take heed you fall not *Menas* : Ile not on shore,

No to my Cabin : these Drummes,

These Trumpets, Flutes : what

Let Neptune heare, we bid loud firewell

To these great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, found out.

Sound a Flourish with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo saies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoar, Noble Capitaine, come.

Exeunt.

Enter *Ventidius* as it were in triumph, the dead body of *Pacorus*
borne before him.

Pen. Now darting Parthya art thou stroke, and now

Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Crassus* death

Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,

Before our Army thy *Pacorum Orades*,

Faies this for *Marcus Crassus*.

Remaine. Noble *Ventidius*,

Whil'st yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,

The Fugitive Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,

Mesopotamia, and the shelters, whether

The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*

Shall set thee on triumphant Chariots, and

Put Garlands on thy head.

Pen. Oh *Silius*, *Silius*,

I haue done enough. A lower place note well

May make too great an act. For learne this *Silius*,

Beiter to leaue yndone, then by our deed

Acquire too high a Fame, when him we serues away.

Cesar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne

More in their officer, then person. *Sessius*

One of my place In Syria, his Lieutenant,

For quicke accumulation of renowne,

Which heatch'd by'th minute, lost his fauour.

Who does i'th 'Warres more then his Capitaine can,

Becomes his Capitaine Capitaine : and Ambition

(The Souldiers vertue rather makes choise of losse

Then gaine, which darkens him.

I could do more to do *Antionus* good,

But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Shoul'd

Should my performance perish.

Rom. Thou hast *Penidius* that, without the which a Souldier and his Sword graunts scarce distinction: thou wilt write to *Antony*.

Pen. He humbly signifie what in his name, That magical word of Warre we haue effected, How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks, The nere-yet beaten Horfe of Parthia, We haue faded out o'th Field.

Rom. Where is he now?

Pen. He purposeth to Athens, whither with what hast The waight we must conuay with, will permit: We shall appeare before him. On there, passe along.

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Embarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?

Em. They haue dispatch with *Pompey*, he is gone, The other three are Sealing. *Othonia* weepes To part from Rome: *Caesar* is laid, and *Lepidus* Since *Pompey's* feath, as *Alexas* saies, is troubled With the Greene-Sickenesse.

Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.

Em. A very fine one: oh, how he loues *Caesar*.

Agri. Nay but how deere he adores *Mark Antony*.

Em. *Caesar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.

Ant. What's *Antony*, the God of Iupiter?

Em. Spake you of *Caesar*? How, the nonpareil?

Agri. Oh *Antony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!

Em. Would you praise *Caesar*, say *Caesar* no further.

Agri. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praises.

Em. But he loues *Caesar* best, yet he loues *Antony*!

Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure, Scribbes, Bards, Poets, cannot Thinke speake, call, write, sing, number: hoo, His loue to *Antony*. But as for *Caesar*, Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.

Agri. Both he loues.

Em. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, for

This is to horfe: *Adieu*, Noble *Agrippa*.

Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Othonia.

Anto. No further Sir.

Caesar. You take from me a great part of my selfe: Vse me well in't. Sister, proue such a wife As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest Band Shall passe on thy approue: most Noble *Antony*, Let not the pece of Vertue which is fet Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter The Fortresse of it: for better might we Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts This be not cherisht.

Ant. Make me not offended, in your distrust.

Caesar. I haue said.

Ant. You shall not finde,

Though you be therein curious, the left cause For what you seeme to feare, for the Gods keepe you, And make the hearts of Romanes serue your ends: We will heere part.

Caesar. Farewell my dearest Sister, fare thee well, The Elements be kind to thee, and make Thy spirits all of comfort: fare thee well.

Otho. My Noble Brother.

Ant. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues spring, And these the showers to bring it on: be cheerefull.

Otho. Sir, looke well to my Husbands house: and —

Caesar. What *Othonia*?

Otho. He tell you is your care.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can Her heart informe her tongue.

The Swannes downe feather That stands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide: And neither way inclines.

Em. Will *Caesar* weepe?

Agri. He ha's a cloud in's face.

Em. He were the worke for that were he a Horfe, fo is he being a man.

Agri. Why *Embarbus*:

When *Antony* found *Julius Caesar* dead, He cried almost to roaring: And he wept, When at Phillippi he found *Breus* slaine.

Em. That yearindeed, he was troubled with a rheume, What willingly he did conuaince, he wail'd, Beleue'till I weepe too.

Caesar. No sweet *Othonia*, You shall heare from me fill: the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come Sir, come,

He wrastle with you in my strength of loue, Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go, And give you to the Gods.

Caesar. Adieu, be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the Starres gioe light To thy faire way.

Caesar. Farewell, farewell.

Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets sound.* *Kisses Othonia.*

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?

Alex. Halfe asfeard to come.

Cleo. Go too, go too: Come hither Sir.

Enter the Messenger as before.

Alex. Good Maieitie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That *Herod* heade, he haue: but how? When *Antony* is gone, through whom I might commaund it: Come thou neere.

Mef. Most gracious Maieitie.

Cleo. Didst thou behold *Othonia*?

Mef. I dread Queene.

Cleo. Where?

Mef. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face: and saw her led betweene her Brother, and *Mark Antony*.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mef. She is not Madam.

Cleo. Didst heere her speake?

Mef. Is the shrill tongu'd or low?

Mef. Maizim, I heard her speake, she is low voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? Oh *Iris*! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I thinke so *Charmian* dull of tongue, & dwarfish What Maieitie is in her gate, remember If ere thou look't on Maieitie.

Mef. She creeper: her motion, & her station are as one: She shewes a body, rather then a life, A Statue, then a Bearer.

Cleo. Is this certaine?

Mef. Or I haue no obseruance.

Char. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiue't, There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cle. Guesse at her yeares, I prythee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widow.

Cle. Widow? Chermion, heurke.

Mess. And I do thinke she's thirtie.

Cle. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess. Round, even to faultinesse.

Cle. For the most part too, they are foolish that are fo. Her haire what colour?

Mess. Browne Madam: and her forehead As low as the world with it.

Cle. There's Gold for thee,

Thou must not take my former sharpeneffe ill,

I will employ thee backe againe: I finde thee

Most fit for businesse. Go, make thee ready,

Our Letters are prepar'd.

Char. A proper man.

Cle. Indeed he is fo: I repent me much

That fo I harried him. Why me think's by him,

This Creature's no such thing.

Char. Nothing Madam.

Cle. The man hath seeme some Maiefty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seeme Maiefty? Ifs elfe defend: and serving you so long.

Cleop. I have one thing more to aske him yet good Chermion: but 'tis no matter, thou shalt bring him to me where I will write; all may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you Madam.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Octavia.

Ant. Nay, may Octavia, not onely that, That were excusable, that and thousands more Of semblable import, but he hath wag'd New Warres 'gainst Pompey. Made his will, and read it, To publike eare, spoke scantily of me, When perforce he could not But pay me tearmes of Honour: cold and sickly He vented then most narrow measure; lent me, When the best hint was given him: he not took't, Or did it from his teeth.

Octavi. Oh my good Lord, Beleue not all, for if you must beleue, Stomacke not all. A more vnhappy Lady, If this deuision chance, ne're stood betweene Praying for both parts: The good Gods will mocke me presently, When I shall pray: Oh bleffe my Lord, and Husband, Vndo that prodge, by crying out as loud, Oh bleffe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother, Prayes, and destroyes the prayer, no midway 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia, Let your best loue draw to that point which seeks Best to preferre it: if I loofe mine Honour, I loofe my selfe: better I were not yours Then your fo branchlesse. But as you request, Your selfe shall go betweene, the meane time Lady, Ile raise the preparation of a Warre Shall staine your Brother, make your soonest haif, So your desires are yours.

Oct. Thanks to my Lord, The loue of power make me most weake, most weake, You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be, As if the world should cleaue, and that staine men Should foder vp the Rift.

Ant. When it appeeres to you where this begins, Turne your displeasure that way, for our faults Can neuer be so equal, that your loue Can equally moue with them. Provide your going, Choose your owne company, and command what cost Your heart he's mind too.

Exeunt.

Enter Embarkus, and Eras.

Eras. How now Friend Eras?

Eras. 'Ther's strange Newes come Sir.

Eras. What man?

Eras. Caesar & Lepidus haue made warres vpon Pompey.

Eras. This is old, what is the newesse?

Eras. Caesar hauing made vs of him in the warres 'gainst Pompey: presently denied him riuallity, would not let him partake in the glory of the action, and not resting here, accuses him of Letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey. Vpon his owne appeale before him, fo the poore third is vp, till death enlarge his Confiner.

Eras. Then would thou hadst a paire of chapen o more, and throw betweene them all the food thou hast, they'll grinde the other. Where's Anthony?

Eras. He's walking in the garden thus, and spurnes

The rust that lies before him. Cries Foole Lepidus, And threats the throat of that his Officer, That murdered Pompey.

Eras. Our great Nauies rig'd.

Eras. For Italy and Caesar, more Demetrius,

My Lord desires you presently: my Newes I might haue told hereafter.

Eras. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to Anthony.

Eras. Come Sir,

Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa, Metron, and Caesar.

Caes. Concerning Rome he ha's done all this, & more In Alexandria: heere's the manner of't: I'th' Market-place on a Tribunal flur'd, Cleopatra and himselfe in Chaires of Gold Were publiquely enthron'd: at the feet, sat Caesarina whom they call my Fathers Sonne, And all the vnlawfull issue, that their Lust Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her, He gaue the Establishment of Egypt, made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, absolute Queene.

Met. This in the publike eye?

Caes. I'th' common these place, where they ex: cise, His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings, Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia

He gaue to Alexander. To Ptolemy he assign'd,

Syria, Silicia, and Phoenicia: the

In'th' abilities of the Goddesse Isis

That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,

As 'tis reported fo.

Met. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agri. Who quezie with his insolence already, Will their good thoughts call from him.

Caes. The people knowes it,

And haue now receiv'd his accusations.

Agri. Who does he accuse?

Caes. Caesar, and that hauing in Cillicie Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part o'th' selfe. Then does he say, he lent me Some shipping vnlesse'd. Lastly, he frers That Lepidus of the Triumpherate, should he depos'd, And being that, we detain all his Reuenue.

Agri. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Caes. 'Tis done already, and the Messenger gone: I haue told him Lepidus was growne too cruell,

y y

That

That be his high Authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change : for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part : but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Ant. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.

Ces. Nor must not then be yeelded to in this.

Enter Octavia with her Train.

Octa. Haile *Cesar*, and my L. haile most deere *Cesar*.

Ces. That euer I should call thee Cast-away.

Octa. You haue not call'd me so, nor haue you caust.

Ces. Why haue you stoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cesar's* Sister, The wife of *Antony*
Should haue an Army for an Vsher, and
The neighes of Horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appeare. The trees by th' way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should haue ascended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The ostentation of our loue; which left vnshewne,
Is often left vnlovd: I should haue met you
By Sea, and Land, supplying every Stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my Lord,

To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Mark Antony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greuous care withall: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.

Ces. Which soone he granted,
Being an abstract twene his Lust, and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my Lord.

Ces. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the winds: where is he now?

Octa. My Lord, in Athens.

Ces. No my most wifed Sister, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th' earth for Warre. He hath assembled,
Bonus the King of Libya, *Archileus*
Of Cappadoeia, *Philadelphus* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mausolus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comagast, *Palmen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger List of Scepters.

Octa. Aye me most wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does aff-*ct* each other. (breaking forth)

Ces. Welcome hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we percei'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O're your content, these strong necessities,
But let determin'd things to define
Hold vnbeuayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iustice, makes his Ministers
Of vs, and those that loue you. Best of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.

Ant. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pittie you,
Onely th' adulterous *Antony*, most large

In his abominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyes it against vs.

Octa. Is it so fir?

Ces. Most certaine: Sister welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deere'st Sister. *Exeunt*

Enter Cleopatra, and Eubarchus.

Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.

Eub. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these warres,
And say'st it it not fit.

Eub. Well: is it, is it.

Cleo. If oot, denounc'd against vs, why should not
we be there in person.

Eub. Well, I could reply: if wee should serue with
Horse and Mares together, the Horse were meely lost:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eub. Your presence needs must please *Antony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuitie, and 'tis said in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.

Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That speake against vs. A Charge we beare i'th' Warre,
And as the president of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not against it,
I will not stay behinde.

Enter Antony and Camidius.

Eub. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.

Ant. Is it not strange *Camidius*,
That from Tarrentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)

Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the best of men
To taunt at slacknesse. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.

Cleo. By Sea, what else?

Cam. Why will my Lord, do so?

Ant. For that he dares vs too't.

Eub. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to single fight.

Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharosia,
Where *Cesar* fought with *Pompey*. But these offers
Which serue not for his vantage, he shakes off,
And so should you.

Eub. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingroft by swift Impresse. In *Cesar's* Fleet,
Are those, that often haue gain'd *Pompey* fought,
Their shippes are yare, youra heuy: no disgrace
Shall fall for refusing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.

Ant. By Sea, by Sea.

Eub. Most worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The absolute Soldiership you haue by Land,
Disfract your Armie, which doth most consist
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promises assurance, and
Giue vp your selfe meely to chance and hazard,
From firme Secrecie.

Ant. He fight at Sea.

Cleo. I have sixty Sailes, *Cæsar* none better.

Ant. Our over-plus of shipping will we burne,
And with the rest full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæsar*. But if we faile,
We then can doe't at Land. *Enter a Messenger.*
Thy Buſineſſe?

Meſ. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is deſcied,
Cæsar ha's taken *Torſene*.

Ant. Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
Strange, that his power ſhould be. *Camidus*,
Our nineteene Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
And our twelve thouſand Horſe. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.

Enter a Soldier.

How now worthy Souldier?

Sold. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truſt not to rotten planks: I Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians goe a ducking: wee
Have vi'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting ſoot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant. Cleo. & Emb.*

Sold. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.

Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole ſcinn growes
Not in the power on't: ſo our Leaders leade,
And we are Women men.

Sold. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horſe
whole, do you not?

*Uen. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Iſteius,
Publicula, and Cælius* are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This ſpeede of *Cæſar*
Carries beyond beleefe.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
As beguilde all Spies.

Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?

Sold. They ſay, one *Torſus*.

Cam. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Emperor calls *Camidus*.

Cam. With Newes the times wit's Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, ſome. *exit*

Enter Cæſar with his Army, marching.

Cæſ. Torſus?

Torſ. My Lord,

Cæſ. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not excede
The Preſcript of this Scroole: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*

Enter Anthony, and Embarkus.

Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond ſide o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cæſar*'s battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. *exit.*

*Camidus Marcheth with his Land Army one way over the
ſtage, and Torſus the Lieutenant of Cæſar the other way:*
After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea fight.

Alarm. *Enter Embarkus and Scarnus.*

Em. Heave, naught, a naught, I can behold no longer
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their ſixty ſſye, and turne the Rudder:

To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.

Enter Scarnus.

Scar. Gods, &c Goddeſſes, all the whol ſynod of them!

Em. What's thy paſſion.

Scar. The greater Cantele of the world, is loſt
With very ignorance, we haue kiſt away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.

Em. How appears the Fight?

Scar. On our ſide, like the Token'd Peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Ynn ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leproſie n're-take) i'th'middit o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the fame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Heiſts Sailes, and flies.

Em. That I beheld:

Mine eyes did ficken at the ſight, and could not
Indure a further view.

Scar. She once being looſt,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a dooing Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flies after her:
I neuer ſaw an Action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate ſo it ſelfe.

Em. Alacke, alacke.

Enter Camidus.

Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And ſinkes moſt lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himſelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Moſt groſſely by his owne.

Em. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede.

Cam. Toward Peloponneſus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis eaſie too't,

And there I will attend what further comes.

Camid. To *Cæſar* will I render

My Legions and my Horſe, ſix Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yielding.

Em. He yet follow

The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the winde againſt me.

Enter Anthony with Attendants.

Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is aſham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I

Haue loſt my way for euer. I haue a ſhippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.

Omas. Fly? Not wee.

Ant. I haue fled my ſelfe, and haue inſtruced cowards
To runne, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends be gone,

I haue my ſelfe reſolu'd vpon a courſe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treſure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to looke vpon,

My very haire do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for rathneſſe, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you ſhall
Haue Letters from me to ſome Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not ſad,
Nor make replyes of loathneſſe, take the hint
Which my diſpaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it ſellie, to the Sea-side ſtraight way;
I will poſſeſſe you of that ſhip and Treſure.

Leave me, I pray a little : pray you now,
Nay do so : for indeede I haue loft command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile see you by and by. *Sets downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.

Iras. Do most deere Queene.

Char. Do, why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit downe : Oh Iune.

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you heere, Sir?

Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.

Char. Madam.

Iras. Madam, oh good Empreffe.

Eros. Sir, sir.

Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept

His sword e'ne like a dancer, while I strooke

The leane and wrinkled Cæsar, and 'twas I

That the mad Brutus ended : he alone

Desit on Licotenantry, and no practise had

In the braue squares of Warre : yet now : no matter.

Cleo. Ah stand by.

Iras. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.

Iras. Go to him, Madam, speake to him,

Hee's vnqualited with very shame.

Cleo. Well then, fuftaine me : Oh.

Eros. Most Noble Sir arise, the Queene approaches,

Her head's declin'd, and death will cease her, but

Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I haue offended Reputation,

A most vnnoble swearing.

Eros. Sir, the Queene.

Ant. Oh whether haue thou lead me Egypt, see

How I conuey my shame, out of thine eyes,

By looking backe what I haue left behinde

Stroy'd in dishonor.

Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,

Forgiue my fearfull fayles, I little thought

You would haue followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,

My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by th' strings,

And thou should'st shewe me after. O're my spirit

The full supremacie thou knew'st, and that

Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods

Command mee.

Cleo. Oh my pardon.

Ant. Now I must

To the young man send humble Treaties, dodge

And palter in the shifts of lownes, who

With halfe the bulke o'th' world plis'd as I pleas'd,

Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know

How much you were my Conqueror, and that

My Sword, made weak by my affection, would

Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a teare I say, one of them rates

All that is wonne and lost : Giue me a kisse,

Even th' repays me.

We sent our Schoolemaster, is a come backe?

Loue I am full of Lead : some Wine

Within there, and our Viands : Fortune knowes,

We forne her most, when most she offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Dillabell, with others.

Cæs. Let him appeare that's come from Anthony.
Know you him.

Della. Cæsar, 'tis his Schoolemaster,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He sends to poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had superfluous Kings for Messengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambassadors from Anthony.

Cæsar. Approach, and speake.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Anthony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Murre-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.

Cæs. Bee't so, declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Lessons his Requests, and to thee sues

To let him breath betwene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens : this for him.

Next, Cleopatra does confesse thy Greatnesse,

Submits her to thy might, and of thee craves

The Circle of the Ptolemies for her heyres,

Now hazarded to thy Grace.

Cæs. For Anthony,

I haue no eares to his request. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Desire shall haue, so thee

From Egypt drive her all-disgraced Friend,

Or take his life there. This if thee performe,

She shall not see vnbeard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee.

Cæs. Bring him through the Bands :

To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, dispatch,

From Anthony wione Cleopatra, promise

And lo our Name, what the requires, adde more

From thine invention, offers. Women are not

In their best Fortunes strong : but want will periure

The ne're touch'd Vestall. Try thy cunning 'Thidias,'

Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we

Will answer as a Law.

Thid. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Obserue how Anthony becomes his flaw,

And what thou think'st his very action speaks

In euery power that mooues.

Thid. Cæsar, I shall.

Enter Cleopatra, Embabus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What shall we do, Embabus?

Eros. Think, and dye.

Cleo. Is Anthony, or we in fault for this?

Eros. Anthony onely, that would make his will

Lord of his Reason. What though you fies,

From that great face of Warre, whose feuerall ranges

Frighted each other? Why should he follow?

The itch of his Affection should not then

Haue nickt his Captain-ship, at such a point,

When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being

The meered question? 'Twas a shame no lesse

Then was his losse, to course your flying Flagges,

And leaue his Nauy gazing.

Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambassadors, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his answer? *Amb.* I my Lord.

Ant. The Queene shall then haue courtesie,

So she will yeeld vs vp.

Amb. He says so.

Ant. Let her know't. To the Roy Cæsar send this
griued head, and he will fill thy wishes to the brimme,

With Principallities.

Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant.

Ant. To him againe, tell him he wears the Rose
Of youth vpon him; from which, the world should note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whose Ministers would preuaile
Vnder the seruice of a Childe, as foone
As t' th' Command of *Cæsar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Comparisons a-part,
And answer me declin'd, Sword against Sword,
Our felues alone: He write it: Follow me.

Ens. Yes like enough: I hee battell'd *Cæsar* will
Vnfare his happinesse, and be Stew'd to'th' new
Against a Sword. I see mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To suffer all alike, that he should dreame,
Knowing all measures, the full *Cæsar* will
Answer his emptinesse; *Cæsar* thou hast fob'd'de
His Iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Messenger from *Cæsar*.

Cle. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Against the blowne Rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him fir.

Ens. Mine honesty, and I, beginne to square,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegiance a false Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Master conquer,
And earne a place i'th' Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cle. *Cæsar* will.

Thid. Heare it apart.

Cle. None but Friends: say boldly.

Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony*.

Ens. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæsar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Cæsar* please, our Master
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whole he is, we are, and that is *Cæsar*.

Thid. So. Thus then thou most renown'd, *Cæsar* intreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st
Further then he is *Cæsar*.

Cle. Go on, right Royall.

Thid. He knows that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did looe, but as you feared him.

Cle. Oh.

Thid. The scarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserued.

Cle. He is a God,
And knows what is most right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meere.

Ens. To be fure of that, I will aske *Anthony*.
Sir, fir, thou art loe like
That we must leaue thee to thy finking, for
Thy deereft child thee. *Exit Ens.*

Thid. Shall I say to *Cæsar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be desir'd to giue. It much would please him,
That of his Fortunes you should make a flasse
To leane vpon. But it would warme his spirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your selfe vnder his shrowd, the vniuersal Land.

Cle. What's your name?

Thid. My name is *Thidias*.

Cle. Most kinde Messenger,
Say to great *Cæsar* this in disputation,

I kisse his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.

Thid. 'Tis your Noblest course:
Wisedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.

Cle. Your *Cæsar* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Bestow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kiddes.

Enter Antony and Eubardus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou
Thid. One that but performs (Fellow)
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To haue command obey'd.

Ens. You will be whipt.

Ant. Approach there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoas,
Like Boyes vnto a muffle, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no cares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this lack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Ens. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelp,
Then with an old one dying.

Ant. Moore and Starres,
Whip him: we're twenty of the greatest Tributarries
That do acknowledge *Cæsar*, should I finde them
So fawcy with the hand of the heere, what's her name
Since she was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.

Thid. *Mark Antony*.

Ant. Tugge him away: bring whipt
Bring him againe, the lacke of *Cæsars* shall
Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exit with Thidias.*

You were halfe blasted ere I knew you: Ha?

Haue I my pillow left vpos't in Rome,

Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,

And by a leme of women, to be abus'd

By one that looks on Feeders?

Cle. Good my Lord.

Ant. You haue bene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our vicholnesse grow hard
(Oh misery on't) the wife Gods feele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare Iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Cle. Oh, it's come to this?

Ant. I found you as a Morfell, cold vpon
Dead *Cæsars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gaius Pompey*, besides what hotter houres
Vnregiftred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriously pickt out. For I am fure,
Though you can guesse what Temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cle. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And say, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the bill of Bafan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue fawge cause,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?

Enter a Seruant with Tiberius.

Ser. Soundly, my Lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?

Ser. He did aske fauour.

Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent

Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou forrie

To follow *Cæsar* in his Triumph, since

Thou hast bin whipt. For following him, henceforth

The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,

Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæsar*,

Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou say

He makes me angry with him. For he seemes

Proud and disdainfull, harping on what I am,

Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,

And at this time most easie 'tis to doo't:

When my good Starres, that were my former guides

Haue empty left their Orbes, and shot their Fires

Into th'Ablime of hell. If he mislike,

My speech, and what is done, tell him he has

Hiparchus, my enfranchised Bondman, whom

He may at pleasure whip, or Vange, or torture,

As he shall like to quit me. Or Vnge it thou:

Hence with thy stripes, be gone.

Exit Tiberius.

Cleo. Haue you done yet?

Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipse,

And it portends alone the fall of *Antony*.

Cleo. I must stay his time?

Ant. To flatter *Cæsar*, would you misgule eyes

With one that tyes his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be fo,

From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,

And poufou it in the foule, and the first stone

Drop in my necke: as it determines so

Diffolue my life, the next *Cæsar*ian smile,

Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,

Together with my braue Egyptian all,

By the discandering of this pelleted Storme,

Lye grauelesse, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle

Haue buried them for prey.

Ant. I am fatished:

Cæsar lets downe in *Alexandria*, where

I will oppole his Fate. Our force by Land,

Hath Nobly held, our seuer'd Naue too

Haue kuit againe, and Fleete, threatening most Sea-like.

Where hast thou bin my heart? Dost thou heare Lady?

If from the Field I shall returne once more

To kisse these Lips, I will appeare in Blood,

I, and my Sword, will eareue our Chronicle,

There's hope in't yet.

Cleo. That's my braue Lord.

Ant. I will be trebble-sinewed, hearted, breath'd,

And fight maliciously: for when mine houres

Were nice and lucky, men did ranfome liues

Of me for iests: But now, Ile let my teeth,

And send to darkenesse all that stop me. Come,

Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me

All my fid Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:

Let's mocke the midnight Bell.

Cleo. It is my Birth-day,

I had thought t'haue held it poore. But since my Lord

Is *Antony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speake to them,

And to night Ile force

The Wine peepe through their scarres.

Come on (my *Queene*)

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight

Ile make death loue me: for I will contend

Euen with his pestilent Sythe.

Exeunt.

Eno. Now hee'l out-stare the Lightning, to be furious

Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that mood

The Doue will pecke the Efridge; and I see still

A diminution in our Captaines braize,

Restores his heart; when valour prays in reason,

It eates the Sword it fights with: I will seeke

Some way to leaue him.

Exeunt.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, & Metellus with his Army,

Cæsar reading a Letter.

Cæf. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power

To beate me out of Egypt. My Messenger

He hath whipt with Rods, daues me to personal Combat.

Cæsar to Antony: let the old Russian know,

I haue many other ways to dye: meane time]

Laugh at his Challenge.

Mece. *Cæsar* must thinke,

When one so great begins to rage, hee's hunted

Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now

Make boote of his distraction: Neuer anger

Made good guard for it selfe.

Cæf. Let our best heads know,

That to morrow, the last of many Battailles

We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,

Of those that seru'd *Mark Antony* but late,

Enough to fetch him in. See it done,

And Feast the Army, we haue store to doo't,

And they haue car'd the waste. Poore *Antony*. *Exeunt*

Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Eucharbus, Charmian,

Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Demetrius*?

Eno. No?

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty me to one.

Ant. To morrow Soldier,

By Sex and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,

Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood

Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.

Eno. Ile strike, and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said, come on:

Call forth my Household Seruants, lets to night

Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.

Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,

Thou hast bin rightly honest, so hast thou,

Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue seru'd me well,

And Kings haue beene your fellowes.

Cleo. What meane this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odde tricks which sorow shoots

Out of the minde.

Ant. And thou art honest too:

I wish I could be made fo many men,

And all of you clapt vp together, in

An *Antony*: that I might do you seruice,

So good as you haue done.

Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.

Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night :
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me :
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Clea. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his Followers weepe.

Ant. Tend me to night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,
A mangled shadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'll serue another Master. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honest Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Master
Married to your good seruice, stay till death :
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.

Eno. What meane you Sir?

To giue them this discomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Asse, am Onyon-cy'd; for shame,
Transforme vs not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho :

Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a sence,
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you
To burne this night with Torches : Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather lie expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne consideration.

Exeunt.

Enter a Company of Souldiours.

1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight : to morrow is the day.

2. *Sol.* It will determine one way : Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets.

1. Nothing : what newes?

2. Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.

1. Well fir, good night.

They meete other Souldiours.

2. Souldiours, haue carefull Watch.

1. And you : Goodnight, goodnight.

They place themselves in euery corner of the Stage.

2. Heere we : and if to morrow

Our Naue thrise, I haue an absolute hope

Our Landmen will stand vp.

1. 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpose.

Musick of the Fluytes is vnder the Stage.

2. Peace, what noise?

1. Lift lift.

2. Hearke.

1. Musicke 't'w' Ayre.

2. Vnder the earth.

4. It signes well, do's it not?

3. No.

1. Peace I say : What should this meane?

2. 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* looed,
Now leaues him.

1. Walke, let's see if other Watchmen

Do heare what we do?

2. How now Maisters?

Speak together.

Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?

1. I, it's not strange?

2. Do you heare Maisters? Do you heare?

1. Follow the noyse so farre as we haue quarter.

Let's see how it will giue off.

Omnes. Content : 'Tis strange.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. *Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.

Clea. Sleepe a little.

Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armour *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,

If Fortune be not ours to day, it is

Braue we braue her. Come.

Clea. Nay, lie helpe too, *Anthony*.

What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art

The Armourer of my heart : False, false : This, this,

Sooth-law lie helpe : Thus it must bee.

Ant. Well, well, we shall thinke now.

Seest thou my good Fellow. Go put on thy defencers.

Eros. Briefely Sir.

Clea. Is not this huddled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely :

He that vnuckles this, till we do please

To dast for our Repose, shall heare a storm.

Thou fumblest *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire

More tight at this, then thou : Dispatch. O Loue,

That thou couldest see my Warres to day, and knew't

The Royall Occupation, thou should'st see

A Workeman in't.

Enter an Armed Soldier.

Good morrow to thee, welcome,

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike Charge :

To businesse that we loue, we rise betime,

And go too't with delight.

Sol. A thousand Sir, early thought'st be, haue on their

Riueted trim, and at the Port capest you.

Short.

Trumpets Flourish.

Enter Captaine, and Souldiours.

Alex. The Morne is faire : Good morrow Generall.

All. Good morrow Generall.

Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.

This Morning, like the spirit of a youth

That meane to be of note, begins betime.

So, so : Come giue me that, this way, well-fed.

Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,

This is a Soldiers kisse : rebukeable,

And worthy shamefull checke it wete, to stand

On more Mechanicke Complement, lie leaue thee.

Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,

Follow me close, lie bring you too't : Adieu.

Exeunt.

Clea. Please you retire to your Chamber?

Clea. Lead me :

He goes forth gallantly : That he and *Cesar* might

Determine this great Warre in single fight ;

Then *Anthony* ; but now. Well on.

Exeunt

Trampets found.

Enter Anthony and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.

Ant. Would thou, & those thy scars had once preuaild

To make me fight at Land.

Eros. Had'st thou done so,

The Kings that haue revolted, and the Soldier

That has this morning left thee, would haue still

Followed thy heeles.

Ant. Whose gone this morning?

Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,

Hee

He shall not heare thee, or from *Cæſars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.

Ant. What ſayeſt thou?

Sold. Sir he is with *Cæſar*.

Eras. Sir, his Cheſts and Treſure he has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sol. Moſt certaine.

Ant. Go *Eras*, ſend his Treſure after, do it,
Detaine no int I charge thee: write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) geotie adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wiſh he never finde more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honeſt men. Diſpatch *Embarbus*.

Exit

Flouriſh. Enter *Agrippa*, *Cæſar*, with *Embarbus*,
and *Dulleſilla*.

Cæſ. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Antony* be tooke alive:
Make it ſo knowne.

Agrip. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.

Cæſar. The time of vniuerſall peace is neere:
Proue this a proſp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the *Olue* freely.

Enter a *Messenger*.

Mſ. *Antony* is come into the Field.

Cæſ. Go charge *Agrippa*,

Plant thoſe that haue reunit in the Vant,
That *Antony* may ſeeme to ſpend his Fury
Vpon himſelfe.

Enb. *Alexis* did reuolt, and went to *Iſerip* on
Affaires of *Antony*, there did diſſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelfe to *Cæſar*,
And leave his Maſter *Antony*. For this paines,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Camandius* and the reſt
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelfe ſo ſurely,
That I will ioy no more.

Enter a *Soldier* of *Cæſars*.

Sol. *Embarbus*, *Antony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treſure, with
His Bounty neuer-plus. The *Messenger*
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.

Eras. I giue it you.

Sol. Mocke not *Embarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaſ't the bringer
Out of the hoſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my ſelfe. Your Emperer
Continues ſtill a loue.

Exit

Enb. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am ſo much. Oh *Antony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'ſt thou haue payed
My better ſervice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If ſwiſt thought brake it not: a ſwifter meane
Shall out-ſtrike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight againſt thee: No I will go ſeeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul't beſt ſits
My latter part of life.

Exit.

Alarum, *Drummes* and *Trumpets*.

Enter *Agrippa*.

Agrip. Reire, we haue engag'd our ſelues too farre:
Cæſar himſelfe ha's worke, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected.

Exit.

Alarums.

Enter *Antony*, and *Scarvus* wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperer, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had drooken them home
With elow about their heads.

Far off.

Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.

Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for ſix fitches more.

Enter *Eras*.

Eras. They are beaten Sir, and our advantage ſtrues
For a faire victory.

Scar. Let vs ſcore their backs,
And ſnatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis ſport to maul a Runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. Ile halt after.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter *Antony* againe in a *March*,
Scarvus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our gueſts: to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſet, wee'll ſpill the blood
That ha's to day eſcap'd. I thanke you all,
For daughtie handed are you, and haue fought
Now as ynn ſeru'd the Cauſe, but as't had bene
Each mans like mine: you haue ſhewne all *Helſors*,
Enter the City, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whilſt they with iynfull teares
Waſh the congellement from your wounds, and kiſſe
The Hannour'd-gaſhes whole.

Enter *Cleopatra*.

Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faery, Ile commend thy aſts,
Make her thankes bleſſe thee. Oh thou day o'th' world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, *Attyre* and all
Through proofe of Harnelle to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Clea. Lord of Lords,
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ſt thou ſmiling from
The worlds great ſnare vncaught.

Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do ſumthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nourishes our Nerves, and can
Get gale for gale of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lipps thy ſunning hand,
Kiſſe it my Warriour: He hath fought in day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.

Clea. Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.

Ant. He has deſer'd it, were it Carhunkled
Like holy *Pharbus* Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a inly March,
Beare our hacket Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoſt, we all would ſup together,
And drinke Carniſes to the next dayes Faſte.

Which

Which promises Royall perill. Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blast you the Cities eare,
Make mingle with our rating Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may strike their founds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centurion, and his Company, Enobarbus follows.

Cent. If we be not releas'd withio this houre,
We must returne to 'th' Court of Guard : the night
Is shoy, and they say, we shall embattaile
By 'th' second hoore i' th' Morne.

1. Watch. This last day was a shrew'd one too's.

Emb. Oh beare me witnesse night.

2 What man is this ?

1 Stand close, and lift him.

Emb. Be witnesse to me (O thou blessed Moone)
When men reuolted shall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory : poore Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent.

Cent. Enobarbus ?

2 Peace : Hee is further.

Emb. Oh Soueraigne Mistris of true Melancholly,
The paysonous dampe of night disponge vpon me,
That life, a very Rebelle to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardnesse of my fault,
Which being dried with griefe, will breake to powder,
And finish all foule thoughts. *Oh Anthony,*
Nobler then my reuolt is infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particulars,
But let the world ranke me in Register
A Master leauer, and a fugitiue :

Oh Anthony ! Oh Anthony !

1 Let's speake to him.

Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he speakes
May concerne *Cesar*.

2 Let's do fo, but he sleepes.

Cent. Swoonds rather, for fo bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for sleepe.

1 Go we to him.

2 Awake fir, awake, speake to vs.

1 Heare you fir ?

Cent. The hand of death hath raght him.

Drummes asfarre off.

Heare the Drummes demurely wake the sleepers :
Let vs beare him to 'th' Court of Guard : he is of oate :
Oor heere is fully out.

2 Come on then, he may recouer yet. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.

Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We please them not by Land.

Scar. For both, my Lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' th' Fire, or i' th' Ayre,
Wee'd fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the City
Shall stay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Haue :
Where their appointment we may best discouer,
And looke on their endeeoor. *Exeunt*

Enter Cesar, and his Army.

Cef. But being charg'd, we will be still by Land,
Which as I tak't we shall, for his best force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,

And hold our best aduantage. *Exeunt.*

Alarm asfarre off, as at a Sea-fight.

Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.

Ant. Yet they are not ioy'd :

Where yon'd Pine does stand, I shall discouer all. *Exit.*

Hee bring thee word straight, how 'tis like to go.

Scar. Swallowes haue built

In *Cleopatra's* Salles their nests. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not speake their knowledge. *Anthony,*
Is valiant, and delected, and by stars
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.

Enter Anthony.

Ant. All is lost :

This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They cast their Caps vp, and Carowe together
Like Friends long lost. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this Nounce, and my heart
Makes onely warres on thee. Bid them all flye :
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
Lhaue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vprife shall I see no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere :
Do we shake hands ? All come to this ? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wishes, do dis-Candle, melt their sweets
On blossoming *Cesar* : And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this false Soule of Egypt ! this graue Charme,
Whose eye beck'd forth my Wars, and ead't home :
Whose Bosome was my Crownet, my chief end,
Like a right Gypsie, hath at fast and loose
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of toffe.
What *Eros*, *Eros* ?

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou Spell ! Ausunt.

Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd against his Loue ?

Ant. Vanish, or I shall giue thee thy deferring,
And blemish *Cesar's* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee vp to the shouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy Sea. Most Monster-like be shewne
For poor't Diminutions, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Othelia*, plough thy vidage vp
With her prepared nailes. *Exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well th' art gone,

If it be well to lioe. But better 'twere =
Thou fell'st into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa ?
The shirt of *Nessus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Ancestor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Lican* on the hornes o' th' Moone,
And with those hands that grasp the heauiest Clob,
Subdoe my worthiest selfe : The Witch shall die,
To the young Roman Boy the hath sold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot : She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa ? *Exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women : Oh hee't more mad
Then *Tidemon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theffaly
Was neuer so imboft.

Char. To 'th' Monument, there locke your selfe,
And fend him word you are dead :

The

The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
Then greatnesse going off.

Cle. To'th'Manument :

Mardian, go tell him I haue slaine my selfe :
Say, that the last I spoke was *Antony*,
And word it (pyrthee) pittously. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Manument.

Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eras.

Ant. Eras, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eras. I Noble Lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's Dragonish,
A vapour sometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou hast scene these Signes,
They are blacke Velpers Pageants.

Eras. I my Lord.

Ant. That which is oow a Horfe, even with a thought
the Rocke dissimes, and makes it indissolft
As water is in water.

Eras. It does my Lord.

Ant. My good Knaue *Eras*, now thy Captaioe is
Euen such a body : Heere I am *Antony*,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape (my Knaue)
I made these warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine :
Which whilst it was mine, had anoevt vntoo't
A Million moe, (now lost) (see *Eras* has
Packt Cards with *Cæsars*, and false plaid my Glnry
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eras*, there is left vs
Our selues to end our selues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy wilde Lady, she has rob'd me of my Sword.

Mar. No *Antony*,

My Mistris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.

Ant. Hence fawcy Eunuch peace, she hath betraid me,
And shall dye the death.

Mar. Death of one person, can be paid but once,
And that she ha's discharged. What thou would'st do
Is done vnto thy hand : the last the spoke
Was *Antony*, most Noble *Antony* :

Then in the midd't a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Antony* : it was diuided
Betwene her heart, and lips : the rendred life
Thy name to buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Vnarme *Eras*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we must sleepe : That thou depart'st hence last
Does pay thy labour richly : Go. *exit Mardian.*

Off, plucke off,

The seven-fold shield of *Ax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleave my sides.
Heart, once be stronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Case. Apace *Eras*, apace;
No more a Soldier : bruised peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eras*
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is Torture : since the Torch is out,
Lye downe and stay no farther. Now all labour

Marres what it does : yes, very force entangles
It selfe with strength : Seale then, and all is done.
Eras? I c'me my Queene. *Eras?* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our sprightly Port make the Ghostes gaze :
'Tis *Dido*, and her *Aeneas* shall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eras*, *Eras*.

Enter Eras.

Eras. What would my Lord ?

Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I haue liu'd in such dishonour, that the Gods
Deteft my basenesse. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're Greene Neptunesbacke
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my selfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, leste Noble minde
Then she which by her death, our *Cæsar* telles
I am Conqueror of my selfe. Thou art *sworne Eras*,
That when the eiaight should come, which now
Is come indeed : When I should feir behinde me
Th'ineuitable profection of disgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'st kill me.
Doo't, the time is come : Thou strik'st not me,
'Tis *Cæsar* thou defeat'st. Put colour in thy Cheeke.

Eras. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Partian Darts,
(Though Enemy) list ayme, and could not.

Ant. Eras,

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy Master thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face subdu'd
To penetratiue shame ; whilst the wheel'd seate
Of Fortunate *Cæsar* dawne before him, branded
His Basenesse that enuied.

Eras. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then : for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest Sword, which thou hast worne
Most vsfull for thy Country.

Eras. Oh fir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st I nnt then
To do this when I had thee ? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eras. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lyes.

Ant. Loe thee.

Eras. My sword is drawne.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawne it.

Eras. My deere Master,

My Capitaine, and my Emperor. Let me say
Before I strike this bloody stroke, Farwell.

Ant. 'Tis said man, and farewell.

Eras. Farewell great Chief. Shall I strike nnow ?

Ant. Now *Eras*.

Killes himselfe.

Eras. Why there then :

Thus I do escape the sorrow of *Antonies* death.

Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my selfe,
Thou teachest me : Oh valiant *Eras*, what
I should, and thou could'st not, my Queene and *Eras*
Haue by their braue instruction got vpon me
A Noblenesse in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eras*,
Thy Master dies thy Scholler ; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead ?
The Guard, how ? Oh dispatch me.

Enter

Enter a Guard.

1. Guard. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my worke ill Friends :
Oh make an end of what I have begun.

1 The Starre is false.

1 And time is at his Period.

All. Alas, and woe.

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 Not I.

2 Nor I.

3 Nor any one.

exunt

Deceus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly
This word but shewne to *Cæsar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dia. Where's *Antony*?

Deceus. There *Diomed* there.

'*Diom*. Lives he : wilt thou not answer man ?

Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?

Draw thy sword, and giv mee,
Sufficing strokes for death.

Diom. Most absolute Lord :

My Mistis *Cleopatra* sent me to thee.

Ant. When did thee send thee?

'*Diom*. Now my Lord.

Ant. Where is she ?

(fear)

Diom. Lockt in her Monument : she had a Prophesying
Of what hath come to passe : for when the faw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with *Cæsar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, the sent you word she was dead :
But fearing since how it might worke, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late good *Diomed* : call my Guard I prythee.

Dia. What ho : the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what ho ? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter a, or 5, of the Guard of Antony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Woe, woe are we fir, you may oot live to weare
All your true Followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. May good my Fellowes, do oot please sharp late
To grace it with your sorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to punish vs, and we punish it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I have led you off, carry me now good Friends,
And have my thanks for all.

Exit bearing Antony

Enter *Cleopatra*, and her Maides alight, with
Charmian & *Iras*.

Cle. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.

Chor. Be comforted deere Madam.

Cle. No, I will not :

All Strange and terrible evnets are welcome,
But comforts we dispise ; our use of sorrow
Proportion'd to our cause, most be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter *Diomed*.

How now ? is he dead ?

'*Diom*. His death's vpon him, but not dead.

Looke out o'th other side your Monument,
His Guard have brought him thither.

Enter *Antony*, and the Guard.

Cle. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'st in, darkling stand
The varrying shore o'th world. O *Antony*, *Antony*, *Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe : helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him blither.

Ant. Peace,

Not *Cæsar*'s Valour hath o'rethrowne *Antony*,
But *Antony*'s hath Triumphant on it selfe.

Cle. So it should be,

That none but *Antony* should conquer *Antony*,
But woe 'tis so.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying ; onely,
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thousand kisses, the poore last
I lay vpon thy lippes.

Cle. I dare not Deere,

Deere my Lord pardon : I dare not,
Least I be taken : not th' Imperious shew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæsar*, ever shall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, sting, or operation. I am safe :
Your Witte *Octavia*, with her modest eyes,
And still Conclusion, shall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me : but come, come *Antony*,
Helpe me my women, we must draw thee vp :
Assist good Friends.

Ant. Oh quicken, or I am gone.

Cle. Heere's sport indeede :
How heavy weighs my Lord ?
Our strength is all gone into heauinesse,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iano*'s power,
The stroog wing'd Mercury should fetch thee vp,
And thee by loues side. Yet come a little,
Withers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,
They beate *Antony* alight to *Cleopatra*.

And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou hast liu'd,
Quick'ee with kissing : had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare thee out.

All. A heavy fight.

Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.

Giue me some Wine, and let me speake a little.

Cle. No, let me speake, and let me rayle so hye,
That the false Hofwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prook'd by my offence.

Ant. One word (sweet *Queene*)

Of *Cæsar* seeke your Honour, with your safety. Oh.
Cle. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle heare me,

None about *Cæsar* trust, but *Proculeius*.

Cle. My Resolution, and my haods, lie trust,
None about *Cæsar*.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end, I
Lament nor sorrow at : but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greatest Prince o'th world,
The Noblest : and do now not basely dye,
Nor Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countryman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I ean no more.

Cle. Noblest of men, woo't dye ?

Hast thou oo care of me, shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better then a Sty ? Oh see my women :
The Crowne o'th earth doth melt. My Lord ?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,

The

The Souldiers pole is false : young Boyes and Gyrls
Are leuell now with men : The odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt : Empresse.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cle. No more but in a Woman, and enmanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the inurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equal theys,
Till they had stolne our lewelly. All's but naught :
Patience is fottish, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad : Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women ?
Whist, what good cheere ? Why how now *Charmian* ?
My Noble Gyrls ? Ah Women, women ! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good first, take heart,
We'll bury him : And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doe't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women ! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breifest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with
his Councell of Warre.*

Caesar. Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawles that he makes.

Dol. *Caesar*, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the Iuord of Anthony.

Caes. Wherefore is that ? And what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to vs ?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Mark Anthony I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd : whilst he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Caesar* : if I pleasest not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Caesar. What is't thou say'st ?

Dec. I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Caesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Cittizens to their denues. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name I say
A moity of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Caesar*,
Not by a publike minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it : behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Caes. Looke you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most perfitt deeds.

McC. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer

Did shewe humanity : but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Caesar* is touch'd.

McC. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes most see his selfe.

Caesar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue follow'd thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Hane shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine : we could not flail together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe ; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconcilable, should diuide our equainesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meetter Season,
The businesse of this man looks not of him,
We'll heare him what he liues.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you ?

Egypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That the preperly may frame her selfe
To'th'way thee's forc'd too.

Caesar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For *Caesar* cannot leaue to be vngentle
Egypt. So the Gods preserve thee. *Exit.*

Caes. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame : giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest in her gresstnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeat vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph : Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. *Caesar* I shall.

Exit Proculeius.

Caes. *Gallus*, go you along : where's *Dolabella*, to se-
cond *Proculeius* ?

All. *Dolabella*.

Caes. Let him alone : for I remember now
How hee's employ'd : he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this.

Exeunt.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cle. My desolation does begin to make
A better life : 'Tis paltrey to be *Caesar* :
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will : and it is great

To

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palliates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Cæsar*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Cæsar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

Cle. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cle. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd
That hee no vie for trusting. If you'll Master
Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Maieesty to keepe *desurum*, must
No lesse begge then a Kingdome: If he please
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheere:

'Tis false into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it shewes oer
On all that needs. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependencie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cle. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I fend him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, end would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.

Pro. This lie report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily the may be surpris'd:
Guard her till *Cæsar* come.

Isa. Royall Queene.

Cher. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cle. Quick, quick, good hands.

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:

Doe not your selfe such wroge, who are in this
Releu'd, but not betrayd.

Cle. What of death too that rids our dogs of laquies?

Pro. *Cleopatra*, doo not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'winding of your selfe: Let the World see
His Noblesse well acted, which your death
Will ouer let come forth.

Cle. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cle. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke fir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Cæsar* what he can. Know fir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chaffic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they hoist me vp,
And shew me to the shewing Variolarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather e dirts in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; and let the water-Flies
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,

And hang me vp in Chaines.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further then you shall
Finde cause in *Cæsar*.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou hast dooe, thy Master *Cæsar* knowes,
And he hath sent for thee: for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.

Pro. So *Dolabella*,
Ile shall content me best: Be gentle to her,
To *Cæsar* I will speake, what you shall please,
If you'll employ me to him. *Exit Proculeius*

Cle. Say, I would dye.

Dol. Most Noble Emperesse, you haue heard of me.

Cle. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly you know me.

Cle. No matter fir, what I haue heard or knowne:
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I vnderstand not, Madam.

Cle. I dreamt there was a Emperor *Anthony*.
Oh such another sleeper, that I might see
But such another man.

Dol. If it might please ye.

Cle. His face was as the Heu'n's, end therein stucke
A Suone and Moone, which kept their course, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.

Dol. Most Soueraigne Creature.

Cle. His legges befrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Crefted the world: His voyce was propertyed
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends:
But when he meant to quille, and shake the Orbe,
He was as rattling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. A *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they shew'd his backe about
The Element they li'd in: In his Liury
Walk'd Crownes end Crownets: Realms & Islands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.

Dol. *Cleopatra*.

Cle. Thinke you there was, or might be such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle Madam, no.

Cle. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods:
But if there be, nor euer were one soch
It's past the use of dreaming: Nature wants stuffe
To vie strange formes with ianeie, yet t' imagine
An *Anthony* were Nature's peece, 'gainst Fancie,
Condemning shadowes quite.

Dol. Heare me, good Madam:

Your losse is as your selfe, great; end you beare it
As answering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take purfu'd successe: But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that suites
My very heart at roote.

Cle. I thinke you fir:

Know you what *Cæsar* means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.

Cle. Nay pray you fir.

Dol. Though he be Honourable.

Cle. Hee'll leade me then in Triumph.

Dol. Madam he will, I know't. *Flourish.*

Enter Proculeius, Cæsar, Gallus, Mecenas,
and others of his Train.

All. Make way there *Cæsar*.

Cæsar

Ces. Which is the Queene of Egypt.

Dol. It is the Emperor Madam.

Cesar. Arise, you shall not kneele :

I pray you rise, rise Egypt.

Cles. Sir, the Gods will have it thus,

My Master and my Lord I must obey,

Cesar. Take to you no hard thoughts,

The Record of what injuries you did vs,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cles. Sole Sir o'th' World,

I cannot prouet mine owne cause so well

To make it cleare, but do confesse I haue

Bene laden with like frailties, which before

Haue often sham'd our Sex.

Cesar. *Cleopatra* know,

We will extenuate rather then inforce :

If you apply your selfe to our intents,

Which towards you are most gentle, you shall finde

A benefit in this change : but if you seeke

To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking

Antonie's course, you shall becase your selfe

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which Ie guard them from,

If thereon you relye. Ie take my leaue.

Cles. And may through all the world : tis yours, & we

your Scutcheons, and your signes of Conquest shall

Hang in what place you please. Here my good Lord.

Cesar. You shall aduise me in all for *Cleopatra*.

Cles. This is the breefe : of Money, Plate, & Jewels

I am posselt of, 'tis exactly valewed,

Not petty things admitted. Where's *Selvacus* ?

Selu. Heere Madam,

Cles. This is my Treasurer, let him speake (my Lord)

Vpon his perill, that I haue refer'd

To my selfe nothing. Speake the truth *Selvacus*.

Selu. Madam, I had rather scie my tippes,

Then to my perill speake that which is not.

Cles. What haue I kept backe.

Sel. Enough to purchaife what you haue made known

Cesar. Nay bludh not *Cleopatra*, I approue

Your Wisdome in the deede.

Cles. See *Cesar* : Oh behold,

How pompe is followed : Mine will now be yours,

And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.

The ingratitude of this *Selvacus*, does

Euen make me wilde. Oh *Silue*, of no more trust

Then loue that's hyr'd ? What goest thou backe, y' shall

Go backe I warrant thee : but Ie catch thine eyes

Though they had wings. *Silue*, Soule-lesse, Villain, Dog.

O rarely base !

Cesar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.

Cles. O *Cesar*, what a wounding shame is this,

That thou vouchsafing heere to visit me,

Doing the Honour of thy Lordlinesse

To one so mecke, that mine owne Seruant should

Parcell the summe of my disgraces, by

Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cesar*)

That I some Lady trifles haue refer'd,

Immortal toys, things of such Dignitie

As we greet moderne Friends withall, and say

Some Nobler token I haue kept apart

For *Livia* and *Octavia*, to induce

Their mediation, must I be vnfolded

With one that I haue bred : The Gods ! it smites me

Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,

Cles. kneeles.

Or I shall shew the Cynders of my spirits
Through th' Ashes of my chance : Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'st haue mercy on me.

Cesar. Forbear *Selvacus*.

Cles. Be it known, that we the greatest are mis-thought
For things that others do : and when we fall,

We answer others merits, in our name

Are therefore to be pittied.

Cesar. *Cleopatra*,

Not what you haue refer'd, nor what acknowled'd

Put we i'th' Roll of Conquest : still bee't yours,

Bestow it at your pleasure, and beleeue

Cesar's no Merchant, to make price with you

Of things that Merchants fold. Therefore be cheer'd,

Make not your thoughts your prisons : No deere *Queen*,

For we intend so to dispose you, as

Your selfe shall giue vs counsell : Feede, and sleepe :

Our care and pity is so much vpon you,

That we remaine your Friend, and so adieu.

Cles. My Master, and my Lord.

Cesar. Not so : *Adieu.* *Flourish.*

Exeunt Cesar, and his Train.

Cles. He words me Gyries, he words me,

That I should not be Noble to my selfe.

But hearken thee *Charmian*.

Iras. Finish good Lady, the bright day is done,

And we are for the darke.

Cles. Hye thee againe,

I haue spoke already, and it is provided,

Go put it to the bathe.

Charm. Madam, I will.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. Where's the Queene ?

Charm. Behold sir.

Cles. *Dolabella*.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworne, by your command

(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)

I tell you this : *Cesar* through Syria

Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,

You with your Children will be send before,

Make your best vse of this. I haue perform'd

Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cles. *Dolabella*, I shall remaine your debtor.

Dol. I your Seruant :

Adieu good Queene, I must attend on *Cesar*.

Cles. Farewell, and thanks.

Now *Iras*, what think I'th' thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian Puppet shall be shewne

In Rome as well as I : Mechanicke Slaues

With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers shall

Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,

Rankes of grosse dyet, shall we be enclouded,

And forc'd to drinke their vapour.

Iras. The Gods forbid.

Cles. Nay, 'tis most certaine *Iras* : sawcie Lictors

Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and scald *Rimera*

Ballads vs out a Tune. The quickie Comedians

Extemporarily will stage vs, and present

Our Alexandrian Reuels : *Anthony*

Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see

Some squeaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatness

I'th' posture of a Whore.

Iras. O the good Gods !

Cles. Nay that's certaine.

Iras. Ie neuer see't : for I am sure mine Nails

Are stronger then mine eyes.

Cles.

Cle. Why that's the way to foolke their preparation,
And to cooquer their most absurd intents.

Enter Charmian.

Now *Charmian*.

Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My best Attires. I am againe to *Cidrus*,
To meeete *Mark Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
(Now Noble *Charmian*, we'll dispatch indeede.)
And when thou hast done this chare, Ile give thee leaze
To play till Doomesday: bring our Crowne, and all.
A noise within.

Wherefore's this noise?

Enter a Guardsmen.

Guard. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'd your Highnesse presence,
He brings you Figges.

Cle. Let him come in.

Exit Guardsmen.

What poore an Infrument

May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble constant: now the fleeting Moore
No Planet is of mine.

Enter Guardsmen, and Clewae.

Guard. This is the man.

Cle. Avoid, and leaze him.

Exit Guardsmen.

Hast thou the pretty worrne of Nylus there,
That killies and paines not?

Cle. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie
that should desire you to touch him, for his byting is
immortal: those that doe dye of it, doe seldome or neuer
recouer.

Cle. Remember'st thou any that haue dyed on't?

Cle. Very many, men and women too. I heerd of
one of them no longer then yesterday, a very honest woman,
but something giuen to lye, as a woman should not do,
but in the way of honesty, how she dyed of the byting
of it, what paine she felt: Truly, she makes a verie
good report o'th'worrne: but he that will beleaze all that
they say, shall neuer be saved by halfe that they do: but
this is most fallible, the Worrne's so odde Worrne.

Cle. Get thee hence, farewell.

Cle. I wish you all ioy of the Worrne.

Cle. Farewell.

You must thinke this (looke you,) that the
Worme will do his kinde.

Cle. I, I, farewell.

Cle. Looke you, the Worrne is not to bee trusted,
but in the keeping of wife people: for indeede, there is
no goodnesse in the Worrne.

Cle. Take thou no care, it shall be heeded.

Cle. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it
is not worth the feeding.

Cle. Will it eate me?

Cle. You must not thinke I am so simple, but I know
the diuell himselfe will not eate a woman: I know, that
a woman is a dith for the Gods, if the diuell dresse her
not. But truly, these same whorson diuels doe the Gods
great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they
make, the diuels marre fise.

Cle. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Cle. Yes forthwith: I wish you ioy o'th'worrm. *Exit*

Cle. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue

Immortal longings in me. Now no more

The iuyce of Egypts Grape shall moist this lip.

Yare, yare, good *Iras*: quicke: Me thinkes I heare

Anthony call: I see him rowse himselfe
To praise my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of *Cesar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to hafer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, loog farewell.
Haue I the Aspicke in my lippes? Doft fall?
If thou, and Nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a Loouers pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Doft thou lye still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,
It is not worth leaze-taking.

Char. Disfolue thicke cloud, & Raine, that I may say
The Gods themselves doe wepe.

Cle. This proues me bafe:

If the first meeete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and spend that kisse
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy sharpe teeth this knot intrinsecate,
Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and dispatch. Oh could'st thou sprake,
That I might heere thee call great *Cesar* Aile, vnpoliced.

Char. Oh Eastern Starre,

Cle. Peace, peace:

Doft thou not see my Baby at my brest,
That suckes the Nurse asleepe.

Char. O breake! O breake!

Cle. As sweet as Balme, as soft as Ayre, as gentle.

O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I say—

Dies.

Cle. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now bostt thee Death, in thy possession lyes
A Lasse vnparallel'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phorbis, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe so Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play—

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

1. *Guard.* Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not.

1. *Cesar* hath sent

Char. Too slow a Messenger.

Oh come apace, dispatch, I partly feele thee.

1. Approach hoo,

All's not well: *Cesar's* beguiled.

2. There's *Dolabella* sent from *Cesar*: call him.

1. What worke is heere *Charmian*?

Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeffe
Defended of so many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier.

Charmian dies.

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?

2. *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. *Cesar*, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thy selfe art comming
To see perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So fought'st to hinder.

Enter Cesar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Cesar*.

2 2

Dol.

59

Dol. Oh fir, you are too fure an Augur: That you did feare, is done.

Cæſar. Braueſt at the laſt, She leuell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royall Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths, I do not ſee them bleede.

Dol. Who was laſt with them?

1. Guard. A ſimple Countryman, that broght hir Figu This was his Basket.

Cæſar. Poſſon'd then.

1. Guard. Oh *Cæſar*: This *Charmian* ſhould but now, the flood and ſpake: I found her trimming vp the Diadem; On her dead Miſtris tremblingly the flood, And on the ſodaine dropt.

Cæſar. Oh Noble weakeneſſe: If they had ſwallow'd poiſon, 'twould appeare By externall ſwellings: but ſhe looks like ſleepe, As ſhe would catch another *Anthony* In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.

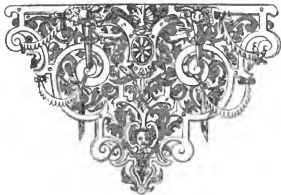
Dol. Heere on her breaſt, There is a vent of Blood, and ſomething blowne, The like is on her Arme.

1. Guard. This is an Aſpickes traile, And theſe Figge-leaues haue ſlime vpon them, ſuch As th'Aſpickes leaues vpon the Caves of Nyle.

Cæſar. Moſt probable That ſhe dyed: for her Phyſician tels mee She hath purſu'd Concluſions infinite Of eaſie ways to dye. Take vp her bed, And beare her Women from the Monument, She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony*. No Graue vpon the earth ſhall clip in it A payre ſo famous: high events as theſe Strike thoſe that make them: and their Story is No leſſe in pitty, then his Glory which Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall In ſolemne ſhew, attend this Funerall, And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, ſee High Order, in this great Sollemnity.

Exeunt omnes

FINIS.





THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*

Ou do not meet a man but Frowne.
Our bloods no more obey the Heavens
'Then our Courtiers:
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

2. *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wives sole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; the imprison'd, all
is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2. None but the King?

1. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2. And why so?

1. He that hath mis'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and such Ruffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.

2. You speake him farre.

1. I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,
Crush him together, rather then vofold
His measure duly.

2. What's his name, and Birth?

1. I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Seidlus*, who did ioyne her Honor
Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenanius*, whom
He seru'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leontatus*.
And had (besides this Gentleman in question)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yfue, tooke such sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus Leontatus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,
And in's Spring, became a Haruest: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lou'd,
A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,
A glasse that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistres,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her clefius may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2. I honor him, euen out of your report.

But pray you tell me, is the sole childe to th'King?

1. His oonly childe:

He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old
G'th'swathing clothes, the other from their Nurfery
Were stolne, and to this houre, oo ghesse in knowledge
Which way they went.

2. How long is this ago?

1. Some twenty yeares.

2. That a Kings Children should be so convey'd,
So slackely guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them.

1. Howsoere, 'tis strange,

Or that the negégence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet it is true Sir.

2. I do well beleuee yoo.

1. We must forbear. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princess. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Qs. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Prifoner, but
Your Gaoler shall deliuer yoo the keyes

That

That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate : marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lea'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wifedome may informe you.

Post. Please your Highnesse,
I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill ;
He fetch a turne about the Garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie ! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where the wounds ? My deereft Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes refer'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes : not comforted to liue,
But that there is this leuell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Post. My Queene, my Midtris ;
O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Filiris*'s,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter : thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, He drinke the words you fend,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you :
If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure : yet Ie moue him
To walke this way : I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends :
Payes deere for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow : Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers ; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how ? Another ?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And feare vp my embraiments from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While fensle can keepe it on : And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your fo infinite losse ; so in our trisles
I still winne of you. For my fike weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, He place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods !
When shall we see againe ?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alaske, the King.
Cym. Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight :
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou't payson to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,

And blesse the good Remainers of the Court :
I am gone. *Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should't repaire my youth, thou heap'st
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vocation,
I am fenseliesse of your Wrath ; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace ? Obedience ?
Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might't haue had
The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O blessed, that I might not : I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would't haue made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vilde one !

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Posthumus* :
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman : Ouer-byes mee
Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What's art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost Sir : Heauen restore me : would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing ;
They were againe together ; you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

Qu. Beseech your patience : Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Lesue vs to our selues, and make your selfe some comfort
Out of your best aduice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Pishamin.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way :
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir ? What newes ?

Pish. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu. Hah ?
No harme I trust is done ?

Pish. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger : they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master ?

Pish. On his command : he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Haven : left these Notes
Of what commands I should be fubiet too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant : I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pish. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Qu.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.

Imo. About some little house hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad if whole some as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him?

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

1. Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carcasse if he be not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. Stand you? you have Land enough of your owne: But he added to your hausing, gave you some ground.

2. As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betwene vs.

2. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that thee should lose this Fellow, and refuse mee.

2. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

1. Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue seene small reflection of her wit.

2. She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene some hurt done.

2. I wish not so, vlesse it had bin the fall of an Assle, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with vs?

1. Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Vay come, let's go together.

2. Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th'Hauens,
And question'd'st euery Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wou'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decker, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchiefe,
Still wauing, as the fits and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how flow his Soule say'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st haue made him,
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-springs;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallest of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Hae turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good Pisanio,
When shall we heare from him.

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,
The Shies of Italy should not betray
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the sixt hour of Morn, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, yet them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue seene him in Britaine; hee
was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so worth-
thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-
miration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had
bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-
out, and within.

French. I haue seene him in France: wee had very many
there, could behold the Sonne, with as firme eyes as
hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,
wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her valew, then
his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully

to

to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourne with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among't you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then flory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne together in Orleans.

Post. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be euer to paye, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindeesse, I was gl'd I did atone my Countryman and you it had bene pittie you should haue bene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, vpon importance of fo flight and triniial a nature.

Post. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueler, rather shoo'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my eury action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended judgement (if it offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether flight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelihood haue confounded one the other, or haue false both.

Jack. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of vs fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wife, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptable then any, the rarest of our Ladies in France.

Jack. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentleman opinion by this, worne out.

Post. She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

Jack. You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Jack. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had bene something too faire, and too good for any Lady lo Britanie; if the went before others. I haue seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I haue beheld, I could not beleue the excell'd many; but I haue not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post. I praise' her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

Jack. What do you esteeme it at?

Post. More then the world enioyes.

Jack. Either your vnparagon'd Mistress is dead, or she's out-pria'd by a vnpare.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the guilt. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the guilt of the Gods.

Jack. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Jack. You may weare her in title yours; but you know strange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stolne too, fo your brace of vnpraisable Estimatiens, the one is but fraile, and the other Casuall. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Conterier, would hazard the winning both of frith and last.

Post. Your Italy, contains none fo accomplish'd a Courter to enioice the Honour of my Mistress; if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue store of Theeues, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at frith.

Jack. With fise times so much conseruation, I should get ground of your faire Mistress, make her go backe, euen to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to frith.

Post. No, no.

Jack. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something; but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Jack. What's that?

Post. A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserue more a poimthment too.

Phil. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too fo dainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Jack. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I haue spoke,

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assaile?

Jack. Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine fo referu'd.

Posthumus. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Jack. You are a Friend, and there in the wifer: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot perscure it from tainting; but I see you haue some Religion in you, that you feare.

Posthumus. This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpose I hope.

Jack. I am the Master of my speeches, and would vnder-go what's spoken, I sweare.

Posthumus. Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne; let there be Coenants drawne between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodnesse, the hugeness of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Jack. By the Gods it is one; if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I haue enioy'd the deereft bodily part of your Mistressy ten thousand Duckets are yours, fo

fo is your Diamond too : if I come off, and leaue her in such honour as y^{ou} haue trust in ; Shee your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours : provided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Pos. I embrace these Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs : onely thus farre you shall answere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderstand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine vnsucc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise : for your ill opinion, and th'assault you haue made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Lark. Your hand, a Cousenant : wee will haue these things set downe by lawfull Connfell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue : I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

Pos. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior Iachimo will not from it.

Pray let vs follow 'em.

Exeunt

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Q. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather those Flowens,
Make haile. Who ha's the note of them ?

Lady. I Madam.

Que. Dispatch.

Exit Ladies.

Now Master Doctor, haue you brought those drugges ?
Cor. Pleseth your Highness, I : here they are, Madam
But I beseech your Grace, without offence
(My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,
Which are the mouers of a languishing death :
But though slow, deadly.

Q. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question : Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes ? Diffill ? Preferue ? Yea fo,
That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections : Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnlesse thou thinkest me diuellish) is't not meete
That I did amplify my iudgement in
Other Conclusions ? I will try the forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Ails, and by them gather
Their seuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highnesse
Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noysome, and infectious.

Q. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Heere comes a flattering Rascal, vpon him
Will I first worke : Hee's for his Master,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now Pisanio ?
Doctor, your seruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam,
But you shall do no harme.

Q. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. Shee doth thinke she ha's
Strange ling'ring poysons : I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice, with
A drudge of such dam'd Nature. Those she ha's,
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,
Which first (perchance) shee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher : but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a most false effect : and I, the truer,
So to be false with her.

Q. No further seruice, Doctor,
Vntill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue.

Exit.

Q. Weepes she still (saist thou) ?

Doth thou thinke in time

She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses ? Do thou worke :
When thou shalt bring me word she loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master : Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is : To shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another,
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leanes ?
Who cannot be new boile, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him ? Thou tak'st vp
Thou know'st not what : But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistis how
The case stands with her : doo't, as from thy selfe
Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke
Thou hast thy Mistis still, to boote, my Sonne,
Who shall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire : and then my selfe, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To loose thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Pija.*

Thinke on my words. A fyre, and constant knane,
Not to be shak'd : the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, shall quite vpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete : and which, the after
Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so : Well done, well done :
The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses
Beare to my Closet : Fare thee well, Pisanio.
Thinke on my words. *Exit Q. and Ladies.*

Pija. And shall do :

But when to my good Lord, I proue vntree,
Ile choake my selfe : there's all Ile do for you.

Exit.

Sena

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Sutor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supreme Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-Rolne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? *Fye.*

Enter Pisanie, and Iachimo.

Pifa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:

The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highnesse deerely.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Hau' lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foot,
Orlike the Parthian I shall sying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest men, to whose kindest I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truss.

Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.

But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th'reth, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome [worthy Sir] as I
Hau' words to bid you, and shall finde it fo
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairest Lady:

What are men mad? Hath Nature giueo them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fire Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Bench, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemme with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wifely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttury to such neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter tow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:

That satiate yet vnstatish'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
Lungs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,

Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam, well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and peeuih.

Pifa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamefome: he is call'd
The Britaine Rueller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to fadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke fighes from him; whilst the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choofe
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood; with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be w'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wracke diskerne you in me
Deserues your pity?

Iach. Lameotable: what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,

Delicue with more opennesse your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

(I was about to say) enioy your — but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know

Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainities
Either are past remedies, or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers foule
To'th' oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)

Exit.

Slave r

Slaunder with lippes as common as the stayres
That mount the Capitoll; Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with honerly falshood (falshood as
With labour) then as peeping in an eye
Bafe and illuftrious as the mooskie light
That's fed with flinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell fhould at one time
Encounter fuch reult.

Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittain.

Iach. And himfelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my muttiff Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deereft Soule: your Caufe doth ftrike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me ficken. A Lady
So faire, and faften'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'ft King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that felfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with difeas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneffe can lend Nature. Such boy'l'd fluffe
As well might poyfon Poyfon. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoule from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd?

How fhould I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue fuch a Heart, that both mine cares
Muft not in hafte abufe) if it be true,
How fhould I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should hee make me
Liue like 'Diana's Prieft, betwixt cold fheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Ranges
In your delight, vpon your purple: reuenge it.
I dedicate my felfe to your fweet pleafure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faft to your Affection,
Still clofe, as fure.

Imo. What hoa, Pifanio?

Iach. Let me my feruice tender on your lippes.
Imo. Away, I do condemne mine cares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'ft haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For fuch an end thou feek'ft, as bafe, as ftrange:
Thou wrong'ft a Gentleman, who is as fure
From thy report, as thou from Honors and
Solicities heere a Lady, that difdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pifanio?
The King my Father fhall be made acquainted
Of thy Affault: if he fhall thinke it fit,
A fawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romifh Stew, and to expound
His beftly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not refpects at all. What hoa, Pifanio?

Iach. O happy Lefanus I may fay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deferues thy trueth, and thy moft perfect goodneffe
Her affur'd credit. Bleffed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthieft Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Miftreis, onely
For the moft worthieft fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue fpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and fhall make you Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The trueft manner'd: fuch a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Hafte all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He fir' moongft men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor fet him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angry
(Moft mighty Princeffe) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a faile report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, fo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loofe I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffelefle. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almoft forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a fmall request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns:
Your Lord, my felfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the bufineffe.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The beft Feather of our wing) haue mingled fummets
To buy a Prefent for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the reft) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuite, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valiewes great,
And I am fomething curious, being ftrange
To haue them in fafe ftowage: May it pleafe you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And pawne mine Honor for their fafety, fince
My Lord hath intereft in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To fend them to you, onely for this night:
I muft aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I befeech: I or I fhall fhout my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I croft the Seas on purpofe, and on promife
To fee your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I muft Madam.
Therefore I fhall befeech you, if you pleafe
To greet your Lord with writing, don't to night,
I haue out-ftood my time, which is materiall
To th' tender of our Prefent.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it fhall fafe be kept,
And truly yeelded you: you're very welcome. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clitten, and the two Lords.

Clit. Was there euer man had fuch lucke? when I kill
the Iacke vpon an vp-call, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorion Iacke-in-Apes, muft

must take me vp for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is dispos'd to swear: it is not for any standers by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot. Whorion dog: I gaue him satisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue smell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: I a pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mother: euery lacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I must go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Saye thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordship should vndertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my interiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

Clot. Why lo I say.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascall; and he's another, whatsoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordships Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no deogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not easily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile see this Italian: what I haue lost to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. Ile attend your Lordship.

That such a craftie Diuell as is his Mother Should yeld the world this Affe: A woman, that Beares all dowee with her Braine, and this her Sonne, Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leaue eightene. Alas poore Princeesse, Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st, Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd, A Mother hourly coyning plots: I A Woeer, More hatefull then the soule expulsion is Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act Of the diuorce, hee'd make the Heauens hold firme The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnshak'd That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand T'enioy thy banisht Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Please you Madam.

Imo. What hoore is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weak,

Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:

And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock,

I prythee call me: Sleepe hath crept me wholly.

To your protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

Guard me beseech yee.

Sleeper.

Lachrym from the Trunk.

Jack. The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sence

Requies it selfe by rest: Our *Targuine* thus

Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd

The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea,*

How brauely thou becom'st thy Bedfellow Lilly,

And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,

But kisse, one kisse. Rubies vnparagon'd,

How deereley they doe't: 'Tis her breathing that

Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th Taper

Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.

To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied

Vnder these windowes, White and Azure lac'd

With Blew of Heuens owne tinct. But my designe,

To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,

Such, and such pictures: There the window, such

Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,

Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th Story.

Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,

Above ten thousand meaneer Moueables

Would tell thee, t'enrich mine Inventorie.

O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,

And be her Sence but as a Monument,

Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.

'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,

As strongly as the Conscience do's within:

To'th madding of her Lord. On her left brest

A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops

I'th'bottom of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,

Stronger then euer Law could make; this Seeret

Will foree him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane

The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?

Why should I write this downe, that's riueted,

Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,

The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leas'e's turn'd downe

Where *Philomela* gaue vp. I haue enough,

To'th Truncke againe, and But the spring of it.

Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning

May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,

Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke strikes

Exit.

One, two, three: time, time.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cloten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the most coldest that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to loofe.

2. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordship; You are knot hot, and furious when you winne.

Clot.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough: it's almost morning, is it not?

1. Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Moficke would come: I am adieu'd to give her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so I will try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her confider.

SONG.

*Hearke, hearke, the Lark at Heavens gate singt,
and Phœbus gins arise,
His Seeds to water at these Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And wishing Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone! if this pen trate, I will confider your Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horfe-haires, and Calves-gots, nor the voyce of vnpaed Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbeline, and Quene.

2. Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp so late, for that's the reason I was vp so early: he cannot chosse but take this Service I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our heere daughter Will the not forth?

Clot. I haue assai'd her with Musickes, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new, She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must weare the print of his remembrance on't, And then she's yours.

Q. You are most bound to'th King, Who let's go by no vantages, that may Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe To orderly solicity, and be friended With aptnesse of the season: make denials Encrease your Services: so seeme, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Saue when command to your diffinition tends, And therein you are senseliefe.

Clot. Senseliefe? Not fo.

My. So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receyue him According to the Honor of his Sender, And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on vs We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonnet, When you haue giuen good morning to your Mistress, Attend the Quene, and vs, we shall haue neede To employ you towards this Romanes.

Come our Quene.

Clot. If she be vp, Ile speake with her: if not Let her lye still, and dreame: by your leave hoa, I know her women are about her: what

If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes *Diana's* Rangers salte themselves, yeld vp Their Deere to'th hand o'th Stealer: and 'tis Gold Which makes the True-man kill'd, and saues the Theefe: Nay, sometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make One of her women Lawyer to me, for I yet not vnderstand the case my selfe. By your leave.

Knockt.

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Sonne.

La. That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours, Can iustly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

Clot. Your Ladies person, is she ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you, Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you What I shall thinke is good. The Princeffe.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

Im. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I giue, Is telling you that I am poore of thoughts, And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I sweare I loue you.

Im. If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me: If you sweare still, your recompence is still That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Im. But that you shall not say, I yeld being silent, I would not speake. I pray you spare me, faith I shall vnfold equall discourtesie

To your best kindeesse: one of your great knowing Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin, I will not.

Im. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Im. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, Ile no more be mad, That cures vs both. I am much sorry (Sir) You put me to forget a Ladies manners By being so verball: and learne now, for all, That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce By th'very truth of it, I care not for you, And am so neere the lacke of Charitie To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather You felt, then make't my boast.

Clot. You saine against Obedience, which you owe your Father, for The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch, One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes, With scraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none; And though it be allowed in meaner parties (Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules (On whom there is no more dependance But Brats and Begger) in selfe-figur'd knot, Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

You'l giue me leaue to spare, when you shall finde
You neede it not.

Psyl. Proceed.

Luc. First, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confesse I slept not, but profite
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silke, and Silver, the Story
Prond *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,
And *Sidons* swell'd about the Bankes, or for
The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, so rich, that it did strioe
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was ———

Psyl. This is true :

And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by some other.

Luc. More particulars
Must iustifie my knowledge.

Psyl. So they must,
Or doe your Honour iniury.

Luc. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing : neuer saw I figures
So likely to report themselves ; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.

Psyl. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise reape,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Luc. The Roofe o'th Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Silver, each on one foote standing, nicely
Depending on their Branda.

Psyl. This is her Honor :

Let it be granted you haue seene all this (and praise
Be giuen to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing faues
The wager you haue laid.

Luc. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to syre this Iewell : See,
And now 'tis vp againe : it must be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

Psyl. Ioue ———

Once more let me behold it : Is it that
Which I left with her ?

Luc. Sir (I thanke her) that
She stript it from her Arme : I see her yet :
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too : she gaue it me,
And said, the priz'd it once.

Psyl. May be, she pluck'd it off
To lend it me.

Luc. She writes so to you ? doth shee ?

Psyl. O no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Basillike vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't : Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty : Truth, where semblance : Ioue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing :
O, about measure false.

Phil. Haue patience Sir,

And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne :
It may be probable the lost it : or

Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath stolne it from her.

Psyl. Very true,

And so I hope he came by't : hacke my Ring,
Render to me some cosporall signe about her
More euident then this : for this was stolne.

Luc. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.

Psyl. Hearke you, he swears : by Iupiter he swears.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring ; 'tis true : I am sure
She would not loose it : her Attendants are
All sworne, and honourable : they induc'd to steale it ?
And by a Stranger ? No, he hath enjoy'd her,
The Cognizance of her incontinencie
Is this : she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Duide themselves betwene you.

Phil. Sir, be patient :

This is not strong enough to be beleue'd
Of one perswaded well of.

Psyl. Neuer talke on't :
She hath bin colted by him.

Luc. If you seeke

For further satisfiſing, vnder her Breast
(Worthy her preſſing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiss it, and it gaue me present hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This staine vpon her ?

Psyl. I, and it doth confirme
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Luc. Will you heare more ?
Psyl. Spare your Arithmetickes,
Neuer count the Turnes : Once, and a Million.

Luc. Ile be sworne.

Psyl. No swearing !
If you will sweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do't deny
Thou'lt made me Cuckold.

Luc. Ile deny nothing.

Psyl. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale :
I will go there and doo't, i'th Court, before
Her Father. Ile do something. *Exit.*

Phil. Quite besides

The government of Patience. You haue wonne :
Let's follow him, and peruert the present wrath
He hath against himselfe.

Luc. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Posthumus.

Psyl. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be halfe-workers ? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit : yet my Mother seem'd
The *Diana* of that time : so doth my Wife
The Non-parrell of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance !
Me of my lawfull pleasure the restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance : did it with
A pudencie so Rolfe, the sweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne ;
That I thought her
As Chaste, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels !
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not ?

Or leffe; at first? Perchance he spake not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition
But what he look'd for, should oppose, and the
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I asseme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers;
Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers; Reuenges hers;
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Diuidaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Heil knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not constant, but are changing fill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe so old as that. He write against them,
Defect them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, and Lords at
one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius,
and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with vs?

Luc. When Iulius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lies in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, Cæssulus thine Vnkle
(Famous in Cæsars prayles, no whit lesse
Then in his Feats deserv'ing it) for him,
And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vtender'd.

Qr. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be so euer.

Clot. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Iulius; Britaine's a world
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noles.

Qr. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The naturall brauery of your life, which stands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnscalable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But sucke them vp to'th' Top-maile. A kinde of Conquest
Cæsar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with shame
(The first that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-shells mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As easily gainst our Rocks. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd Cæssulus, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to master Cæsars Sword,
Made Lads-Towns with reioycing-Fires bright,

And Britaines strut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our
Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I
said) there is no mo such Cæsars, other of them may haue
crook'd Noses, but to owe such fraite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard
as Cæssulus, I doe not say I am one: but I haue a hand.
Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If Cæsar
can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon
in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for lights else Sir,
no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. Cæsars Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere,
Did put the yoke vpon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike vpon's, whom we reckon
Our felues to be, we do. Say then to Cæsar,
Our Ancestors was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whose vfe the Sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our lawes
Who was the first of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himselfe a King.

Luc. I am sorry Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy selfe Domestick Officers) thine Enemy;
Receyue it from me then, Warre, and Confusion
In Cæsars name pronounce I 'gainst thee: Look
For fury, not to be resisted. Thus decide,
I thanke thee for my selfe.

Cym. Thou art welcome Caius,
Thy Cæsar Knighted me; my youth I spent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to feeke of me againe, perforce,
Behoues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonios and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President
Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:
So Cæsar shall not finde them.

Luc. Let proofe speake.

Clot. His Maiesie biddes you welcome. Make pas-
time with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek vs af-
terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde vs in our Salt-
water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you
fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for
you: and there's an end.

Luc. So sir.

Cym. I know your Masters pleasure, and he mines
All the Remaine, is welcome. Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.

Pis. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monstres her accuse? Lennatus:
Oh Master, what a strange infection

Is false into thy care? What false Italian,
(As poisonous tongo'd, as banded) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No.
She's ponish'd for her Truth; and undergoes
More Goddiffe-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults
As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murder her,
Upon the Love, and Troth, and Vow; which I
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be so, to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How loose I,
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Faict comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I have sent her, by her owne command,
Shall give thee opportunitee. Oh damnd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,
Art thou a Forerise for this Act; and look't
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord Leonatus?
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relish of Love,
Of my Lords health, of his content; yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;
Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyficke Love, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. *Louers,*
And men in dangerous Bondage pray not alike,
Though Fortyetours you cast in prison, yet
You claspe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.

*I*ffice, and your Fathers wrath (should be take me in his
Dominion); could not be so cruell to me, as you: (oh the de-
reft of Creatures) would ever renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Hauen: what your
owne Love, will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you
all happiness, that remains loyal to his View, and your recrea-
tion in Love. *Leonatus Posthumus.*

Oh for a Horse with wings! Hear't thou Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Gilde thither in a day? Then true Pisanio,
Who long't like me, to see thy Lord; who long't
(Oh let me bade) but not like me: yet long't
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke
(Looses Counsaile should fill the bores of hearing,
To't smothering of the Sense) how farre it is
To this blessed Milford. And by'th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
T'inherit such a Hauen. But first of all,
How we may sleale from hence: and for the gap
That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuse: but first, how get hence.
Why should excoise be borne or ere begot?
Weeke talke of that hereafter. Prythee speake,
How many fiores of Miles may we well rid

Twist houre, and houre?

Pis. One score 'twist Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,
Could neuer go so flow: I have heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horfes have bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th' Clocke behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman feigne a Sicknesse, say
She's home to her Father; and provide me presently
A Riding Suit: No coslier then would fit
A Frankins Hufwile.

Fija. Madam, you're best confider.

Imo. I see before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;
Nor what enfus but have a Fog lo them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:
Accessible is none but Milford way.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,
Whose Roofes's as low as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Instructs you how to adore the Heavens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven,
We house i'th' Rocks, yet vfe thee not so hardly
As prouder liuers do.

Guid. Haile Heaven.

Arvir. Haile Heaven.

Bela. Now for our Mountain sport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,
When you about perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which lessen'd and sets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes, of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; so being done,
But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we see
And often to our comfort, shall we finde
The shar'd-Beetle, in a safer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe
Prouder, then rustling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his Bobke vncred: is no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proofe you speake: we poore vnstedg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th' nest; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Haply this life is best,
(If quiet life be best) sweeter to you
That haue a sharper knowne. Well corresponding
With your stiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: traussailing a bed,
A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arvir. What should we speake of
When we are old as you? When we shall heere
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Cause, shall we discorde

The freezing houres away? We haue seeoe othing:
We are beauly; subtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speake.

Did you but know the Cities Vsuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whose top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or to slipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger
I'th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th' feareh,
And hath as oft a stand'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deferue, by doing well: what's worse
Mn'd eurt'ie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.

Gwi. Vncertaine flourish.

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: so
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and these Deserets, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honest freedom, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th' Mountaines,
T'his is oot Hunters Language; he that strikes
The Venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' Feast,
To him the other two shall minifter,
And we will feare no poyson, which attends
In place of greater State:

He meete you in the Valleyes.

How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?
These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alius.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanelly
I'th' Cause, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the trickes of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Ioue,
When on my three-foot stooke I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his spirits flye out
Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I fet my foote on's necke, euen then
The Princely blood flows in his Cheeke, he sweats,
Straines his yong Nerves, and puts himselfe in posture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Guiderius*,
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is row'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conscience knowes
Thou didd'st voluntarily bawd me: whereon

Exeunt.

At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euripile*,
Thou wast their Nurfe, they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honor to her graue:
My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came fto horse, $\frac{1}{2}$ place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so
To see me first, as I haue now. *Pisanio*, Man:
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond selfe-capacitation. Put thy selfe
Into a hauiour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse
Vanquish my slayder Senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? It's be Summer News
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st
But keepe that count'naunce still. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-crafted him,
And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off some extremitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.

Pis. Please you reade,
And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The most diliaio'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

*Thy Mistress (Pisanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my
Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I speak
not out of weakc Surmises, but from proofe as strong as my
griefe, and as certaine as I expect my Ruine. That part, thou
(Pisanio) must asse for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the
breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I shall
give thee opportunity at Milford Haues. Shee hath my Letter
for the purpose; where, if thou feare to frige, and to make me
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and
equally to me dishonour.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,
Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath
Rides on the posting winde, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maidens, Matrons, nay the Secreta of the Graue
This viperous slander enters. What cherre, Madam?
Imo. False to his Bed? What is it to be false?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearful dreame of him,
And cry my selfe awake? That's false to a bed? Is it?
Pis. Alas good Lady.

Imo. I false? Thy Conscience witnesseth: *Lachimo*,
Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'd'st like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy

Thy favours good enough. Some lay of Italy
(Whose mother was her painting) hath betray'd him:
Poore I am false, a Garment out of fashion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walle,
I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) shall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, heare me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,
Were in his time thought false: and *Symon* weeping
Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pittie
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Pythimus*
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and periur'd
From thy great faith: Come Fellow, be thou honest,
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Mansion of my Loue (my Heart):
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence vile Instrument,
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

Imo. Why, I must dye:

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,
There is a prohibition so Diuine,
That erasens my weak hand! Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, we'll no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue false Teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Pythimus*,
That did'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites
Of Princely Fellows, shalt hereafter finde
It is no acte of common passage, but
A strange of Rareness: and I greeue my selfe,
To thinke, when thou shalt be dild'g'd by her,
That now thou trest on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,
The Lambe entreates the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding
When I desire it too.

Pis. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiv'd command to do this businesse,
I haue not slept one wink.

Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.

Pis. Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Did'st vnderlike it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horles labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I neuer
Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre
To be vn-bent? when thou hast'ne thy stand,

Th'elest Deere before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To loose fo bad employment, in the which
I haue consider'd of a course: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.

Imo. Take thy tongue weary, speake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottoome that. But speake.

Pis. Then Madam,

I thought you would not backe againe.

Imo. Most like,

Bringing me heere to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither:

But if I were as wife, as honest, then
My purpose would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This curst iniurie.

Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my life:

Ile giue but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,
And that will well confirme it.

Imo. Why good Fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How lue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'll backe to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more ade
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:
That *Cleone*, whose Loue-suit hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.

Pis. If not at Court,

Then not in Britaine must you bide.

Imo. Wherethen?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.

Pis. I am most glad

You thinke of other place: Th'Ambassador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could were a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which 'appears selfe, must not yet be,
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The residence of *Pythimus*; so nie (at least)
That though his Actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your eare,
As truly as he mooues.

Imo. Oh for such meanes,
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, heere's the point:

You must forget to be a Woman: change
Command into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truly
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, lawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weasell: Nay, you must
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Tis* : and forget
Your labourfome and dainty Trimmets, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay be breefe?
I fee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Pif. Firſt, make your ſelfe but like one,
Forc-thinking this. I have already ſit
(*Tis* in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hoſe, all
That anſwer to them : Would you be in their ſervling,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a feaſon) *fore Noble Lucius*
Preſent your ſelfe, deſire his ſervice : tell him
Wherein you're happy ; which will make him know,
If that his head haue care in Moſicke, doubtleſſe
With joy he will embrace you : for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your meanes abroad :
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor ſupplement.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be conſider'd : but wee'l euen
All that good time will give vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Prince's Courage. Away, I prythee.

Pif. Well Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewell,
Leaſt being miſt, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miſtris,
Here is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious : If you are ſicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will drive away diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your Manhood : may the Gods
Direſt you to the beſt.

Imo. Amen : I thanke thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus farre, and ſo farewell.

Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir :
My Emperour hath wrote, I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My Maſters Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects (*Sir*)
Will not endure his yoke ; and for our ſelfe
To ſhew leſſe Sovereignty then they, muſt needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike.

Luc. So *Sir* : I deſire of you
A Conduſt over Land, to Milford-Haen.
Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office :
The due of Honor, in no point omit :
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receiue it friendly : but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.

Luc. *Sir*, the Eoent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue croſt the Severn. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*

Qu. He goes hence frowning : but it honours vs
That we haue given him cauſe.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wiſhes in it.
Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horſemen be in readineſſe :
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoone be drawne to head, from whence he moves
His warre for Britaine.

Qu. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſſe,
But muſt be look'd too ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter ? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue bene too ſlight in ſufferance.

Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Posthumus*, moſt retr'y'd
Hath her life bin : the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your Maieſty,
Forbear ſharpe ſpeeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtroked,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is the Sir ? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd ?

Meſ. Pleaſe you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be given to th'lowd of noiſe, we make.

Qu. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmities,
She ſhould that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly ſhe was bound to proffer : this
She with'd me to make knowne : but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.

Cym. Her doores lock'd ?
Not ſeene of late ? Grant Heavens, that which I
Feare, prove falſe.

Exit.

Qu. Sonne, I ſay, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Tis* ſeruant
I haue not ſeene theſe two dayes.

Exit.

Qu. Go, looke after :
Pisano, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Posthumus*,
He hath a Drugg of mine : I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that. For he beleues
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is the gone ? Haply diſpaire hath ſeiz'd her :
Or wing'd with ierour of her loue, ſhe's flowne
To her deſir'd *Posthumus* : gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonor, and my end
Can make good uſe of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Britiſh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne ?

Clot. 'Tis certaine ſhe is fled :
Go in and echeere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Qu. All the better : may
This night fore-tell him of the coming day. *Exit Qu.*
Clot. I loue, and hate her : for ſhe's Faire and Royall,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquisite

Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and the of all compounded
Out-fellets them all. I love her therefore, but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Pybbum*, flanders for her judgement,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles shall—

Enter Pisanio.

Who is here? What, are you packing firrah?
Come hither! Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pif. Oh, good my Lord.

Cl. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,
He haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is with the *Pybbum*?
From whose so many waights of baleneste, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.

Pif. Alas, my Lord,
How can she be with him? When was she mis'd?
He is in Rome.

Cl. Where is the Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting! satisfie me home,
What is become of her?

Pif. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

Cl. All-worthy Villaine,
Discover where thy Mistis is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord!
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

Pif. Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

Cl. Let's see't: I will pursue her
Euen to *Angulus* Throne.

Pif. Or this, or perill.

She's farre enough, and what he learns by this,
May prooue his travell, not her danger.

Cl. Hum.

Pif. He write to my Lord she's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayst thou wander, false returne againe.

Cl. Sirra, is this Letter true?

Pif. Sir, as I thinke.

Cl. It is *Pybbum* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true seruice: vnder-
goe those Employments wherein I should haue cause to vse
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villaine soere I
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truly, I would
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-
ment.

Pif. Well, my good Lord.

Cl. Wilt thou serue mee? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that
Begger *Pybbum*, thou canst not in the course of grati-
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serue
mee?

Pif. Sir, I will.

Cl. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

Pif. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodgings, the same
Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Mi-
stresse.

Cl. The first seruice thou dost mee, fetch that Suite

hither, let it be thy first seruice, go.

Pif. I shall my Lord.

Exit.

Cl. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske
him one thing, he remember't anon:) euen there, thou
villaine *Pybbum* will I kill thee. I would these Gar-
ments were come. She fals'd vpon a time (the bitterneffe
of it, I now belch from my heart) that she held the very
Garment of *Pybbum*, in more respect, then my Noble
and naturall person; together with the adornement of
my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe will I re-
uise her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see
my valour, which will then be a torment to his contempt.
He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his
dead bodie, and when my Lust hath din'd (which, as I
say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so
prais'd!) to the Court he knock her backe, foot her home
againe. She hath despis'd mee reioycingly, and hee bee
merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Pisanio.

Be those the Garments?

Pif. I, my Noble Lord.

Cl. How long is't since she went to Milford-Hauen?

Pif. She can scarce be there yet.

Cl. Bring this Apparell to my Chamber, that is
the second thing that I haue commanded thee. The third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be
but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to
thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings
to follow it. Come, and be true.

Exit.

Pif. Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,
Were to proue false, which I will neuer bee
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow
You Heavely blessings on her: This Fooles speed
Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede.

Exit.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Im. I see a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue ty'd my selfe and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,
But that my resolution helps me: Milford,
When from the Mountain top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane,
Where they should be releu'd. Two Beggars told me,
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse
Is forer, then to lye for Neede; and Falshood
Is worse in Kings, then Beggars. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th' false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is that?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse euer
Of Hardinesse is Mother. How? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, speake: if savage,

Take,

Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 Bot feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarcely looke oo't.
 Such a Foe, good Heavens. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.
Bel. You *Faliders* haue prou'd best Woodman, and
 Are Master of the Feast; *Cadwall*, and I
 Will play the Cooke, and Seruato, 'tis our match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and dye
 But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes
 Will make what's homely, fauour: Wearineffe
 Can shone vpon the Flint, when restle Sloth
 Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
 Poore house, that keep't his selfe.

Gai. I am throughly weary.
Arui. I am weak with toyle, yet strong in appetite.
Gai. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l broux on that
 Whil't what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
 But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke
 Heere were a Faery.

Gai. What's the matter, Sir?
Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
 An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuineoffe
 No elder than a Boy.

Enter Imogen.
Imo. Good masters harme me not:
 Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
 To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
 I haue stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
 Gold strew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
 I would haue left it on the Boord, so soone
 As I had made my Meale; and parted
 With Pray'r for the Prouider.

Gai. Money? Youth.
Arui. All Gold and Silver rather turne to dart,
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?
Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?
Imo. *Fidels* Sir: I haue a Kinsman, who
 Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I am false in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
 Thinke vs no Charles: nor measure our good mines
 By this rude place we lue in. Well encounter'd,
 'Tis almost night, you shall haue better cheere
 Ere you depart; and thanks to stay, and eate it:
 Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gai. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard, but be your Groomer in honesty:
 I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
 He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
 And such a welcome as I'd giue to him

(After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends?
 If Brothers: would it had bin fo, that they
 Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
 Bin lesse, and fo more equall ballasting
 To these *Pollhum*.

Bel. He wrings at some distresse.

Gai. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men
 That had a Court no bigger than this Caue,
 That did attend themselves, and had the vertue
 Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by
 That nothing-guilt of differing Multitudes
 Could not out-perce these twaine. Pardon me Gods,
 I'd echange my sexe to be Companion with them,
 Since *Leuatus* false.

Bel. It shall be fo:

Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
 Discourse is heauy, fasting: when we haue sup'd
 Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
 So farr as thou wilt speake it.

Gai. Pray draw nere.

Arui. The Night to'th' Owle,

And Morne to th' Lark lesse welcome.

Imo. Thanks Sir.

Arui. I pray draw oere.

Exeunt.

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.
1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
 That since the common men are now in Action
 'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
 And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
 Full weak to undertake our Wares agaiost
 The false-off Britaines, that we do incite
 The Gentry to this busineffe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Confull: and to you the Tribunes
 For this immediate Leuy, he commands
 His absolute Commission. Long lue *Cesar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

1. Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen. With those Legions

Which I haue spoke of, whereunto your leuie
 Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission
 Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
 Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I am nere to'th' place where they should meet,
 if *Pisania* haue mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments
 serue me! Why should his *Mithras* who was made by him
 that

that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (suing
reverence of the Word) for 'tis faide a Womans stiffe
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-
yond him in the advantage of the time, above him in
Birth, alike conuerfant in generall seruices, and more re-
markable in single oppositions; yet this imperferuant
Thing loues him in my despiht. What Mortalitie is?
Posthumus, thy head (which now is growing vpon thy
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris in-
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and
all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may
(happily) be a little angry for my so rough vltige: but my
Mother hauing power of his testineffe, shall turne all in-
to my commendations. My Horfe is tyed vp safe, out
Sword, and to a fore purpose: Fortune put them into my
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place
and the Fellow dares not deuiue me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and
Imogen from the Cae.*

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Cae,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, stay heere:

Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,

Gai. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall course: the breach of Cushman,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye
Stealing so poorly.

Gai. I loue thee: I haue spoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be faine to say so (Sir) I youke mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you say,
Loue's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble straine!
O worthineffe of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!
O Cowards father Cowards: & Base things Syre Base;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,
Doth myracle it selfe, lou'd before mee.
"Tis the ninth houre o'th Morne.

Arui. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I with ye sport.

Arui. You health. — So please you Sir.

Imo. These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers say, all's fange, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou disproou'rt Report.
Th'empierous Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,
Poore Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:
I am sicke still, heart-sicke; *Pisano*,
Ile now taste of thy Drugges.

Gai. I could not furre him:
He said he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Discomely afflicted, but yet honest.

Arui. Thus did he auwer me: yet said heereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th Field, to'th Field:

Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arui. Wee'l not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sicke,

For you must be our Hufwife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Exit.

Bel. And shal't be euer.

This youth, how ere distressed, appeares he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arui. How Angell-like he sings?

Gai. But his neate Cookerie?

Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charrafters,
And sawe't our Brothers, as *Imo* had bin sicke,
And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he youkes

A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From so diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylor's raile at.

Gai. I do note,

That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their spures together.

Arui. Grow patient,

And let the thinking Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Cl. I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Those Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th Queene. I feare some Ambush:
I saw him not these many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gai. He is but one: you, and my Brother search
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clor. Soft, what are you

That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of such. What Slaue art thou?

Gai. A thing:

More slauish did I ne're, then answering
A Slaue without a knocke.

Clor. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeld thee Theefe.

Gai. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why

Why I should yeeld to thee?

Clet. Thou Villaine base,
Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

Gai. No, nor thy Taylor, Recall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,
Which (as it seemes) make thee.

Clo. Thou precious Varlet,

My Taylor made them not.

Gai. Hence then, and thinke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art some Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.

Clet. Thou iniurious Theefe,

Hearst but my name, and tremble.

Gai. What's thy name?

Clo. *Cletos*, thou Villaine.

Gai. *Cletos*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me sooner.

Clet. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy merre Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Sonne to th' Queene.

Gai. I am sorry for't: not seeming

So worthy as thy Birth.

Clet. Art not afraid?

Gai. Those that I reuerence, those I feare: the Wife
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.

Clet. Dye the death:

When I haue slaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow those that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Ludi-Towne* let your heads:
Yeeld Rofficke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?

Arvi. I none in the world: you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour
Which then he wore: the foatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very *Cletos*.

Arvi. In this place we left them;
I with my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cause of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But see thy Brother.

Gai. This *Cletos* was a Foole, an empty purse,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do him.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gai. I am perfect what: cut off one *Cletos* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his owne fingle hand he'd take vs in,
Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And fet them on *Ludi-Towne*.

Bel. We are all vndone.

Gai. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to loose,
But that he swore to take, our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himselfe?

For we do feare the Law. What company
Discouer you abroad?

Bel. No fingle soule

Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason
He must haue some Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,
Not absolute madnesse could so farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee
Cause heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet it's not probable
To come alone, either he so vnder taking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.

Arvi. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,
My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no minde

To hunt this day: The Boy *Fidles* sicknesse
Did make my way long forth.

Gai. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue against my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queene's Sonne, *Cletos*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*

Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arvi. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*
I looe thee brotherly, but eny much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek vs through
And put vs to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seek for danger |
Where there's no profit. I prythe to our Rocke,
You and *Fidles* play the Cookes: Ile stay
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arvi. Poore sick *Fidles*.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
I'll let a parish of such *Cletos* blood,
And praise my selfe for charity. *Exit.*

Bel. Oh thou Goddesse,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blason't
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood encha'd) as the rad't winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuisible infinit should frame them
To Royalty vntearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not seene from other: valour
That wildly growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene sow'd: yet fill it's strange
What *Cletos* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guiderius.

Gai. Where's my Brother?

I haue sent *Cloten* Clot-pole downe the streame,
In Embassage to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage
For his returne.

Solemn Musicke.

Bel. My ingenuous Instrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it sounds! but what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hearke.

Gai. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence euen now.

Gai. What does he meane?

Since death of my deer'st Mother
It did not speake before. All solemne things
Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is solity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.

Arui. The Bird is dead

That we haue made so much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from sixteen years of Age, to sixty:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue seene this.

Gai. Oh sweetest, sayst'thy Lilly:

My Brother wears thee not the one halfe so well,
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

Bel. Oh Melancholly,

Who euer yet could found thy bottom? Finde
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care
Might'st easilest harbour in. Thou blest thing,
Ioue knows what man thou might'st haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?

Arui. Starke, as you see:

Thos smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Reposing on a Cushion.

Gai. Where?

Arui. O'th'floore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse
Answer'd my steps too lowd.

Gai. Why, he but sleeps:

If he be gone, hee'l make his Grue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.

Arui. With fayrest Flowers

Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I liue heere, *Fidels*,
He sweetest thy sad graue: thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,
Oot-sweeten'd not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill fore flaming
Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and for'd' Mofse besides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coafe—

Gai. Prythee haue done,

And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so ferious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th'grane.

Arui. Say, where shall'st lay him?

Gai. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arui. Bee't so:

And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the manish cracke, sing him to'th'ground
As once to our Mother: vs like note, and words,
Sae that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidels*.

Gai. *Cadwall*,

I cannot sing: I weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worfe
Then Priests, and Phanates that lye.

Arui. We'll speake it then.

Bel. Great grieues I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one dust, yet Reuerence

(That Angell of the world) doth make distinction
Of place twene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Gai. Pray you fetch him hither,

Therists body is as good as *Aias*,
When neyther are alieue.

Arui. If you'll go fetch him,

We'll lay our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

Gai. Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to'th'East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arui. 'Tis true.

Gai. Come on then, and remoue him.

Arui. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. *Fear no more the boate o'th'Sea,*
Nor the furious Winters rage,
Thou thy worldly task hast don,
Home art gon, and tam'st thy wagen.
Golden Lady, and Girles all must,
At Chimney-Sweepers come to dust.

Arui. *Fear no more the frowne o'th'Great,*
Thou art past the Tyrants frowne,
Care no more to cloath and eat,
To thee the Rinde is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,
All follow thee and come to dust.

Guid. *Fear no more the Lightning flash.*

Arui. *Nor o'th'all-dreaded Thunder-flaw.*

Gai. *Fear not Slender, Consume rayn.*

Arui. *Thou hast finish'd Joy and mone.*

Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers must,*

Consume to thee and come to dust.

Guid. *No Exorciser harme thee,*

Arui. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*

Guid. *Ghost vnlaid forbear thee.*

Arui. *Nisiking ill come neere thee.*

Both. *Quiet consumption haue,*

And remoued be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gai. We haue done our obsequies:

Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night
Are strewings fit't for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen so
These Herbelets shall, which we vpon you strew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them first, ha's them againe:
Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine.

b b b

Exeunt.
Imogen

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haueu, which is the way ?
 I thank you : by yond bush? pray how farre thether ?
 'Ods pittikins : can it be fixe mile yet ?
 I haue gone all night : 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.
 But soft ; no Bedfellow ? Oh Gods, and Goddesse !
 These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World ;
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame :
 For so I thought I was a Cauer-keeper,
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so :
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
 I tremble still with feare ; but if there be
 Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie
 As a Wrens eye ; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
 The Dremes heere fill : euen when I wake it is
 Without me, as within me : not imagin'd, felt.
 A headlesse man ? The Garments of *Pisanius* ?
 I know the shape of't : Legge : this is his Hand :
 His Foote Mercuiall : his martiall Thigh
 The brawnes of *Hercules* ; but his Iouiall face
 Murther in heauen ? How ? 'tis gone. *Pisanius*,
 All Curses madd *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee : thou
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanius*,
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanius*)
 From this most brauest vessell of the world
 Strooke the maine top ! Oh *Pisanius*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me ! where's that ?
Pisanius might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanius* ?
 'Tis he, and *Cloten* ; Mallice, and Lucre in them
 Hane laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant !
 The Druge he gaue me, which hee said was precious
 And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
 Mord'rous to 'th'Senfes ? That confirms it home :
 This is *Pisanius*'s deede, and *Cloten* : Oh !
 Giue colour to my pale cheekes with thy blood,
 That we the horridder may seeme to those
 Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord ! my Lord !

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.

Cop. To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia
 After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending
 You heere at Milford-Haueu, with your Shippes :
 They are heere in readinesse.

Lac. But what from Rome ?

Cop. The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service : and they come
 Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Sponna's Brother.

Lac. When expect you them ?*Cop.* With the next benefit o'th'winde.*Lac.* This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers
 Be mull'd : bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
 What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

Sooth. Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision
 (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus :
 I saw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
 From the spungy South, to this part of the West,
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
 (Vnlesse my finnes abuse my Diuination)

Success to th'Roman host.

Lac. Dreame often fo,
 And neuer faile. Soft hoas, what truncke is heere ?
 Without his top ? The ruine speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How ? a Page ?
 Or dead, or sleeping on him ? But dead rather :
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
 With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.
 Let's see the Boyes face.

Cop. Hee's aliuie my Lord.

Lac. Hee'l then instru't vs of this body : Young one,
 Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes
 They craue to be demanded : who is this
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow ? Or who was he
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did)
 Hath alter'd that good Picture ? What's thy interest
 In this sad wracke ? How came't ? Who is't ?
 What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing ; or if not,
 Nothing to be better : This was my Master,
 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
 That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine : Alas,
 There is no more such Masters : I may wander
 From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
 Try many, all good : serue truly : neuer
 Finde such another Master.

Lac. 'Lacke, good youth :

Thou mou't no lesse with thy complaining, then
 Thy Master in bleeding : say his name, good Friend.

Imo. *Richard du Champ* : If I do lye, and do
 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
 They'l pardon it. Say you Sir ?

Lac. Thy name ?*Imo.* *Fidele* Sir.

Lac. Thou doo'st approve thy selfe the very fame :
 Thy Name well fits thy Faith ; thy Faith, thy Name :
 Wilt take thy chance with me ? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No lesse belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
 Sent by a Confull to me, should not sooner
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee : Go with me.

Imo. Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,
 Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge : and when
 With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue
 And on it said a Century of prayers
 (Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and fighe,
 And leauing fo his seruice, follow you,
 So please you entertaine mee.

Lac. I good youth,

And rather Father thee, then Master thee : My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught vs manly duties : Let vs
 Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 A Graue : Come, Arme him : Boy hee's preferr'd
 By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd
 As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull ; wipe thine eyes,
 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

*Exeunt**Scena Tertia.**Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanius.*

Cym. Againe : and hring me word how 'tis with her,
 A Fesour with the absence of her Sonne ;

A

A mednesse, of which her life's in danger : Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone : My Quene
Vpon a desperate bed, end in a time
When fearefull Werres point et me : Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this present ? It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seeme fo ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By e sharpe Torture.

Fij. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it et your will : But for my Mistris,
I nothing know where she remains : why gone,
Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was heere ;
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe
All parts of his subiection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome :
Wee'l slip you for e season, but our ieaousie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Maistie,
The Romaine Legions, ell from Gallie drewne,
Are landed on your Coast, with e supply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senete sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,
I am euen'd with metter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can afford no lesse (ready :
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The went is, but to put those Powres in motion,
Thet long to moue.

Cym. I thanke you : let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it seekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greue at chences heere. Away. *Exeunt*

Fij. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was fleine. 'Tis strange :
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise
To yeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplex in all. The Heavens still must worke :
Wherein I am false. I am honest : not true, to be true.
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th King, or lie fall in them :
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about vs.

Bel. Let vs from it.

Arvi. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope

Haue we in hiding vs ? This way the Romaines
Must, or for Britaines slay vs or reciuie vs
For barbarous end vnnetural Reuolts
During their vie, end they vs effer.

Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v..
To the Kings party there's no going : newnesse
Of *Cloten*'s death (we being not knowne, not must'r'd
Among the Bends) may erue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd ; and so extort from't that
Which we heue done, whose answer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.

Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor fetisying vs.

Arvi. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Romen horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires ; haue both their eyes
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,
Thet they will waile their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we ere.

Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army : Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not defer'd my Service, nor your Loues,
Who bind in my Exile, the went of Breeding ;
The certinty of this heard life, eye hopelesse
To haue the courtiese your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summers Tenings, and
The shrinking Sleues of Winter.

Gui. Then be so,
Better to craue to be. Pray Sir, to'th Army :
I, end my Brother are not knowne ; your selfe
So out of thought, end thereto so ore-growne,
Cannot be question'd.

Arvi. By this Sunne that shines
Ile thither : What thing is't, that I neuer
Did see man dye, scarce eruer look'd on blood,
But thet of Coward Heres, hot Goats, and Venison ?
Neuer bestrid e Horse saue one, that hed
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele ? I am asham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to heue
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining
So long e poore vnknowne.

Gui. By heuens Ile go,
If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,
Ile take the better care : but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.

Arvi. So say I, Amen.
Bel. No reason I (since of your liues you set'
So slight a valewention) should reuerse
My crack'd one to more care. Heue with you Boyes :
If in your Country werres you chance to dye,
Thet is my Bed too (Leds) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead ; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Posthumus alone.

Poff. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee : for I am with
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this couise, how many
Must murder Wives much better then themselves

b b b a

For

For wrying but a little? Oh *Posthumus*,
 Every good Servant do's not all Commands:
 No Bond, but to do iust ones. Gods, if you
 Should have 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
 Had lio'd to put on this: so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alaske,
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's loue
 To haue them fall no more: you some permit
 To second illies with liles, each elder worke,
 And make them dread it, to the doers thrift.
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Among th'Itallio Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
 That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Mitris's Peace,
 He giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me
 Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe
 As do's a Britaine Peasant: I'll fight
 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye
 For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
 Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill.
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
 More valor in me, then my habits shew.
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:
 To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin,
 The fashon lesse without, and more within.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and the *Romane Army* at one doore:
 and the *Britaine Army* at another: *Leonatus Posthumus*
 following like a poore Souldier. They march over, and geue
 out. Then enter againe in *Stirmyth Iachimo* and *Posthu-*
mus: he is vanquished and disarmeth *Iachimo*, and then
 leaves him.

Iac. The heauineffe and guilt within my bosome,
 Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
 The Princeesse of this Country; and the ayre on't
 Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Nature, haue subdu'd me
 In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
 As I weare mine, are titles but of scorn.
 If that thy Gentry (*Britaine*) go before
 This Lowly, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we carle are men, and you are Goides.

Exit.

The Battails continue, the *Britaines* fly, *Cymbeline* is
 taken: Then enter to his rescue, *Belarius*, *Guliderius*,
 and *Arviragus*.

Bel. Stand, stand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,
 The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
 The villany of our feares.

Gul. Arui. Stand, stand, and fight.

Enter *Posthumus*, and secends the *Britaines*. They Rescue
Cymbeline, and *Exeunt*.

Then enter *Lucius*, *Iachimo*, and *Imogen*.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and saue thy selfe:
 For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such

As warre were hood-wink'd.

Iac. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
 Let's re-inforce, or fly.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

Enter *Posthumus*, and a *Britaine Lord*.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did,

Though you it seemes come from the Fliens?

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,
 But that the Heauens fought: the King himselfe
 Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,
 And but the backes of Britaines scene; all flying
 Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the Tongue with laughing: haueing worke
 More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke do woe
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Meerey through feare, that the strait passe was damnd
 With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
 To dye with length'ned shame.

Lord. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
 Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Souldiour
 (An honest one I warrant) who deseru'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
 He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run
 The Country bafe, then to commit such slaughter,
 With faces fit for Maskes, or rather slyer
 Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)
 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.
 Oor Britaines hearts dye flying, not our men,
 To darknesse strete soules that flye backward; stand,
 Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
 Like beasts, which you shun beafully, and may saue
 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in acte as many:
 For three performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word flood, stand,
 Accommoded by the Place; more Charming
 With their owne Noblenesse, which could haue turn'd
 A Distaffe, to a Lance, gilded pale lookes;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some two'd coward
 But by example (Oh a sinne is Warre,
 Damnd in the first beginners) gan to looke
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
 Vpon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne
 A stop i'th' Chaffer; a Retire; A Non
 A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye
 Chickens, the way which they stopp't Eagles: Slaues
 The stridell the Victors made: and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The life o'th' need: haueing found the backe doore open,
 Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound,
 Some flaine before some dying; some their Friends
 Ore-borne i'th' former waue, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne
 The mortall bugs o'th' Field.

Lor.

Lord. This was strange chance :
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one :
*"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,
"Prefer'd the Brittaines, was the Romans bane."*

Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Post. Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend :
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.
You haue put me into Rime.

Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
Post. Still going? This is a Lord : Oh Noble misery
To be i'th'Field, and aske what owes of me :
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue sau'd their Carcasses? Tooke heere to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, lo mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an vgly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet words ; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his kniues i'th'War. Well I will finde him :
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue refus'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane ; great the Answer be
Britaines most take. For me, my Raufome's death,
On eyther side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.
1 Great Iupiter be pray'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a lilly habit,
That gawe th'Affront with them.

1 So 'tis reported :
But none of'em can be found. Stand, who's there ?
Post. A Roman,
Who had not now bene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Lay hands on him : a Dogge,
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them heere : he brags his seruice
As if he were of note ; bring him to'th'King.
*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and
Romane Captaines. The Captaines present Posthumus to
Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Posthumus, and Gaoler.
Gao. You shall not now be Roline,
You haue lockes vpon you :
So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2 *Gos.* 1, or a stomacke.
Post. Most welcome bondage ; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty : yet am I better
Then one that's sicke o'th'Gowt, since he had rather

Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'fure Physician, Death ; who is the key
T'enbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More then my shanks, & writs you good Gods giue me
The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am sorry ?
So Children temporal! Fathers do appeale ;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyres,
Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No stricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A fixt, letting them thrise againe
On their abatement ; that's not my desire.
For *Imogen* deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life ; you coud'nt it,
'Tweene man, and man, they weigh not eury stampe :
Though light, take Peeces for the figures like,
(You rather) mine being yours : and so great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
Ile speake to thee in silence.

Solenne Musick. Enter (as in an Apparition) Scillius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Posthumus) with Musick before them. Then, after other Musick, follows the two young Leonati (Brothers to Posthumus) with wounds as they died in the warre. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Scil. No more thoo Thunder-Master
Shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies :
With Mars fall out with Iano chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenages.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
Whose face I neuer saw :
I dy'de whil't in the Wombe he staide,
attending Natures Law.
Whose Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou should'st haue bin, and sheelded him,
from this earth-vexing smart.

Matb. *Lucina* lent oot me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Posthumus* tipt,
came crying 'mong't his Foes.
A thing of pitty.

Scil. Great Nature like his Ancestrie,
moulded the stuffe so faire :
That he'd seru'd the praise o'th'World,
as great *Scillus* heyre.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could stand vp his paralle ?
Or fruitfull obiect bee ?
In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme
his dignitie.

Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and cast from her,
his deereft one :
Sweete *Imogen*?

Sic. Why did you suffer *Imogen*, slight thing of Italy,
b b b 3 To

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlefle eloufy,
And to become the gecke and fcome o'th'others vilany!

s'Bro. For this, from filler Seats we came,
our Parents, and vtwaîne,
That striking in our Countries caufe,

fell brauely, and were flaine,
Our Fealty, & *Tenants* right, with Honor to maintaine.
s'Bro. Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd :

Then *Iopiter*. *ŷ* King of Gods, why haft *ŷ* thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolours turn'd!

Scil. Thy Chriftfall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exercife

Vpon a valiant Race, thy harth, and poteot injuries!
Metb. Since *Iupiter* our Son is good,
take off his miferies.

Scil. Peepe through thy Marble Manfion, helpe,
or we poore Ghosts will cry

To'th'fhining Synod of the reft, againft thy Deity.

Brothers. Helpe *Iupiter* or we appeale,
and from thy iuflice flye.

Jupiter defends in Thunder and Lightning, fitting vpon an
Eagle; hee throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on
their knees.

Jupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing : hoft. How dare you Ghostes
Accufe the Thonderer, whole Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coafts.

Poore fhadowes of Elizium, hence, and reft
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.

Be not with mortall accideots oppreit,

No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom beft I lofe, I crosse; to make my guift

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laide Sonne, our Goodhead will vplift :

Hia Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent :

Oor Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in

Oor Temple was he married : Rife, and fade,

He fhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*.

And happier much by his Affidion made.

This Tablet lay vpon his Breft, wherein

Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,

And fo away : no farther with your dinne

Expreffe Impatience, leaft you firre vp mine :

Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriftalline.

Scil. He came in Thunder, his Celeftiall breath

Was fulphurous to fmell : the holy Eagle

Stroop'd, as to foote va : his Affention in

More sweet then our bleft Field; his Royall Bird

Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyrs his Beake,

As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks *Iupiter*.

Sc. The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd

Hia radiant Roofe : Away, and to be bleft

Let vs with eare perfume his great beft.

Paniſh *Post.* Sleepe, thou haft bin a Grandfire, and begot

A Father to me : and thou haft created

A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh feorne)

Gone, they went hence fo figne as they were borne :

And fo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend

On Greatneffe, Faour, or Dreame as I haue done,

Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I fwerue :

Many Dreame not to finde, neither deferue,

And yet are fleep'd in Favours ; fo am I

That haue this Golden chance, and know not why :

What Fayeries haunt this ground ? A Booke 'Oh rare one,

Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moft vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promifs.

Reader.

When as a Lyons whelp, fhall to himſelfe unknown, without
feeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a poore of tender
Ayre : And when from a fhately Cedar fhall be loft branches,
which being dead many yeares, fhall after reuiue, bee ingyned to
the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then fhall *Posthumus* end his
miferies, Britaine be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plea-
ture.

'Tis ill a Dreame : or elfe fuch ſtoffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not : either both, or nothing,

Or fenſeleffe ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking fuch

As ſenſe cannot vntye. Be what it is,

The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe

If but for ſympathy.

Enter Gaſtor.

Gaſ. Come Sir, are you ready for death ?

Post. Over-roaſted rather : ready long ago.

Gaſ. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for
that, you are well Cook'd.

Post. So if I prooe a good repaſt to the Spectators, the
diſh payes the ſhot.

Gaſ. A heauy reckoning for you Sir : But the comfort
is you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more
Tauerne Bills, which are often the ſadneſſe of parting, as
the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of
meate, depart reeling with too much drinke : forrie that
you haue payed too much, and forry that you are payed
too much : Purſe and Braine, both empty : the Brain the
heauier, for being too light ; the Purſe too light, being
drawne of heauineſſe. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall
now be quit : Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it ſummes
vp thouſands in a trice : you haue no true Debitor, and
Creditor but it : of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſ-
charge : your necke (ſin) is Pen, Booke, and Counters ; fo
the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gaſ. Indeed Sir, he that ſleepes, feels not the Tooth-
Ache : but a man that were to ſleepe your ſleepe, and a
Hangman to helpe him to bed, I thinke he would change
places with his Officer : ſot, look you Sir, you know not
which way you ſhall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gaſ. Your death has eyes in't heid then : I haue not
ſeene him ſo pictur'd : you muſt either bee directed by
ſome that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your
ſelfe that which I am ſure you do not know : nor iump the
aſter-enquiry on your owne perill : and how you ſhall
ſpeed in your iourneys end, I thinke you'll neuer returne
to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to
direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as winke, and
will not vſe them.

Gaſ. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man ſhould
haue the beſt vſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſſe : I
am ſure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prifoner to
the King.

Post. Thou bring'ſt good newes, I am call'd to bee
made free.

Gaſ. Ile be hang'd then.

Post. Thou ſhalt be then freer then a Gaolet; no bolts

for

for the dead.

Gau. Vnlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & begot yong Gibbets, I neuer saw one so prone: yet on my Confidence, there are verier Knaues desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were defolation of Gallowes and Gallowies: I speake against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

Exunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side you, whom the Gods haue made Preferrers of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poore Souldier that so richly fought, Whose ragges, tham'd gilded Armes, whose naked breast Stept before Targets of proofe, cannot be found: He shall be happy that can finde him, if Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I neuer law
Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that pramitt nought
Bot beggary, and poore lookes.

Cym. No tydings of him?
Fifa. He hath bin search'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my griefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Lier, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) the liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria we are borne, and Gentlemen;
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
Vnlesse I adde, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With Dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.
There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romanes,
And not o'th' Court of Britaine.

Corn. Haile great King,
To sower your happinesse, I must report
The Queene is dead.

Cym. Who would then a Physitian
Would this report become? But I confider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Corn. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confest,
I will report, so please you. These her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Prythee say.
Corn. First, the confest she neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you;
Married your Royaltie, was wife to your place:

Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spake it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Corn. Your daughter, whom the hand in looe
With such integrity, she did confesse
Was as a Scorpion to her fight, whose life
(But that her fight prevented it) she had
Tane off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

Corn. More Sir, and worse. She did confesse she had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute seede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you. In which time, the purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, killing, to
Orecome you with her bew; and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th' adoption of the Crowne;
But sayling of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despite
Of Heaven, and Men) her purposes: repented
The euils she hatch'd, were not effected: in
Dispayring, dyed.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?
La. We did, so please your Highnesse.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:
Mine eares that beare her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had bene vicious
To haue mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was falsly in me, thou mayst say,
And proue it in this feeling. Heauen mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman prisoners,
Learius habited, and Imogen.*
Thou cmm't not Caius now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the losse
Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen haue made suite
That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our selfe haue granted,
So thinke of your estate.

Luc. Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: I had it gone with vs,
We should not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Prisoner with the Sword. But since the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing bot our loes
May be call'd ranfome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:
Augustus liues to thinke on't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranfom'd: Neuer Master had
A Page so kinde, so dutious, diligent,
So tender ouer his occasions, true,
So fesse, so Nurse-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my request, which Ile make bold, your Highnesse
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue seru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I haue surely seene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To say, line boy: ne're thauke thy Master, loe;
And aske of Cymbeline what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile giue it:

Yea,

Yes, though thou do demand a Prisoner
The Noblest tane.

Imo. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, oo, slacke,
There's other worke in hand : I see a thing
Bitter to me, as death : your life, good Master,
Must banish for it selfe.

Luc. The Boy disdaines me,
He leaues me, scornes me : briefly dye their loyes,
That place them on the truth of Cyrls, and Boyes. j
Why stands he so perplex ?

Cym. What would'st thou Boy ?

I loose thee more, and more : thinke more and more
What's best to make. Know'st him thou look'st on ? speak
Wilt haue him free ? Is he thy Kin ? thy Friend ?

Imo. He is a Romaine, no more kin to me,
Theo I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaile
Am something neerer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so ?

Imo. Ile tell you (Sir) in priuate, if you please
To giue me hearing.

Cym. I, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name ?

Imo. *Fidelle* Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth : my Page
Ile be thy Master : walke with me : speake freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reuier'd from death ?

Arui. One Sand another

Not more relembs that sweet Rosie Lad :
Who dyed, and was *Fidelle* : what thinke you ?

Gui. The same dead thing aliue.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further : he eyes vs not, forbear
Creatures may be alike : were't he, I am sure
He would haue spoke to vs.

Gui. But we see him dead.

Bel. Be silent : let's see further.

Pija. It is my Mistris :

Since she is liuing, let the time rue on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side,
Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth,
Giue answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falshood. One speake to him.

Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may reoder
Of whom he had this Ring.

Poff. What's that to him ?

Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, say
How came it yours ?

Lac. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnspoke, that
Which to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How ? me ?

Lac. I am glad to be constrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to coceale. By Villany
I got this Ring : 'twas *Leonus* Jewell,
Whom thou did'st banish : and which more may greeue
As it doth me : a Nobler Sir, ne're liu'd (thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord ?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Lac. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.

Cym. My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength

I had rather thou should'st lie, while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more : strive man, and speake.

Iac. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That strooke the hour : it was in Rome, accurit
The Mansion where : 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had his poison'd, or at least
Those which I hean'd to head : the good *Poffellum*,
(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,
Hearing vs praise our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made harren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speake : for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Uenus*, or straight-pight *Micerna*,
Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A shop of all the qualities, that man
Loues woman for, besides that hook of Wiuing,
Fairnesse, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iac. All too soone I shall,
Vnlesse thou would'st greeue quickly. This *Poffellum*,
Most like a Noble Lord, is loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, took his hint,
And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crack'd of Kitchen-Trulles, or his description
Pro'd vs vnspaking fottes.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Lac. Your daughters Chastity, (there it begins)
He spake of her, as *Diem* had not dreames,
And the alone, were cold : Whereat, I wretch
Made scruple of his praise, and wagger'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In suite the place of a bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery : he (true Knight)
No lesse of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, flakes this Ring,
And would so, had it bene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele ; and might so safely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poste I in this designe : Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court, where I was taught
Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous, and Villanoos. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing ; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operate
Most videly : for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practise fo prauay'd
That I return'd with simular proofe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Reowne,
With Tokens thus, and thus : suerring ootes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I haue 'tane the forfeit. Whereupon,
Me thinks I see him now.

Poff. I so thou do'st,

Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,
Egregious murderer, Theefe, any thing
That's due to all the Villains past, in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord, or knife, or poison,

Some vpright Iusticer. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter i Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a leffer villaine then my selfe,
A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was she; yea, and she her selfe.
Spit, and throw stones, cast myre vpon me, set
The dogges o'th'street to bay me: euery villaine
Be call'd *Posthumus* *Leuatur*, and
Be villany iesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*.

Imo. Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

Post. Shall's haue a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, helpe,

Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady.

Cym. Does the world go round?

Pis. How comes these staggers on mee?

Pis. Wake my Mistris.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me
To death, with mortall ioy.

Pis. How fares my Mistris?

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,

Thou gau'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poyson'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confest,
Which must approue thee honest. If *Posthumus*
Haue (said she) giuen his Mistris that Confession
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, she is seru'd,
As I would serue a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Corn. The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me
To temper poysons for her, till pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing Creatures wilde, as Cats and Dogges
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine Ruffe, which being tane, would cease
The present powre of life, but in short time,
All Offices of Nature, should againe

Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boyes, there was our error.

Gai. This is sure *Fidels*.

Imo. Why do you throw your wedded Lady from you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.

Post. Hang there like fruites, my soules,
Till the Tree dye.

Cym. How now, my Fleth? my Childe?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speake to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My teares that fall
Proue holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.

Imo. I am forry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,

Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Closen*
Vpon my Ladies misting, came to me
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discouer'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters

Then in my pocket, which direct'd him
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes
With vnchaite purpose, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.

Gai. Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods foretend.

I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips
Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.

Gai. I haue spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Gai. A most inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing heere
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law: Thoo'rt dead.

Imo. That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord

Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,
As well defended as thy selfe, and hath
More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clothes*
Had euer karre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndoe the worth thou art vnpayd for
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arui. In that he spake too farre.

Cym. And thou shalt dye for't.

Bel. We will dye all three,

But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I must
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arui. Your danger's ours.

Gai. And our good his.

Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.

Cym. What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeede a banish'd man,

Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Lac. Philarmous.

South. Heere, my good Lord.

Lac. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reader.

When as a Lyons whelp, shall to himselfe unknown, without seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be loppt branches, which being dead many yeares, shall after reuiue, bee ingrafted to the old Stocke, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britaine be fortunat, and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

Thou *Leunatus* art the Lyons Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy name
Being *Leunatus*, doth import so much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mallia Aer*, and *Mallia Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is this most constant Wife, who euen now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnfoight, were elipt about
With this most tender Aire.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

South. The infy Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Personates thee: And thy loppt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes furth: who by *Belarius* stolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maiestie Cedar ioy'n'd; whose issue

Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
And to the Roman Empire; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom hesuents in Iustice both on her, and hers,
Hauē laid most heauy hand.

South. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke
Of yet this farse-cold-Battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames n'th Sun
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Cesar*, should againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which shines heere in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods,

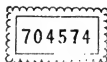
And let our crooked Smokes climbe to their Nistils
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Romain, and a Brittish Ensigne wane
Friendly together: In through *Ludo-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts.
Set on there: Neuer waa a Warre did cease
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd), with such a Peace.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



Printed at the Charges of W. Jaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smitbweeke,
and W. Aspley, 1623.



SHAKESPEARE

As put forth in 1623.

A REPRINT OF

MR. WILLIAM

SHAKESPEARES

COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount, 1623;
and Re-Printed for

Lionel Booth, 307 Regent Street.

1864.

LONDON:
Printed by J. Strangeways and H. E. Walden, 28 Cattle Street,
Leicester Square.

It is proposed to print separately, to complete the Works of
Shakeſpeare :—

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

(From the Third Edition, where it firſt appeared in Folio, 1664).

And alſo the fix following Plays, which were printed in the
Third and Fourth Editions, but which have ſince been rejected
and claſſed as “Doubtful Plays:”—

THE LONDON PRODIGAL.

THE HISTORY OF THOMAS, LORD CROMWELL.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM.

THE PURITAN WIDOW.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

THE TRAGEDY OF LOCRINE.

To be followed by a correct Reprint of the Firſt Editions of
SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS, viz.

	A.D.
VENUS AND ADONIS . . .	1593
LUCRECE	1594
PASSIONATE PILGRIM . .	1599
SONNETS	1609

NOW READY,

In one convenient small quarto volume, cloth, gilt edges, price 2*l.* 2*s.*

A REPRODUCTION, BY PHOTOGRAPHY,

OF THE CELEBRATED

Shakespeare Gallery,

(*Boydell's celebrated "Shakespeare Gallery," published in 1804-5 at Sixty Guineas*),

CONSISTING OF NINETY-EIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS,

FROM

Pictures by the most eminent English Historical Painters,

AND TEXT DESCRIPTIVE OF EACH SCENE.

"In casting one's eye over the list of names of the painters, whose illustrations to Shakespeare form the contents of the volume, it will be found to embrace those of almost all the great artists of the English school of the date of its original production. So, too, the list of engravers. The sculptors employed were Mr. Thos. Banks, R.A., and the Hon. Ann Seymour Damer. The merit of the collection consists in the great variety of style in which these imperishable dramas are illustrated by pictorial art; for it has never yet been the good fortune of any one painter to furnish a series of illustrations for all the plays in any way satisfactory. The letterpress consists of a description of the scene, and an extract of the passage which forms the subject of each individual illustration; the names of the painters and engravers are added. The photographs are cleverly executed, and the volume is elegantly got up. Altogether 'The Shakespeare Gallery' is just the book for the drawing-room table, now the poet and his works are engaging everybody's attention—pleasant to turn over, and sure to furnish interesting subjects for conversation."—*Reader*, April 23, 1864.

LATELY PUBLISHED,

A SMALLER GIFT-BOOK OR MEMORIAL OF THE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.

A quaint but handsome little Volume, square 12mo. in binding of an Elizabethan pattern, price 5*s.*

CONTAINING

NINE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS,

With various Ornamentation on each Page,

The Seven Ages of Man.

DESCRIBED BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DEPICTED BY

ROBERT SMIRKE.

"At once, too, we may commend as we describe, a charming little gift-book, issued by Mr. Booth, of small photographs, that exquisitely reproduce Smirke's illustrations to 'The Seven Ages of Man,' Shakespeare's lines facing each illustration; photographs of Shakespeare, from the Stratford monument and from Droeshout's engraving, are prefixed to this little book, which, in its elegant white and gold, or crimson and gold cover, is a fit ornament for any table."—*The Examiner*, Jan. 2, 1864.

LONDON:

L. BOOTH, 307 REGENT STREET, W., AND S. AYLING, 493 OXFORD STREET, W.C.

B.12.-.163



